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THE HISTORY OF THE BELVOIR HUNT

John, 7th Duke of Rutland, K.G.

From the picture by Hubert Herkomer R.A. at Belvoir Castle

THE HISTORY OF THE BELVOIR HUNT

BY T. F. DALE M.A

AUTHOR OF "THE GAME OF POLO"

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TO

THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN SEVENTH DUKE OF RUTLAND K.G

without whose sanction it would not have been begun and without
whose help it could not have been finished this book
in which his name appears but seldom only
because the story of his life belongs
to the larger pages of the
History of our country
is inscribed by
the Author

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A Modern Hunting Map of the Belvoir country, showing all the regular meets and historic runs.

Preface

WHILE making the necessary researches for this book, I found that all unwittingly I was putting together a contribution to the history of the social life of England of the nineteenth century. Much as I have always loved the sport, it was not till I came to look into the history of the Belvoir Hunt, which is in part the story of the rise of fox-hunting as a national sport, that I realised how important a factor in our English life fox-hunting has been during the last hundred years. It will be noticed that up to the end of the last century the interest of the story centred upon the men who ruled the fortunes of the hunt, and after that how insensibly the interest shifted from the men to the sport itself, and to its influence on the social life of the country.

The Belvoir Hunt has been fortunate in that it has been carried on by so remarkable a succession of able men. During the whole period covered by this book members of the Manners family have guided the fortunes of the hunt, and have exercised a wide social and political influence over the hunt territory. To trace this influence, and to show how the welfare of the hunt was bound up with the life histories of the successive Dukes of Rutland, has been one of the objects I have set before me.

To the many who have so kindly helped me in my task my grateful acknowledgments are rendered. First, to the Duke and Duchess of Rutland—to the former for free access to the records of the hunt, and for many helpful suggestions made to me during my search through the Castle records, and to the latter for kindly sympathy with my work, and for the loan of some valuable books and papers. To the Lady Victoria Manners, who has made the art treasures of the Castle her study, for help in the choice of the pictures to be reproduced, and to Lord Robert Manners, who, not unmindful of some pleasant days we passed together at Ghariâl, took so much trouble to arrange matters that it might be possible for me to carry out the work. It is not too much to say that without him the book would never have been written. To the Rev. F. V. Knox, the Chaplain of Belvoir, I owe very much, for it was he who, at the expenditure of much time and trouble, took many of the very excellent photographs which are here reproduced. Among others who have assisted me are Mr. John Welby, of Allington Hall, whose long connection with the hunt, and whose literary ability, have made his suggestions peculiarly valuable. Mr. Welby has read the proofs of much of the book, and has liberally granted me the use of his pictures for reproduction, and permitted me to reprint some of the inimitable *Lays of Belvoir*. To him, therefore, the book owes a very large part of its interest. Another old member of the hunt, whose counsel and help have been of the greatest service, is Major Longstaffe, of Little Ponton Hall, who has also read parts of the book in proof, and has earned the gratitude of the reader by lending for publication the charming letters of Will Goodall. Another friend who

has contributed greatly to the interest of the book is Mrs. Cooper, of Carlton Scroop, for whose assistance in the loan of private papers I wish to make very special acknowledgment. During the whole time this work has been in hand I have been in constant communication with Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley, whose help has been by no means confined to the very interesting chapter of "Personal Recollections" which appears under his name. My thanks are also due to Mr. John Reeve, of Leadenham, for some extracts from the letters and papers of the late General Reeve; to Mr. R. Millington Knowles, who kindly mounted me on several occasions, and thus enabled me to see some parts of the country to the best advantage; to Mr. Cuthbert Bradley, whose own book is so well known, for many valuable hints, in addition to the spirited drawings he has made for this book. To Mr. Pinder, of Barrowby, I am indebted for some amusing and characteristic anecdotes of William Goodall. To Mr. Manners Escritt, the proprietor and editor of the *Grantham Journal*, my thanks are gratefully rendered for information derived from the columns of that paper.

In the chapter on "The Race of Belvoir," great assistance has been afforded me by the huntsmen of many famous packs of hounds, in tracing the Belvoir strains of blood in their kennels. The opinions they express, being those of practical men who have given a life-long study to the subject of hound-breeding, are of great value. Nor am I unmindful of the generosity with which, amid the labours and cares of the hunting season, they gave so freely of their time and thought to a brother sportsman.

I desire more particularly to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Thomas Firr (late the Quorn), to Mr. Frank Goodall (late Royal Huntsman), to the past and present huntsmen of the Belvoir, Mr. Frank Gillard and Ben Capell, to William Wells (Hertfordshire), who wrote me two most interesting letters, William Dale (late Brocklesby, now of the Badminton), William Shore (Duke of Buccleuch), George Gillson (the Cottesmore), Frank Bartlett (Lord Fitzwilliam), James Cooper (late Warwickshire), F. Cox (Bicester), H. Pacey (Cleveland), William Goodall (South Durham), Harry Bonner (late Meynell), Arthur Wilson (Essex and Suffolk), William Matthews (Westmeath), Tom Bishopp (the Grafton), T. Whitemore (Shropshire), J. Cokayne (Puckeridge), Tom Clark (Tickham), Ned Farmer (East Essex), Charles Brackley (Mr. Garths), J. Lawrence (Fitzwilliam), B. Champion (Lord Zetland), H. Grant (Badsworth), W. Grant (Lord Middleton), W. Gray (York and Ainsty), W. Burton (Morpeth), Charles Travers (Cotswold), J. Stratton (S. and W. Wilts), John Scott (Albrighton), T. Smith (Bramham Moor), German Shepherd (Earl of Harrington), S. Morgan (Lord Galway), T. Burrows (H. H.), William Barnard (late Monmouthshire).

I am also indebted for useful letters and suggestions to the following masters of foxhounds past and present: Colonel Anstruther Thompson, Mr. W. W. Tailby, Mr. W. Wrangham, the Earl of Longford, Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Rev. Cecil Legard, and my friend Mr. Scarth Dixon (Ebor.), who wrote me letters which were full of suggestions and information. It would be ungrateful, too, to forget the assistance derived from the works of those who have preceded me in writing of the history of hunting—Mr. A. E. Watson (editor

of the Badminton Library), Mr. W. C. A. Blew (historian of the Quorn), and the late Mr. H. Nevill Fitt and others, whose books are standard works of reference on the subject.

I am further indebted to Mr. W. M. Meredith, who discovered the plates of Old Belvoir; to my friend Mr. Tresham Gilbey, who so liberally permitted me to reproduce portraits from the pages of *Baily's Magazine*; to my sister Miss Dale, who gave material assistance in the necessary researches in the library of the British Museum; and to the librarian and staff of the London Library. Nor can I conclude this preface without a word of thanks to the Rev. the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, who very kindly answered some questions for an old pupil concerning Michel Maittaire, and lastly to the editor of the Sportswoman's Library, to whose knowledge of sport and literary faculty I owe much in the preparation of this book for the press.

So much kindly help and encouragement have made my self-imposed labour a delightful task.

E. I. U. S. CLUB,
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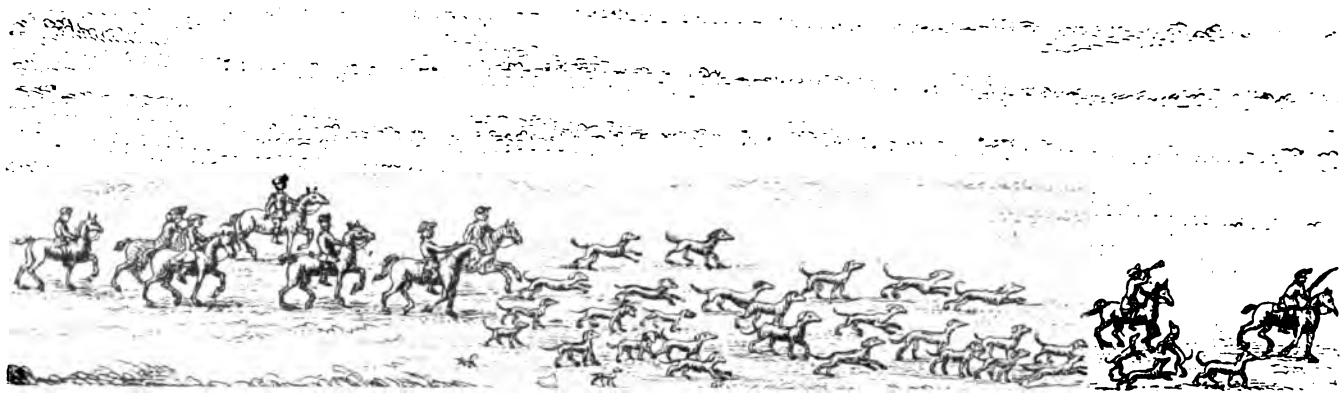
endurance greater than any possessed by the grandest hound of this, or indeed of any other day. It was a saying of the fifth Duke of Rutland that, given a fair chance, it was six to four on the fox as against his pursuer. A good fox, with the condition given by some three or four years of a wild life, will indeed, if no unfair advantage be taken of him, beat the best pack of hounds that ever was bred.

It might be interesting, if it were possible, to trace the origin of the modern foxhound, and as we are now concerned with the finished article, to show how he has been evolved from the raw material. But for such history no sufficient materials exist. He certainly was not developed out of the old harrier or beagle, neither was he modified from the blood-hound, though crosses from the blood of both may be in his veins. Like the Englishman himself, the English foxhound is an animal of mixed race, though his direct descent I believe to be from the hounds kept by the great territorial families for hunting the stag. In those days, as we shall see later, each of the great families had its own type of hound, which was jealously preserved, even as our immediate fore-fathers prided themselves on their breed of spaniels or their setters. So far have these types been preserved that, even now, a person quite unaccustomed to hounds, if introduced to a collection of drafts from various kennels, would be struck by the different types of hounds from the Brocklesby, the Badminton, the Milton, or the Belvoir kennel.

No doubt the sort of hound adopted in each great pack was that best suited to the country round the chief family seat, and in considering the evolution of the Belvoir hound of to-day we must look at the country over which the pack had to hunt. At the time of the rise of fox-hunting the Belvoir land outside the coverts was chiefly open grass, for we know the country was far less enclosed than now, and that it was not brought under the plough to any extent until war prices caused the depasturing of much good turf. Under the old conditions, therefore, the hound that was required for stag or fox at Belvoir was one bred for speed rather than for strength. We find a confirmation of this in a picture which



A FAMILY PACK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Details reproduced full size from a plate illustrating Belvoir Castle in *King's Topography*, A.D. 1730.

hangs in a corridor at Belvoir Castle, not far from the door of the billiard-room, which gives a representation of the sport of fox-hunting in early times. The artist has drawn the hounds of a light, speedy type, and has emphasized the pace at which they are going by the class of horse he has depicted. For the duke of the day and his followers are mounted on an exceedingly good type of Leicestershire horse, while the chaplain, who has fallen slightly behind, is wiping his forehead, and giving unmistakable evidence of having suffered from the severity of the pace. It has been assumed by some writers that this picture represents stag-hunting, but a close examination of it shows that the hounds were steady from deer, and that the real object of their pursuit is a little red fox, which can be discerned making its way at best pace through the woods below the castle.

I gather from this picture and the older records that the original Belvoir hound had more speed than substance, but was full of the quality and had the fine texture of coat which distinguish him at the present day. The distinctive colouring by which he is now known came later. Whatever the origin of the Belvoir hound may be, we have a far easier task when we trace his development in later times and his influence on the race of hounds now used in the chase in England, and this pleasant task the reader will find attempted in later chapters of this book.

The reason why one pack of hounds is faster than another is not to be found in the speed of individual hounds, for that probably does not greatly differ in those that are well-bred, nor is it at all certain that the foxhound of to-day is a much faster animal than were his predecessors. If we may judge by the representations which have come down to us, the type of hound which is approved now is not much superior either in quality or appearance to the best of those of the past time. The improvement has rather been in the raising of the average excellence of our packs. If a stranger, however ignorant of hound lore, were to pay a visit to the Belvoir kennels, and see the pack, obedient to a wave of the huntsman's hand, clustering on their benches he would be struck

by their marvellous family resemblance. That likeness is much more than a mere resemblance in looks, for it is the outward sign of a similarity of pace, nose, and drive, and therefore represents the capacity of the units of the pack to work together for a common end, and is an illustration of that subtle unity in plurality which causes both men and animals to be stronger and more capable when working together than when single, and makes the united force of an association a greater power than the sum of the individual qualities of its members. This power of combination in a pack of hounds is, of course, based on the habits inherited from primitive days. Dr. Louis Robinson brings this out well in his interesting book, *Wild Traits in Tame Animals*, and also in an excellent article, interesting to all sportsmen, published in *Pearson's Magazine*,[1] in which he says:—

"It would be quite impossible for wild dogs to succeed in capturing their usual prey without leadership and discipline. Hence the dog is ready in acknowledging authority and in observing the rules of the 'pack.' When elaborate stratagems had to be carried out in order to secure some strong or cunning victim, general intelligence, and especially a readiness to understand what was required of him, were necessary in every member of the band. . . .

"Now, can we find anything useful in tail-wagging? Has the reader ever noticed what takes place when hounds first discover the scent of a fox? Long before they give vocal testimony, their tails begin to wag in the most emphatic manner. Now the tips of the tails of all hounds are white, whatever may be the colours of their bodies, and the same is true of young wolves and of most foxes. When these animals are hunting, their tails are invariably carried high, as if they wished to display them to view. Thus, on investigation, tail-wagging resolves itself into a species of signalling. When the dogs are hunting among long grass their heads and bodies are concealed, but the tails, ever waving aloft, easily catch the eye of those in the rear."

It is more than probable that this understanding would be

[1] January, 1899. Vol. vii., No. 37, pp. 40, 41.

the most complete among animals which, like packs of wild dogs, are of the same blood and members of the same family.

The physical resemblance of the Belvoir pack is thus indicative of the power and willingness of the hounds to work together in a body. This trait was noted by Nimrod, who, on the occasion of his meeting the fifth Duke of Rutland's hounds, on March 26th, 1825, says :[1] "I was more particularly struck with the fine length of their frames, and the strongly marked and uniform character of the pack." In the quality of common trust and helpfulness the Belvoir pack is pre-eminent, and to this may be partly attributed the remarkable quickness with which they get away from covert.

The likeness has been greatly increased by the continuity of the pack. With some short intervals, during which the management was entrusted to friends of the Manners family during the absence or the minority of one or other of the Dukes of Rutland, the pack was under the control of members of the same family for one hundred and eighty years at least. For, while the hounds have been steadily improved by drafts and crosses, they have never been dispersed like those of the neighbouring hunts—the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and the Pytchley. Thus the Belvoir pack has had everything in its favour, being fortunate alike in its owners, in the remarkable line of hunt servants who have helped so materially in its development, and in the country over which it has hunted.

It was a fortunate day for fox-hunting when the Manners family left the historic beauties of Haddon House for the more modern magnificence of Belvoir. For a family, indeed, to whom the chase is a favourite recreation, Belvoir has an unrivalled situation. From the towers and terraces of the Castle, woods and plains, tillage and pasture, in short almost every variety of hunting country, may be viewed. For the land of the Dukes of Rutland shows fox-hunting in all its phases. The follower of the Belvoir hounds may one day hear the immemorial woodlands ring with the note of the horn and the melody of the hounds, and on the next may

[1] *Hunting Tours*, p. 228.

see the flying pack race over the Leicestershire pastures, while on the third he may set his teeth and sit down in his saddle to ride from Stubton to Wellingore, while the pack works out the line over the stiff fences and across the deep ploughs of Lincolnshire. Such a pack and such a country are possible only under the rule of a great family, and we shall see how closely connected are the fortunes of the Belvoir Hunt, not only with the power and wealth, but also with the personal characteristics of the house of Manners.

Great houses are not mere accidents in the history of our nation, they are the result of certain inherited qualities in their members. They hold their own in the struggle for existence because they have a capacity to produce, generation after generation, men of the stuff from which rulers, soldiers, and statesmen are made. No genius, however great, even though it be that of a Napoleon or a Cromwell, is sufficient of itself to found a house. And our great English families have been marked by a taste for the chase, which in its pleasures and its hardships, its joys and its disappointments, is a great school for the leaders of men.

But such an establishment as the Belvoir Hunt, though it rests in the first instance on the fact that the chase has always been a favourite recreation of our English nobles, could not have lasted on into our own day unless it had had a wider basis. As you stand on the terrace at Belvoir, or ride across the Lincolnshire fields round Grantham, you see everywhere around you the houses and the homesteads of the squires and farmers who have given their support to, and been in their turn moulded by, the great hunt, which for so many years gave the one glimpse into the outer world possible to the less wealthy dwellers in the country. From the dawn of the century to about 1840 the hunt was the great social tie which bound men together, and was the link connecting the dwellers on the soil with the great world which was so much farther off before railways, telegraphs, and steamboats had combined to destroy half the charm and nearly all the neighbourliness of country life. In the hunting field the Lincolnshire yeomen and the Lincolnshire

squires met on terms of equality the royal dukes, the wits, the dandies, and the statesmen of the day. There the representatives of such different classes learned to know and to like one another, and the respect and admiration there gained was on quite other lines than is usual with the world at large. All this and much more may be traced to the fact of the hounds being owned by a family which in the town represented the country, and to the country brought the refinements of the town. The real value of this in the history of our national life can only be estimated when we consider how perilously near England was, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to an unhealthy separation between the life of the town and that of the country. No one who has studied the letters and memoirs of the latter part of the last and the early years of the present century, can fail to notice how great a gulf was then opening between town and country. To many of the writers, such as Walpole, Pope, Johnson, Selwyn, Chesterfield, Wraxall, and Raikes, life outside the towns was synonymous with all that was dull, unlettered, and uncultured, and many men, like Lord Chesterfield, looked upon a stay at his country seat as a time of hopeless dulness. The society of the country was considered to be made up of men of the type rendered famous by Fielding's immortal Squire Western and Dr. Johnson's Bluster, men full of strong ale, heady port, and strange oaths, or the equally ignorant and much meaner-spirited petty tyrant of the soil. The manner of life of such old sportsmen is set forth with some humour in the following sketch :[1]—

An Old Sportsman

Delineated by Lord Shaftesbury

"In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings, at Woodlands, in the county of Southampton; by his quality, son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our antient nobility in *hunting*, not in warlike times. He was very low,

[1] *Sporting Anecdotes*, p. 103 *et seq.*

strong and active, with reddish flaxen hair; his clothes, which, when new, were never worth five pounds, were of green cloth. His house was perfectly old-fashioned, in the midst of a large park, well-stocked with deer and rabbits, many fishponds, a great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, never having been levelled since it was ploughed; round sand bowls were used, and it had a banqueting-house like a stand, built in a *tree*.

"Mr. H. kept all manner of hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. Hawks both long and short-winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. A walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church; this last supplied him with *red deer*, sea and river fish; and, indeed, all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports."

This old sportsman was popular with all degrees, we are told, and the writer continues: "He made all welcome at his mansion, where they found beef, pudding, and small beer, and a house not so neatly kept as to shame them, or their dirty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a marten-cat intermixed, and gamekeepers' and hunters' poles in abundance.

"The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished. On a hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom less than two of the great chairs had litters of *kittens* on them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four cats attending on him at dinner; and to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with, he kept order with a short stick that lay by him.

"The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other such accoutrements. The corners of the room were full of the best chosen hunting and hawking poles. An *oyster* table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through

all seasons. In the upper part of the room were two small tables and a desk. On the one side of the desk was a church Bible, and on the other a book of martyrs; upon the table were hawkshoods, belts, etc., two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, boxes, dice, cards were not wanting; in the holes of the desk was a store of old-used tobacco-pipes.

"On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, and which never came thence but in *single* glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drinking, nor ever permitted it.

"On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, never wanted a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with a thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was always well supplied. His sport furnished all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of *salt*, as well as other *fish*, he could get, and this was the day on which his neighbours of the first quality visited him.

"He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my pert eyes therein a——' He drank a glass or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack, and always a tun glass stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was affable, but soon angry. . . . He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore years old, he rode up to the death of a stag as well as any man. A portrait of this gentleman is now at Winbourn St. Giles, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury."

At a later date, old Mr. Forester of Willey, uncle of the first Lord Forester whose name occurs so often in connection with the Belvoir Hunt, may perhaps be taken as a type of the country sporting squire of the day.

It is evident then that the prejudices of the townsmen were not entirely without foundation, and the tone of country society seems to have had its effect even on those who were honoured members of the highest class of society in London, for we shall see that in the correspondence between the third Duke of Rutland and his tutor, the latter rallies the young master upon his neglect of his personal appearance in the hunting field. But the lasting division between town, as represented by the capital, and the rural districts, which has worked so ill in France, was prevented from becoming permanent in our own land by the growth of fox-hunting, under the fostering care of men such as those of the house of Manners. For these latter were a many-sided race, with sympathies for literature, for politics and for sport, and as they brought the fashion of London to Belvoir, they made their country castle a centre of polished society, and helped to sweep away the prejudices and the harsh judgments which magnified the failings of a different social class almost into crimes. There was, during the reigns of the fourth and fifth Dukes, a brilliant circle at the castle, described in turn by Crabbe, Disraeli and Greville, and the influence exerted by the Duchess Mary Isabella, the beautiful wife of the fourth Duke, and of the Duchess Elizabeth, the less beautiful but more gifted wife of the fifth Duke, was by no means unimportant.

Thus fox-hunting grew rapidly in public estimation after the middle of the eighteenth century, up to which time it may be said to have been in a transition state. The chase of the stag, which had necessarily been confined to great nobles, gradually gave way to the hunting of the fox, and with the change of the beast of chase came the alteration from an aristocratic and exclusive sport to one popular and democratic in character. The hunting field, owing to the natural love of Englishmen for sport, has reflected faithfully the gradations of the social changes that have passed over England, and has probably not been without its influence in bringing about those changes. The equality and the courtesies of the hunting field have hindered the growth of that democratic jealousy which, for all her legends of

equality, divides France by so much bitterer a class feeling than any which exists in England to-day. To estimate aright the effect of hunting on politics and society in England might be a task not unworthy of some grave historian in the future. For a sport so widely popular, and in this aspect of such rapid growth, must, as I have striven to point out, both affect and reflect the social life of the nation in which it has become established.

In early days a pack of hounds was the natural appanage of a great nobleman's establishment, or the recreation of a well-to-do landowner, and the hunting country was limited by the boundaries of the great estates, while the family and the guests, and possibly the chaplain and a few dependants, formed the field. Then as the growing prosperity of the country brought about a more general diffusion of wealth, the lesser squires and substantial yeomen took to sport, and though for the most part they hunted the hare with a trencher-fed pack, they did not disdain a fox if they came across one. Yet the latter, not having the prescriptive rights of a beast of chase, such as belonged to the hare, was regarded, or at least spoken of, as a noxious vermin to be destroyed when and how occasion offered. Even Somervile speaks of a fox in a manner quite inconsistent with our modern sentiments on the subject:—

"The wily fox remained,
A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling round
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain.

* * * * *

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace!

* * * * *

From his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloined. So thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily shine, yet ere the sun declin'd
Recall the shades of night, the pampered rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood."

To Hugo Meynell belongs the honour of having first demonstrated to the squires and nobles of the Midlands the possibilities of the fox properly hunted. This great sportsman was no illiterate country bumpkin, but a man of fashion, culture and refinement, and the friend of the great Dr. Johnson. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson*[1] a remark by Mr. Meynell, that "the chief advantage of London is that a man is always *so near his burrow*," is quoted with appreciation, though without apparently grasping the force of the allusion to sport contained in it. Meynell it was who set the fashion of paying more attention to the breeding of hounds for the hunting of the fox, and in 1750 he began the formation of that pack which, hunting the country we now know as the Quorn, has transmitted its excellencies chiefly through the Belvoir kennels to the fox-hounds of England. The pack was partly formed from hounds descended from the old Wardour Castle hounds, said to be the earliest ever kept for hunting the fox only, though of this the evidence is necessarily scanty, but it is clear the Arundell hounds were in existence as a pack in the last decade of the seventeenth century. Whether, however, they were the only ones seems doubtful, for by the year 1750 there were several established packs, and the late Mr. Nevill Fitt (H.H. of the *Field*), in his *Covertside Sketches*, argues from this, and I think justly, that at the time the Wardour pack was hunting, there were other packs in existence of which history tells us nothing. At all events, Mr. Meynell's, the Brocklesby, the Badminton, and the Belvoir,

[1] Vol. iii., p. 378.

soon began to overshadow and perhaps to absorb the smaller packs in their neighbourhoods, as they extended by degrees the limits of their hunting grounds, until by the end of the eighteenth century fox-hunting was established in its present form in many places. With the rise of the great hunts came the throwing open of the sport to all. The masters, for the most part men of wealth and influence and often with the additional advantage of high rank, kept the hounds. The landowners preserved the foxes, and the farmers welcomed all and sundry to ride over their land. They mended the gaps and fences with honest timber, and bore as best they might the reproaches of the goodwife for the loss of her hens and turkeys. No one profited more by the altered state of things than the foxes, which, paying a ransom in the form of the sacrifice of a few of their number, henceforth lived in plenty, and for some months of the year in perfect safety.

As soon as matters reached this point, the natural advantages of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire as hunting countries were recognised, and the situation of the Belvoir Hunt brought it into prominence. If we compare the Belvoir Hunt with the Quorn, we shall see that the former had many advantages over the latter. Fox-hunting at Belvoir is indigenous, being the natural recreation of the inhabitants of the country, for the gentlefolks and farmers have for the most part an hereditary devotion to the sport. On the other hand, hunting in Leicestershire is an exotic. Very few of the resident gentry in Leicestershire have ever taken part in it, and the hunt has been supported by the crowds of strangers who come down to Melton every year to ride over its unrivalled pastures. The Belvoir has more territory than the Quorn and would stand six days a week easily, while the resources of the Quorn are strained by four days, of which but two are in what a Melton man would call a good country. Then the Quorn has changed its masters with bewildering rapidity and frequency, and the hounds almost as often, while the Belvoir masters from 1720–1896 have been men of one family—for Lord Forester was the nephew of the Duke for whom he acted—or their nominees, while the pack

has never once been scattered. In our own day the Brocklesby dog pack has been sold, and the Badminton has received large infusions of foreign blood by the purchase of Lord Portsmouth's and Mr. Austen Mackenzie's dog hounds, but the Belvoir and Lord Fitzhardinge's remain—the latter a most useful pack, yet its owners have not striven for the symmetry of appearance of the Belvoir, which thus stands absolutely alone in its perfection as a pack, as well as in the excellence of its individual hounds.

There is another peculiar feature in the history of the Belvoir Hunt which must attract the notice of any one who studies the matter. Almost every man who has had to do with the management of the pack has been a person of marked character and ability.

The third Duke, who after the death of his Duchess lived a life of retirement at Belvoir, is in many respects an interesting figure, though much overshadowed by the more striking personality of his son, the Lord Granby, whose fame might perhaps have lived to our own day if he had not destroyed by his political career the renown he had so hardly and so justly won as a soldier. Lord Granby's son, the fourth Duke, was no sportsman, as Crabbe tells us, though a hunting establishment and race-horses were then considered the necessary appanage of a great nobleman. So far as the hunt was managed at all during this Duke's time, the reins were held by Mr. Thoroton, a relative of the family. During the Duke's absence and the minority of his son came the deputy masters, Lord George Cavendish and Sir Carnaby Haggerston. With the latter of these, Mr. G. Marriott, the sporting draper of Melton, used to hunt, whose advent in the hunting field shows that even before the end of the eighteenth century the sport had begun to take hold of the middle class in the country towns. And last, but not least of these deputy masters, came Mr. Perceval, a brother of the Prime Minister, who was, as we shall see later, a first-rate hound man and to whom is due the timely introduction of the Badminton blood into the Belvoir pack, which through the female line helped to found the best families now in kennel. To Mr. Perceval indeed belongs the

credit of giving the pack, if not its first start towards its present excellence, yet still of helping it forward in a great degree. He had a character for what country folk called "nearness," and this is referred to by Lord Forester in the poem quoted on page 91, and in the legend that no smoke curled up from the Croxton Park kitchen chimneys during his tenancy.

With Mr. Perceval, Newman, the first of the great huntsmen, comes on the scene. Then came the fifth Duke, who raised the hunt to a yet higher pitch of excellence, and he, beside being a keen sportsman, was much more than this. A man who loved society, who had an appreciation of art, who did his duty by his estate and preserved the political influence of his family, he touched life at many points, and during and after the life-time of his Duchess, Belvoir was one of the great centres of English society. There politics, sport and literature met on common ground, and it is this society in its most brilliant periods I have endeavoured to sketch. It was at Belvoir that Disraeli learned to understand and respect that English aristocracy which he had in his very early life been somewhat inclined to despise, and though he does make Sidonia win a steeplechase on an Arab, he really gained at Belvoir some grasp of the interest and importance of fox-hunting as a factor in our national life.

With Lord Forester and William Goodall, who brought, the one enthusiasm and the other genius, to bear on the fortunes of the hunt, the Belvoir touched the highest point of excellence the pack has ever known. This was undoubtedly the golden age of the Belvoir country.

When the fifth Duke of Rutland died in 1857, the sixth Duke took the hounds, and, with Cooper and Gillard as his huntsmen, showed good sport. This Duke was a very keen man to hounds, and so desperately hard a rider that he probably shortened his hunting career by the severity of the falls he had. The effects of these and the gout, eventually drove this keenest sportsman of all the Dukes from the hunting field. From that time to the present the interest of the history centres in the kennel, and in the names of

Furrier, Rallywood, Stainless, Fallible, Weathergage, Gambler, Nominal, and Dexter. In Weathergage the working qualities of the foxhound reached their highest point in our time. For work and in staying power and tongue, his son Gambler could not and did not surpass him, but in perfection of symmetry it is certain that he did, for Gambler takes the eye as almost the most perfect foxhound of our own or any other day. I should give him the honour without any reservation had I not seen Dexter, a present occupant of the Belvoir benches.

There is one subject in connection with the kennel history which must not be passed over, and that is the sources of information in the past. Belvoir is, indeed, peculiarly rich in records, the kennel books having been kept up with great care. Besides these there are the records to be found in many volumes among the archives of the Castle, carefully printed from the year 1799 onwards, till the regular series ceased.

But, as I said at the beginning of this chapter, the history of the Belvoir Hunt is the story of the rise of fox-hunting in England, and it is needful to search the older writers and their records for materials for either. It must be confessed that sporting writers have some characteristics peculiarly exasperating to those who study their pages. In the first place, they are much too fond of the classics, and Xenophon becomes a perfect nuisance, for he is quoted almost as often as the modern critic refers to Mr. Jorrocks. In the next, they are not at all too fond of dates. One author we are bound to meet continually, and that, of course, is Nimrod. He is in his way a delightful writer; his snobbishness is so unblushing and his conceit so frank that they scarcely offend; but he, too, has a passion for airing a classical knowledge which was rather wide than deep and was remarkably inaccurate, and his quotations from sacred writers would strike us as profane if his scriptural allusions were not so comically inappropriate and unintentionally irrelevant. This was far from being Mr. Apperley's intention, for he respected religion and patronized it, though he worshipped nothing except the aristocracy.

Belvoir Castle.

But for all that, after a study of his works, it is impossible to part from Nimrod without a friendly feeling. How can one lay stress on the faults of a man who himself is so sublimely unconscious of them? And for all his shortcomings this Nimrod is one of our best authorities on the manners of his time. He stays in people's houses, and tells us what his hosts ate and what they drank (especially the latter), what stories they told, and what oaths they swore. Nimrod had all the love of gossip of the modern society journals, and but little more reticence. Nevertheless, he was the first and best of the sporting writers of the day, and those who followed him have more or less imitated his style. Mr. Apperley had advantages, for he really understood what he was writing about, was a good rider, and had some knowledge of hounds, though his heart was in the stable rather than in the kennel, and he always preferred riding to hound work. He was, too, an excellent practical coachman, and seems to have been a pleasant and popular companion. The severe sketch given of him in *Handley Cross* as Mr. Pomponius Ego, and a superficial glance at his writings, might lead us to suppose he was something of an impostor; but this is not so, for in spite of all faults he is an excellent and most useful guide to the hunting historian. Apperley simply lived in a less reticent age than our own, and to him belongs something of the credit of Boswell, in that he frankly disregarded any ridicule that might come to himself if only he could tell his tale aright.

The reader begins by laughing at him, and ends by feeling that he is not a bad fellow, while he is undoubtedly a good sportsman. Much of his childlike chatter and unblushing conceit belong to his age rather than to himself, and it would be as absurd to despise him for his boastings as to condemn the vapourings of the Homeric heroes.

The other writers who gave accounts of the hounds and hunting of their day are simpler and more direct in their style, but not so full in their information. In spite of the interchange of society between London and Melton, very little news of the latter place reached the former. Lord

Alvanley, for example, was an intimate friend of Mr. Raikes, but no one would gather from the latter's journals that the former was one of the hardest riders of his day, and I think Mr. Raikes, in his voluminous memoirs, only once mentions Melton at all. Even the sporting magazines gave as much or more prominence to provincial hunts as to Leicestershire. Hunting and gambling were associated with Melton, a place, it is darkly hinted, likely to break the neck or the purse of any unwary youth who might be tempted by a vaulting ambition to visit the hunting capital of the shires. The Meltonians designated the members of other hunts "snob" or "slow top," much as the Greeks called all other nations barbarians, and regarded strangers as fair game. The first Lord Forester, who was a leader in all Melton sports, is said to have been particularly good at "quizzing a slow top"; this, considering the slightly acid nature of his remarks on his own friends, we can well believe. The great test, as we gather from Nimrod and others, was breeches. Leathers were accounted "dead slow" at Melton, though always in use in Cheshire. On the other hand, pink tops were associated in the minds of many men with national decay, French cookery, the use of the "foreign" knife, and the disuse of the British fist, while brown tops were in some mysterious way connected with manliness, integrity, and a true sporting character.

Since the beginning of the century there have been many changes in dress. The long-skirted coat has gone out and come back to us, after having been displaced in 1820 by a short-waisted dress coat, which fashion has now been brought back in the Pytchley and Quorn hunts. White leathers were not the fashion for breeches till Lord Wilton (a Cheshire man) and Lord Forester introduced them at Croxton Park. The blue bird's-eye cravat came in with the cutaway coat. For some time now the hat has superseded the cap, and is probably, if not without inconveniences, the best possible protection to the neck. The white hunting tie is neat, but will probably never entirely supplant a neat collar and scarf. Dogskin gloves are quite as comfortable though less smart

than doeskin, and do not require cleaning every day. Fashion changes in hunting dress, and there is far less strictness in the matter now than formerly. The following description of the dress in the shires in 1826 is taken from Mr. Birch Reynardson's *Sport and Anecdote* :—

"The Meltonians, many of whom are great dandies, are almost refulgent in their white cords, white buckskin gloves, and well-brushed hats, for their grooms have given them a tickle-up for the occasion; their well-polished boots have also had a lick over where any spot of mud chanced to appear ; in fact, they are the beau-ideal of a good turn-out, and, in spite of having ridden from Melton in mud boots, look, at least the greater part of them, as if they had just come out of a band-box" (p. 15).

"They would ride up to the meet in their white cord breeches, with either what were called mud boots or spatter-dashes, to keep their boots free from mud, and swallow-tailed coats (no one wore cutaways in those days)" (p. 12).

Then, as now, nearly every one rode to covert, though a few of the more luxurious Meltonians used to come to the fixture in a post-chaise, as some few of their successors do to-day in a brougham. But the covert hack was the usual conveyance, as the polo pony is now.

In other ways the customs of those days differed from ours. Luncheon was unknown, for a biscuit or two sufficed; nor did a second horseman carry a substantial meal in a portmanteau for the use of his master. Old-fashioned people were a good deal scandalised by this custom when it first came in, but it seems a sensible one, and is probably better for the health than abstinence during violent exercise. No doubt the exhaustion occasioned by the long fast had something to do with the quantity of wine the old fox-hunters drank. In the golden age of fox-hunting claret superseded port, and Snead's claret was the rage, since it was said the sportsman required something after dinner that would "stick to his ribs a little better than the light mixtures of the present day." The following anecdote gives an idea of the capacities of our predecessors:—

"An uncle of mine, who was a very abstemious man himself, assured me that when dining at a gentleman's house not far from Melton, near which place he was himself living for hunting, after he had had a skinful himself—in fact, he said, 'I had had quite as much as I could carry safely'—he saw Lord Alvanley and old Frank Forester drink four bottles of claret each; he further added, 'When I had done they had quite as much, if not more, than I had, and where the devil they put it and why they were not quite drunk I never could make out.'"[1]

In this, at least, we have improved, and the custom of a few glasses of champagne, a cigar or two, a quiet rubber, and then early to bed may be the reason why we do not to-day find it impossible to ride hard over Leicestershire after early middle life has passed.

[1] *Sport and Anecdote*, p. 39.

JOHN, THIRD DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G. 1690-1779.

From the Picture at Belvoir by C. Jervas.

Chapter II

JOHN OF THE HILL

1696–1779

WE know the connection of the family of Manners with the chase has been a long one, for, like other nobles of Norman descent, they loved to hunt the stag. John, ninth Earl of Rutland, created Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland in the second year of Queen Anne's reign, was noted for his love of the country and of country sports. The present Duchess of Rutland, in the interesting account of Haddon written by her in the *Quarterly Review*,[1] and which was afterwards reprinted in book form, says: "He preferred the life of a country gentleman to one in town, and 'loved buck-hunting.' It is mentioned that he and his retainers hunted clad in green. So many letters of thanks were found, in acknowledgment of red-deer pasties and bucks, addressed to the successive owners of Haddon and Belvoir, that it is evident deer abounded on both those estates."[2]

Further evidence of this fact is found in the following:—

"The chace deer belonging to the Duke of Rutland range in considerable numbers over the Vale and the adjacent part of the hill country; yet, through the liberality of the family and their regard to the interests of the farmer, they are fewer than in former times, when the tillage of the soil was loaded with the heavy expence of nightly watchmen for the preservation of their crops.

"The remaining animals, which, being *ferœ naturæ*, are yet not considered as common right as hares and rabbits;

[1] January, 1890.

[2] *Haddon Hall*, by the Duchess of Rutland, p. 46.

the former are found plentifully in most parts of the Vale, and the latter, of a very fine kind, at the foot and along the declivity of the hill which leads from the castle to the parish of Stathern.

"This and the neighbouring hill country are celebrated for hunting, and many foxes are found here; a few years since two very beautiful ones of the black kind were turned off from Croxton Park by the Duke of Rutland with a view to their associating with the common kind, and they did so; but it does not appear to have added anything to the variety or pleasure of the chace.

"In the river Devon is sometimes found the otter, but this happens rarely; and badgers have been taken, but not often, in the woods of Barston and Stathern."[1]

The second Duke had but a short reign, succeeding to the family honours in 1711 and dying of small-pox in 1721. The third Duke is the first of the family who comes within the scope of this history, since it was in his time that it is definitely known the Belvoir hounds began to hunt the fox, a sport to which this nobleman and his more distinguished son, the Marquis of Granby, were devoted. Two actions of the life of this Duke were particularly noteworthy as having had a great influence on the fortunes of the hunt. It was he who finally migrated from Haddon Hall, the cradle of his race, to Belvoir, which latter place came into the family by the marriage of Sir Robert Manners, knight, sheriff, and M.P. for Northumberland, with Eleanor, the eldest sister and co-heiress of Edmund, Lord Roos. He also built a lodge in the deer park at Croxton, to which the family retired from time to time in order to escape from the stately splendours of Belvoir to a simpler mode of life. The third Duke, like his ancestor, married an heiress, Bridget, the only daughter of Lord Lexington, who inherited all her father's estates, which descended first to her son Robert, who added the name of Sutton to that of Manners, and when Lord Robert died childless, to her next son George, who also

[1] *History of Antiquities of the County of Leicester*, by John Nicholls F.S.A., Edinburgh and Perth, 1795, vol. i., part i., p. 191.

adopted the name of his maternal grandfather. It was the fourth son of Lord George Manners-Sutton who became Archbishop of Canterbury, and whose eldest son by his marriage with Miss Thoroton was the well-known Speaker of the House of Commons in the latter part of the reign of George III., and was in due course raised to the peerage as Viscount Canterbury. Thomas, a younger son of Lord George Manners-Sutton, became the first Baron Manners, the present holder of which title is best known to our generation as having steered his horse Seaman to victory in the Grand National, and as having been for one season master of the Quorn.

The third Duke inherited his grandfather's love for a country life, though he did not stand altogether aloof from the court or politics, as he was Lord Steward of the Household and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His heart, however, was in his hounds and his pictures, for he was a connoisseur of discernment, and began that fine collection of paintings which was so largely added to by his grandson the fourth Duke, and which suffered such irreparable loss at the fire at the castle in 1816. It is said of the Duke that he loved to buy a picture at an auction and carry it home himself, declaring that "no man deserved to have a good picture who would not carry it home." But the Duke did not only love art, he valued learning for its own sake, and as he grew older he seems to have felt a desire for a fuller and more accurate knowledge of the classics. It may be that his education had been neglected, but certain it is he determined to go to school again. As his tutor he employed Michael Maittaire, a scholar of considerable eminence, who had been tutor to the Earl of Oxford, and was afterwards chosen by Lord Chesterfield to superintend the studies of his son Philip Stanhope. The intercourse between the tutor and pupil was carried on chiefly by letters, and of these some which are quoted later on will serve to show at once the fondness of the Duke for fox-hunting, and to reveal his character and that of his master. It is indeed not a little curious to read the various contemporary criti-

cisms on Maittaire, and then see what manner of man he really was from his correspondence. In the library at Belvoir there are four volumes of his letters to the Duke, beautifully written in a neat handwriting, which, without the aid of the graphologist, tells of his accurate, painstaking character.

Michael—or, as he sometimes writes it, Michel—Maittaire was born in France about the year 1668. His parents were Protestants, and took refuge in this country about the time of the Edict of Nantes. Young Michael obtained a King's scholarship at Westminster, and from the first he found favour with the great Busby, at that time head-master. Maittaire showed a natural bent for accurate scholarship, and on leaving school he travelled on the Continent, visiting, among other places, Paris and the Hague. He then went up to Oxford, and after taking his degree at Christ Church, he returned to Westminster School, where he was a master from 1695–1699. After resigning this post, he started a private school, and at the time of his connection with the Duke he was living at King Street, Bloomsbury. He gained fame by his writings, both in this country and abroad, though his works are perhaps more creditable to his industry than his genius. He was only spared an undesirable immortality in the "Dunciad" at the intercession of Lord Oxford, but though the lines were erased from the poem, they have survived, as Pope's *suppressed* satires so often did.

> "On yonder part what fogs of gathered air
> Invest the scene, there museful sits Maittaire."

Although the prejudice of Pope against critical scholarship is well known, and was perhaps not unnatural in the author of Pope's *Homer*, he was not apparently much beside the mark in this case, for a greater authority on such matters than he, Dr. Johnson, referring to the *Stephanorum Historia* and the *Dialecti*, says: "Maittaire's account of the Stephani is a heavy book. He seems to have been a puzzle-headed man, with a large share of scholarship, but with little geometry or logic in his head, without method, and possessed of

little genius. He wrote Latin verses from time to time, and published a set in his old age, which he called 'Senilia,' in which he shows so little learning or taste in writing as to make Carteret a dactyl." There is a copy of this book in the library at Belvoir, and I read a good many of the verses, since several of them refer to events in the history of the family and contain descriptions of Haddon and Belvoir. They struck me as lacking grace and not affording much scope for quotation; but at the same time I submit that if Maittaire, as a Frenchman, pronounced Carteret according to the custom of his own language, there was no such great crime in using that name as a dactyl. As a schoolmaster Maittaire was excellent, and his private character was modest, unassuming, and of the strictest religious orthodoxy and moral rectitude. Yet he was not without a touch of the courtier, which did not make him less acceptable to the great persons who were at once his pupils and his patrons. It is no small evidence of his repute for judicious management and his power of imparting sound learning that he was chosen late in life by Lord Chesterfield to conduct the early education of that immortal boor, Philip Stanhope. Maittaire's nice courtesy would not be among the least of his recommendations to Lord Chesterfield, that most delightful of letter-writers, whose acuteness in the training of his son was so obvious to himself, and whose ignorance of human nature is so naïvely confessed to the reader. Lord Chesterfield dealt with an ordinary, but not stupid lad, on the same lines and by the same method as though his son was a sensitive and slightly hostile minor European Principality.

Thus Maittaire obtained and preserved the friendship and esteem of men like the Earl of Oxford, the second Viscount Howe, the third Duke of Rutland, and he won the patronage of Lord Chesterfield. In his elaborate and careful tuition of the Duke of Rutland by correspondence, we are struck by the variety of the topics he dealt with and by the judicious way in which the doses of learning are proportioned to the capacity of the scholar. Maittaire was evidently an expert in levelling the path of knowledge, and rendering it as little

arduous as possible to the feet of the noble students he had to guide to Parnassus. And underneath all the wiles of the courtly tutor, striving to beguile a not unwilling pupil to lengths he would not reach by himself, we see clearly the unshaken and undoubted faith of the great scholar, that learning was the one thing worth having, and that he had found, as many a less industrious person has done, that it is the most certain and reliable source of pleasure in the world. He feels, however, that he cannot expect a Duke of Rutland either to expend the time or give the attention needed to become a proficient, and he therefore fits his shoulders to the burden of drawing him gently on towards the temple of learning. Nothing puzzles and vexes Maittaire more than the love of the Duke for field sports and for hunting. The scholar was not a self-indulgent or luxurious person, for he was in the habit of spending many hours of each day, during the winter in London, in his library without a fire; but sport seemed to him a waste of precious time, when life was all too short for the study of accents and enclitics.

> "This man said rather, 'Actual life comes next?
> Patience a moment!
> Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
> Still there's the comment.
> Let me know all.'" . . .

Browning might indeed have had Maittaire in his mind when he wrote the "Grammarian's Funeral."

Though the scholar was of so different a character to his pupil, the Duke of Rutland, yet he loved him. For it was no slight thing for a man of thirty-two, with the Duke's position, his varied interests and convivial disposition, to turn aside from the claims of his full life to gain knowledge. Duke John must have loved learning for its own sake, and thus there was a bond of union between him and the man he chose as his tutor.

Let us turn to the letters of the Maittaire correspondence, and see how they bear out the deductions I have drawn from them. One thing we may be sure that Maittaire would least have expected is that, while we pass over his learned com-

BELVOIR CASTLE.

mentaries on the classics, we search his writings eagerly for references to that sport of hunting for which he was too much of a courtier to manifest his contempt, but too sincere a scholar altogether to conceal it.

I

"1728. *November 16th, Saturday.*

"MY LORD,

"I am obliged to your Grace for your entertaining letter, after a silence which always seems to me long, and though I can easily account for it, yet ever suggests to me an apprehension of your not being perfectly in health. I am glad your house is so well filled to your mind as to afford your Grace constant diversion, which I wish you may use with a due regard to your health. I don't like your unfortunate companion, the cold, which so often returns, and I am sure your early rising, too early, which your country sports require, conduces very much, especially at this foggy time of the year, to disorder your constitution. It would please me, my Lord, if your Grace had a strength of body adequate to the levellness of your mind. Your neglecting your person and not checking the growth of your beard made me smile, but at the same time brought to my remembrance the character Horace, in the twelfth ode of his first book, verse forty-one, giveth of that great Roman Curius, 'incomptis capillis,' which is much fitter for the field than the drawing-room. Your description how you amuse yourself in the evening with the heroicall actions of the hounds diverts me as much as, and even more than, if I had been present at the game. Indeed the verse of Martial, concerning living twice by remembering the past life, is, in my opinion, very pleasantly similar to a second hunting at night, by recounting what hath passed in the day and what feats have been performed between the huntsmen and the hounds.

"But, my Lord, since your Grace is so passionately fond of that diversion, I'll endeavour to gratify you in it and by next post send you a present of the best pack of dogs you can possibly purchase, and withal acquaint you with their several

names, which, because they are of a very ancient and learned extraction, are like, I doubt not, to be so much the more welcome.

"In the meantime I have annexed the construction with some intermixed explanations of the ninth ode of the second book of Horace, wherein he comforts his friend Vulgius for the loss of his son Mystes. Lord Howe, I suppose, hath now dried up his tears for the loss of his.

"Nothing pleases me more than that you do not entirely dismiss Virgil and Horace for the sake of the doggs. As for Sanchez upon matrimony, though it does not improve, however I am not sorry that he affords matter of mirth."

II

"1728. *November 19th, Tuesday.*

"MY LORD,

"I here send your Grace what I promised in my last; the pack, though consisting of twenty couples, does not take up much room. They are all of a very ancient extraction. Their qualities are good and various. I have consulted herein your health, your diversion and your improvement. This sport will not tire you, but entertain you gently. It will agreeably exercise your study, and without much difficulty display before you a chase in Greek and Latin. The same indeed is very tragical, for they come from poor Actæon's dogs, who worried and tore their master in the shape of a stagg. The story is related by Ovid in the third book of his *Met.*, the 205th verse. It was the subject of a Greek play, the author of which is uncertain, and the work lost except some very small fragments in Apollodorus, out of which I have completed the number of the hounds. I know not whether, being wholly unskilful of these sports, I have hit upon proper English appellations for the doggs. However, I have endeavoured to give such as answer the original."

After a few words on the more expressive character of Greek as compared with Latin he goes on,—

"Thus, my Lord, I make use of your beloved sport to lead you into that study which I hope your guide in time will be

master of. I wish, indeed, I were able to make every lesson of mine so acceptable as to charm you with the beauties of those two languages."

In these two delightful letters we see Maittaire with pleasant tact choosing for the Duke's study a passage which he thinks will interest him. For no sportsman could read the story of the hunt of Actæon by his own hounds unmoved, or without regretting that so excellent a kennel huntsman as that unlucky man should have been destroyed in order to gratify the prudery of the goddess, whose flirtations with Endymion were probably not altogether what her affectation of extreme modesty would have had her nymphs to believe. Poor Actæon was obviously sacrificed to the necessity of keeping up appearances, and was probably not the first, as he was certainly not the last gallant sportsman, who has shared a like fate. Being the keen huntsman he was, we may imagine even when he found himself, so to speak, uncarted before the pack, he must have enjoyed the music of his hounds in full cry.

"*Resonat latratibus ether.*"

But how he must have regretted not having steadied the pack from deer to fox. Was that the lesson intended by Maittaire? The tutor had evidently taken pains to inform himself on some matters connected with hunting, and he had probably, like most visitors to Belvoir, learnt something of the hounds by seeing them in their kennel. It must be confessed that his translations of the Latin or Greco-Latin names of the hounds (of Actæon) do him credit. Thus Nape becomes Forester, Harpyia, Harpy, Aello, Stormer, said by Ovid to be a particularly stout hound, and Hylaktor, Ringwood, all happy in their discovery of modern equivalents for the old Roman kennel names.

Some days after this dissertation on the hounds, Maittaire sends the following letter (III.), which speaks for itself, and in another communication to his pupil (IV.) we find a certain ignorance of sport displayed in Maittaire's allusion to frost, which is perhaps excusable in one of his birth and

training. Again, in another of the letters (V.), we have the use of the word "tiresomeness" as an equivalent for fatiguing which shows that the good Maittaire had not attained to an equal mastery of the English language as of Greek and Latin, and of this there are other signs in the letters.

III

"1728. *November* 21, *Tuesday.*

After some allusion to a recent indisposition of the Duke, and wishes for his recovery :—

"Your Grace hath by this time received the pack. I considered that dogs without a good horse would not be a complete present, and therefore I have herein sent you one—the best, I dare vouch, that ever was. This horse is of the highest mettle, trimmed and dressed to the best advantage. Virgil, the prince of Latin poets, hath employed the utmost skill of his pencil to draw his picture, and the several perfections of the beast are set off with the most expressive and pompous elegancy of choice words. I have illustrated and explained many expressions of that admirable writer by comparing them with some parallel passages taken from other authors, Greek and Latin, upon the same subject; as the Greek historian Xenophon, the Latins Varro and Columella, De Re Rusticâ, the poets Lucan, Silius Italicus, and Claudian."

IV

"My Lord,

"I hope your Grace enjoys entire health. The winter begins to be very sharp with us here in the town, and I wish it may agree with your constitution. I believe frost to be very welcome to your country sports. I doubt not but that Ovid's hounds and Virgil's horse have pleased you, and given you some diversion without any fatigue or difficulty."

V

"1728. *November* 30, *Saturday.*

"My Lord,

"Your last, which your Grace favoured me with on the 29th instant, mentioning your design to spend much of this season in wandering up and down in search of game. I

easily guess your health is in a very good state, and able to bear both the present severity of the weather and the tiresomeness of the sport. As for your studies, which you say are suspended by unavoidable interruptions, I hope, my Lord, the time may come (and I long for nothing more) when your Grace will have some opportunities of a more frequent conversation with the muses. We have in town an extreme severe frost, harder than has been known these many years. From this occasion I was induced to send you the ninth ode of the first book of Horace, which he entitles to his friend Thaliarchus; written certainly, as the first stanza intimates, in a season much like ours now, much frosty and snowy. The poet arms himself against the cold with the usual weapons, good fire and wine, spending his time during the sharpness of the winter in such ways as did exercise his body more than his brains.

"The season must be more intolerable than any within my memory, or else I must have been grown very old on a sudden, for this is the first winter when I could not be in my study without a fire. I wish that the sports that you design to divert you with may not onely not hurt but confirm your health and induce to the lengthening of your life."

The correspondence, however, shows conclusively that the Duke had had a pack of foxhounds for some time previous to 1730, which year has been fixed by more than one writer as the date when the Belvoir pack first began to hunt the fox.

VI

"I very much, my Lord, doubt whether Horace can so often crowd into your company among the pleasing diversions you have at Exton, of which I heard by a noble lady, a relation of Lord How, when I was in company yesterday. However, my Lord, I was infinitely pleased that among those diversions no mention was made of very violent ones, such as fox-hunting. Your Grace must give me leave every now and then to touch upon that string which I know to be so prejudicious to the *harmony* of your health, and your good nature

can never be offended in this particular with the tender, affectionate censure of, my Lord,

"Your Grace's most dutiful and most obedient servant

"M. MAITTAIRE."

The incidental allusion to Exton, then the seat of Baptiste, fourth Earl of Gainsborough, of the older creation, shows that the Duke was on a visit there for the purpose of hunting, in accordance with the condition of the following agreement, made between John, Duke of Rutland; George, Earl of Cardigan; Baptiste, Earl of Gainsborough; John, Lord Gower; and Scrope, Lord Howe:—

"Each party shall, annually, place in the hands of Alderman Child, of Temple Bar, by two payments, the sum of £150, towards defraying the annual expense of hounds, horses, and all other incidental charges. If this be not sufficient at the end of the year, it shall be made good by the said party; and if there should be any surplus, it shall be equally divided. The hounds are to be kept, from the fifteenth of October to the end of November, at Croxton Park; from the first of December to the last day of January, at Cotsmore; from the first of February to the last day of March, at Thawson; and from the first of April to the fourteenth of October, at such places as shall be determined by the party. The size of the hound to be kept shall not exceed twenty inches in height, nor be less than nineteen. There shall be a steward, one huntsman, six whippers-in, and *two cooks*, to be chosen, turned off, paid, and disposed of by the majority of the said party; also the majority of the said party shall determine on the number of hounds and horses to be kept. Each of the party in turn shall take upon him, during the hunting season, for the space of one week, and no more at one time, the ordering the stopping of earths, management of the hounds and horses, the appointing the places for hunting, hours for meeting, etc., etc.—the first day's meet to be Croxton Park."[1]

In 1732, by which time the very moderate expenditure

[1] From the notice of the Belvoir hounds in Davis's *Hunter's Annual. Sporting Review*, 1841, vol. v., p. 129.

mentioned above had greatly increased, Lord Gainsborough separated from the association and took as his share of the hounds twenty-five couples, with which he began to hunt the country now known as the Cottesmore. There is still at Belvoir a somewhat voluminous correspondence which passed between the Duke and Lord Gainsborough as to the possession of a certain large caldron, used for cooking the hounds' food, to which both noble masters laid claim. The smallness of the sum assigned for the large staff of hunt-servants, including two cooks, during the time of the joint ownership of the hounds, was not intended probably to cover more than the common expenditure, and each of the partners must have supplemented it considerably. The date of 1732, if it does not mark the beginning of the Belvoir pack, doubtless does give us the origin of the country and of the better preservation of foxes, for "Old Noel," as Colonel Cooke calls Lord Gainsborough, hunted an immense territory, including the whole or parts of Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Rutlandshire, and Nottinghamshire. The Belvoir pack would seem therefore, before this date, to have had the estates of the Duke of Rutland and the Lincolnshire side of their present territory as their peculiar field. It was not till some years later that the limits of the Quorn (Mr. Meynell's) Hunt and the Belvoir were definitely agreed upon, as Mr. John Welby tells us.

"As the Cottesmore and Quorn countries border on the Belvoir country south and west, a few extracts from Mr. Noel's journal will not be out of place, as they note the condition of the hunting in the neighbouring hunts.

"Mr. Noel was a contemporary of Mr. Meynell's, and the copy of the agreement about the boundaries of their countries is worth recording, as both were neighbours of the Belvoir Hunt. The Cottesmore country has always been considered one of the best in England. Mr. Noel's journal records chases from 1766 to 1781. After Mr. Noel, Lord Lonsdale hunted the country for forty years, with the exception of four or five years, from 1798 to 1802, when the hounds were kennelled at Stocken Hall. . . .

"Copy of agreement between Mr. Noel and Mr. Meynell about the boundaries of their hunts:—

"'Owston, Laund, Skeffington, Loddington, Tugby, Allexton, and Stockaston Woods, Easton Park, and the woods near Holt to be neutral coverts. The coverts on the Langton side of those above named to be drawn by Lord Gainsborough. Ashby Pasture not to be drawn by Lord Gainsborough. Billesdon Coplow to be neutral. No coverts on the Quorn side of Billesdon Coplow to be drawn by Lord Gainsborough. All earths in both hunts to be stopped in common.

"'On these conditions Mr. Meynell will engage to draw no coverts except those above mentioned, which he understands to be claimed by Lord Gainsborough as belonging to Mr. Noel's hunt.'

"Mr. Meynell hopes he shall be permitted to run his young hounds in Beaumont chase, for the purpose of breaking them from deer, which he has no means of doing elsewhere, and, provided he is indulged in that liberty, he will submit to any restrictions with respect to drawing the chase Lord Gainsborough shall think proper to prescribe.

"Should these proposals be acquiesced in, the only covert of any consequence hitherto drawn by Lord Gainsborough which he would agree not to draw is Ashby Pasture.

"Among the coverts which Mr. Meynell has for some time been in the habit of drawing, and which by the agreement he would be debarred from drawing, are Prior's, Brown's, and Tampion's Coppices, Lady Wood, Orton Park Wood, and Burton Gorse."[1]

The letters of Maittaire I have quoted are the only ones which bear on the subject of hunting, but there are some of a series of later epistles which deal with the history of the house of Manners, and illustrate the courtier-like side of Maittaire's character.

It was after this that Maittaire became tutor to Philip Stanhope, and he died in harness, his pen dropping from his hand in the middle of one of his carefully framed letters.

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, pp. 8, 10, 11.

"So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife,
While he could stammer.
* * * * *
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."[1]

With the disappearance of Maittaire from the scene, the history of the pack is left to conjecture, and becomes merged in the interesting and exciting period of Lord Granby's career. We know that after the death of Lady Granby and the Duchess, the father and son, with the Thorotons, lived a good deal at Belvoir, and carried on the hunt from there, while the mention of Lord Granby's Dexter, as a hound of some note, shows that the pack was already gaining fame. No doubt the example of Mr. Meynell and the elder Musters, and the success of the Pytchley under Lord Spencer, stimulated all sport-loving men to improve the breeding of their hounds at this time. We know that, in this matter, the Quorn and the Cottesmore were in advance of the Belvoir.

The third Duke died in 1779, having lived long enough to see the opening promise of his grandson and successor, and to be present at his marriage with the Lady Mary Isabella Somerset, which took place in 1754. He left a name among sportsmen as the first master of the Belvoir Hunt as we know it in the present day.

[1] "The Grammarian's Funeral." R. Browning.

EPIGRAM ON THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

"Cæsar was prematurely bare,
Just as is honour'd *Rutland's* heir
(Nor will the likeness finish there),
But *Julius* at his baldness griev'd,
If history may be believ'd,
And to conceal his want of hair
Contriv'd the *laurel wreath* to wear;
While *Granby* (greater here than Cæsar),
Whether in town or on the *Weser*,
Without disguise his forehead shows,
Without concern, to friends and foes.
Hold, cries *Ironicus*, I doubt
You cannot fairly make it out;
For *Granby* too his bareness pains,
And therefore in *Westphalia's* plains
He vindicates the *British* quarrel,
And *wreathes about his brows the laurel.*" [1]

[1] *The Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1760.

JOHN, MARQUIS OF GRANBY. 1721-1770.
Commander-in-Chief, 1766.

From the Portrait at Belvoir by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Chapter III

THE GENEROUS GRANBY

1721–1770

IN the reign of George III. there was no Englishman who held a higher place in the esteem of his countrymen than the Marquis of Granby. So great, indeed, was the affection for Granby that the love for him may be compared without exaggeration to that which the English people felt for Nelson. Though the applause given to his exploits has passed away with the generation that gave it, the feeling which prompted it was more than the mere passing breath of popularity: it was a deep affection, won not only by his services, but by the charm of his character. Granby's virtues and his faults were those which people admire and forgive, for while his courage and conduct in war justly claimed high praise, he had, like Nelson, that touch of human weakness, combined with capacity of mind and physical courage, which is found so endearing by the larger part of mankind.

Whether because he had himself felt the disadvantage of an imperfect education, or because the young Granby showed signs of unusual gifts, the third Duke was careful of the education of his son; and Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, trained him, as they have trained so many of our poets, statesmen and masters of hounds. Lord Granby had the same love of literature as his father, with the advantage of superior training, and he was noted through life for his love for, and knowledge of, that classical literature which Eton has never failed to give to those of her sons who are able and willing to receive it, and which is probably the

best general mental equipment the world has yet invented for the battle of life. But there is undoubtedly an hereditary love of letters in the Manners family, and this, unless the old Latin grammar tag is greatly in error, may have something to do with the charm of manner that makes the family name almost an heraldic pun on the characteristics of the race.

But in spite of the taste for the classics that he had, it is not likely that Lord Granby was a profound scholar, for he was always a man of action. In the intervals of those studies, which certainly at no time absorbed him, he entered heartily into the sports that his fortunate position as the heir of Belvoir and Haddon threw open to him. By the time he was of age, the family had finally chosen Belvoir as their headquarters, and it was there that Lord Granby made the acquaintance of those hounds which in after days he was to do so much to render famous. Yet hunting was to him never more than a pastime, for the whole bent of his life was to a career of service and ambition. The great families which in those days still ruled England had reached their position and upheld their power by a continual tradition of service, for while the head of the family kept the threads of the social and political influence of the house in the country and in London, the younger members went almost as a matter of course into the King's service. Nor were the careers they followed mere interludes in a life devoted to private interests or to pleasure. They took their professions seriously, and served in the Army, Navy, or politics for the best years of their life. They expected and received as a right rapid promotion, for which their hereditary habit of command fitted them. The plan worked well, for the labours and responsibilities of the life weeded out the idle and incompetent, thus giving to the English service commanders at an age when their vigour and activity were at their best.

It is impossible to conceive a better preparation than that of Lord Granby for the laborious and useful life he was to lead. In this preparation it is interesting to note how perfectly proportioned were the elements of heredity, of learn-

ing, and of sport; and in the present work I may be pardoned if I dwell on the usefulness of the last-named. It is with some diffidence, however, I suggest that the graver historians of England, either from want of sympathy with, or lack of understanding of, the subject, have not given enough weight to the love of sport inherent in the British mind when tracing the development of the national character. It is only necessary to begin to pick up the threads for a book like the present to become convinced of two things, viz., that sport touches on and affects English life in every department, and that historians are silent about this far-reaching influence to a surprising degree. As a matter of fact, each period of our history has had its own sport and its peculiar pastime, which has helped to form the character and mould the manners of the age.

Fox-hunting was just beginning to rank as an acknowledged sport when Lord Granby was a boy. The pursuit of the fox had only then begun to pass from the stage of the legitimate slaughter of a noxious vermin to the carefully-regulated hunting of a privileged beast of chase. It was but a few years before Granby's birth that the third Duke left the chase of the stag and the hare, and steadying the old Belvoir hounds from both, settled them on the fox; so that Granby was one of the first of a long line of English soldiers, statesmen, and judges whom the chase of the fox has helped to form. I have already noted the silence of historians on sport, and this may in a measure be accounted for by the curious contempt and dislike shown for it which the men of fashion of the time of the Georges bequeathed to the middle-class town populations. County gentlemen, soldiers, and clergymen only could hunt without discredit, for they belonged by birth or profession to the upper classes; but a solicitor who hunted was regarded with suspicion, a doctor did his practice no good by being seen with hounds, and a tradesman who hunted was regarded as being on the high road to bankruptcy. Slowly but surely fox-hunting broke down this prejudice. Its sociability, its equalization of classes for the time being, the connections formed in the

hunting field, and their advantages even from a business point of view became evident, and fox-hunting gradually grew to be the sport of the middle classes as much as that of the nobles. And in sharing the sport of his superiors in rank, the young middle-class Englishman began to acquire the virtues and good qualities of a governing race, and to graft on his sturdy common sense, the habits of regularity and the business capacity which have always distinguished his own class, the boldness, the dash, and the endurance that are common characteristics of our aristocracy. It is these latter which have served in our own day to help us to create a flourishing province out of a desert, to regenerate an ancient and glorious kingdom, and to rule successfully an immense dependency of mixed races. It is no mere defence of a favourite recreation, or excuse for a pursuit in which so many delight, but in a serious spirit of thoughtful deduction from facts, that I claim for fox-hunting more particularly that grafting of aristocratic virtues on a democratic polity which is the peculiar source and strength of English character and power of rule.

Nor need the reader accuse me of undue digression, for in many respects Lord Granby was the type of the Englishman formed by our school life and our sports; and if the type is commoner now, as it undoubtedly is, than was the case in the eighteenth century, that is one of the results of the ideals in school life and in sport being to raise all training, mental and bodily, to the level of the higher classes, rather than to bring down the higher to the level of the lower. Every Englishman, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has told us in verse and prose, is an aristocrat when among an inferior race; and from the rare insight Kipling has into the many-sided character of our national life, that great genius has risen to be the laureate of England, and the English as formed by the hunting field, the cricket pitch, and the football ground.

By the time Lord Granby was twenty-one, he had learned to write verses at Eton and to read the classics in the Cambridge fashion at Trinity. He had travelled with the

excellent Dr. Ewer, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, and was introduced into the House of Commons as member for Grantham.

But both Granby and his brother, Lord Robert Manners-Sutton, had a love for an active life. The House of Commons was an excellent club, but it had not the life and interest that have since marked the reformed Parliaments. If indeed you did not belong to the inner ring, you were little more than a walking vote. Pitt governed the country and governed it well, while the House looked on and acquiesced, or on occasion cavilled. So Lord Granby turned his attention to raising a regiment of Leicestershire Blues, of which he became Colonel, and he retained his rank when his men exchanged the sword for the ploughshare, as seems soon to have been the case. In the meantime the future cavalry leader was learning to ride hard and to charge the fences as he afterwards did the French. With his father's hounds, too, he acquired that fine eye for a country which marked him later as a General and which enabled him to see the strong and weak points of a position, and to snatch all chances that the formation of the ground or the negligence of the enemy might afford him. War and hunting have often been compared, and they are at all events alike in this, that success in both is obtained by the seizing of a succession of quickly-passing opportunities, which if once neglected never recur. To hesitate is to lose the chance of winning a battle or of riding a run; and though the loss in the one case is infinitely greater, the mental action is the same in both.

But riding over the Belvoir country, drilling the Leicestershire Blues, and voting with his party in the House of Commons, was not enough to fill Lord Granby's life. He was too somewhat impatient of the position of the eldest son of a great house, who, though he is so important a person, is yet nobody during his father's lifetime, unless, like a Granby, an Althorp or a Hartington, he makes a career for himself outside the limits of the family estates. Moreover, Granby was a soldier at heart, and was pursued by that craving to "see service" which causes the Horse Guards to be besieged by

volunteers whenever we have a little war on hand, and drives men from the Guard at Whitehall, from Hurlingham, and from Melton to the banks of the Niger, the rough hills of the Indian frontier, and the feverish swamps of Ashantiland. The young Granby's first service was as a volunteer under the Duke of Cumberland, a commander whose courage and conduct as a soldier have never been sufficiently appreciated. Cumberland was not the English, but the German type of soldier—brave, capable, but to our ideas somewhat callous, he was never liked or understood by our countrymen. Granby, however, who was of the chivalrous English type, appreciated the excellence of the Teuton in the art of war, and served both Cumberland and Ferdinand of Brunswick with loyalty and affection. He also volunteered to serve against the rebels in 1745, and took part in the affair of Strathbogie, and describes the devastation of the Highlands by the English troops with the simplicity which always gives power to his letters. It was some time after his return from Scotland that Granby seems to have taken up the mastership of the hounds, and from this time he paid great attention to the improvement of the pack in the kennel.

To the Cottesmore the Belvoir hounds went for their first known change of blood, and Mr. Noel's Victor was used in Lord Granby's kennel. On the other hand, the Belvoir Dexter was the father of a litter put on by the Brocklesby. Between the Belvoir and the Brocklesby there was indeed thus early in the history of fox-hunting a considerable interchange of blood. Each pack had what the other lacked, for the original Brocklesby hounds had plenty of bone and size, though they were somewhat lacking in quality, while the Belvoir wanted size and substance, though they were then, as now, full of beautiful style and quality. It seems to me that a distinct type of hound existed in each of these kennels at the time fox-hunting arose, and that if we had sufficient records and pictures we should find the Brocklesby hound distinguished by his majestic strength and by a curious look of wisdom and dignity, that the Belvoir hound was all pace and quality like a race-horse, while the old Badminton sort

OLD BELVOIR.
From an Oil Painting at Belvoir, *circa* 1730.

was marked out by his square, sensible head, his coarser coat, and great shoulders.

In these days the various strains have been so intermingled that the Belvoir and Brocklesby especially have become almost of one family, so that Will Dale, in a letter to the author, remarks on the way in which these strains nick. Yet even now each kennel has its prevailing type, and much more must this have been the case in the past. At all events, whatever the third Duke and his son found at Belvoir, they left a pack which was established, and which we may infer to have been a fast one from the breeding of the horses that hunted with them.

"The huntspeople were chiefly mounted on horses bred at Belvoir. Asparagus, son of Pot 8 o.s., and Jupiter were good sires; after them Old Home and Sir Harry Dimsdale filled the country with good hunters." [1]

We need not be surprised to find, therefore, that Lord Granby was one of the founders of the modern Belvoir strain, for, after all, a man who can do one thing well can generally do another, and I have never known a really successful breeder of hounds or huntsman who had not the ability to win distinction in other, possibly less useful, walks of life.

Fox-hunting may be only a pastime for the field, but the master and huntsman must follow it with the assiduity of the lawyer, the prudence of the man of business, and the boldness and dash of the soldier. To manage a country successfully requires all a man's time and all his thoughts, and in the actual chase the experience of a lifetime and the highest degree of patience may not infrequently after all be baffled by the ingenuity of a fox.

Once again Lord Granby as a volunteer made a campaign in Flanders in 1747, under the Duke of Cumberland, and he returned to Belvoir and its sports with fresh laurels and a growing reputation as a leader of men. In 1750 he married the Lady Frances Seymour, a daughter of the sixth Duke of Somerset (known as the "Proud Duke") by his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch. It was perhaps time he should settle

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds.*

down, for when not engaged in war or hunting, he seems, like many other active spirits, to have been apt to get into mischief. Like his son after him, Lord Granby was a convivial soul, and he flinched no more from the bottle than he did from the foe. In his day, and for long afterwards, hard drinking customs prevailed, and there is but little doubt that the great cavalry leader and his son, the statesman of promise and the friend of Pitt, shortened their lives by this habit. The following story told by Horace Walpole gives us an insight into the fashionable life of the day :—

"I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. . . . We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall; there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Loyd,[1] who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company!' Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky as to see—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim,[2] where, instead of going to old Strafford's[3] catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny,[4] and left her and eight other women and four men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands.

[1] She was afterwards married to Lord Haddington.

[2] A tavern at the end of the wooden bridge at Chelsea, at that period much frequented by his lordship and other men of rank.

[3] Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnson, widow of Thomas, Lord Raby, created Earl of Strafford in 1711.

[4] Lady Frances Seymour, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset (known by the name of the "Proud Duke"), by his second Duchess, Lady Charlotte Finch. She was married in the following September to the Marquis of Granby.

He then addressed himself to Miss Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage (of which he is wondrous sick), and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and, I think, with full entertainment enough to content you. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry'; she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussy.' You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!' In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden, so much so that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before

we got home. I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly that they were capable of 'losing more than they would like.'"[1]

After all, the age changes more than men and women, for the loud voices and the risky jokes, all perhaps save the drunkenness, might be paralleled at a "smart" supper party of our own day. The same lively writer just quoted tells us of Lord Granby's marriage and of the extravagance that characterised both his own conduct and that of his bride-elect. Unfortunately, we know that recklessness was a part of his character, and that in consequence his last years were harassed and embittered by his creditors. Nevertheless, his married life does not seem to have been unhappy, though neither his wife nor he ever acquired any clear idea of the value of money.

There is reason to think, judging her by the surest of all tests, the characters of her children, that Lady Granby was a good mother during the short time her married life lasted. On October 24th, 1760, she died, leaving two sons—Charles, who succeeded his grandfather as the fourth Duke, the friend and political associate of Pitt and the patron of Crabbe, and Robert, who died fighting gallantly on the deck of his ship—and one daughter, who afterwards married Lord Tyrconnel.

For some time after his marriage Lord Granby lived much in the country on a somewhat straitened income. Walpole tells us that:—

"Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished to-morrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation

[1] Horace Walpole's *Letters*, ed. 1840, vol. ii., pp. 339-341.

Lord Guernsey, has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand pounds a year; he is said to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds, but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauce-boats; besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds a-piece in all kinds of bauble and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management?—two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want."[1]

Doubtless there was not a little exaggeration in this, but Walpole's main facts are, as a rule, to be depended upon, though the touches of vivid colour, which his not too kindly wit gave his stories, have to be reckoned with.

We may assume that Lord Granby managed to hunt at this period, which was one of progress for the Belvoir pack, and fresh strains of blood were sought for from other kennels; thus stallion hounds were bought from Lord Chetwode in 1756, from the Duke of Grafton in 1757, and from Sir John Key, Mr. Pelham, and the Duke of Devonshire in 1760. In the last year the Marquis was in Westphalia, as second in command to Lord George Sackville, for his promotion had come rapidly, and he had been made a major-general in 1755, and had received the colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) in 1758. But before he left England the Belvoir Hunt had reached a considerable degree of popularity, and men had already begun to make the pleasant old town of Grantham their headquarters for hunting, as the following list of the riders with these hounds in 1758 shows:—

[1] Horace Walpole's *Letters*, vol. ii., p. 352.

Names.	No. of Horses.	Names.	No. of Horses.
Duke of Rutland	6	Henry Pennant, Esq.	
Duke of Devonshire	4	— Bertie, Esq.	
Marquis Rockingham	8	— Pennyman, Esq.	
Marquis Granby	4	— Baily, Esq.	
Lord Barnard	6	— Renoldson, Esq.	
Lord Talbot		Capt. Vernon	3
Lord William Manners	1	— Wentworth, Esq.	3
Lord Robert Manners	6	— Forester, Esq.	6
Lord Aberdeen	4	— Medlicott, Esq.	6
Lord John Cavendish	3	— Boothby, Esq.	6
Lord George Cavendish	2	— Bethell, Esq.	
Lord Robert Sutton	8	— Middlemore, Esq.	
Lord George Manners	6	— Haughton, Esq.	
Sir James Lowther	9	— Willis, Esq.	
Sir William Bunbury	5	— Chamberlain, Esq.	
Sir Charles Buck	3	Captain Hare	
— Howe, Esq.	5	Rev. — Stephens	
Mrs. Howe	5	Rev. — Stovet	
— Duncombe, Esq.	3	Rev. — Heron	
Colonel Hervey	2	Rev. — Stoop	
— Shirley, Esq.	5	Mr. Skinry	
The Hon. — Watson	8	Mr. Stamford	
— Davidson, Esq.		— Lucas, Esq.	
— Shafto, Esq.		— Digby, Esq.	
John Manners, Esq.		— Anderson, Esq.	
— Ruckworth, Esq.		— Lister, Esq.	
— Cotts, Esq.		— Smith, Esq.	
— Dixon, Esq.		— Arnold, Esq.	
— Anderson, Esq.		Mr. Grove	
— Beresford, Esq.		Mr. Malchett	
— Vovey, Esq.		Mr. Todd	
— Garve, Esq.		Mr. Ayscough	
— Lewis, Esq.		Mr. Dale	
— Thornton, Esq.		Mr. Rowley	
— Thorold, Esq.		Mr. Frisby	
— Selby, Esq.		Mr. Johnson	
— Witham, Esq.		Mr. Hutchinson	
— Turton, Esq.		Mr. Dolby	
— Rowe, Esq.			

Total Number of Horses . 294.[1]

Even then a Thorold, a Boothby and a Hutchinson rode

[1] *Practical Lessons on Hunting*, Scrutator, p. 66. Ed. 1865.

among the field, and I note too that there were four parsons in the lists, showing that the Lincolnshire clergy shared in the pleasures as well as the troubles of their parishioners in those early days of hunting.

Lord Granby left England in 1759, and was present at the battle of Minden, where he helped to save the credit of the English cavalry. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick had induced De Broglie and Soubise to give him battle in a position in which they were at a great disadvantage. With inferior forces he had shaken the French infantry, and he desired to complete the destruction of the foot soldiers of the enemy by the shock of his massed cavalry. It was the supreme opportunity of the battle, that chance of great and brilliant action which comes so seldom. Lord George Sackville had famous regiments behind him, led by men who saw the opportunity and chafed to be let loose; but when Prince Ferdinand sent officers galloping in hot haste to order the advance, the cavalry still halted. Thinking that possibly Lord George Sackville distrusted the Hanoverians he had under him, the Prince sent again and yet again, while he watched eagerly for the rattle of bit and spur, the thunder of hoofs and the dust of the charge. But it never came. Lord George, who had hitherto served with credit, had been seized with one of those panics which all who have seen war know are possible even to the brave. He temporised, questioned, and did not act, showing that rare courage of cowardice which could face the blighting scorn in the eyes of his subordinates in order to save his skin. The opportunity passed, but Lord Granby's eagerness to repair the mischief was plain, and he did all he could in the face of the inaction of his chief. He soon after became the commander of the British forces, and in 1760 led that splendid charge at Warburg which is the best remembered of his many exploits. He was perhaps the first M.F.H. who ever led a cavalry charge; certainly he was the most distinguished. Always to the front, always ready to fight, he and his men were ever in the place of danger. Generous to his officers, considerate of his men, careful of the sick and wounded, and forgetful of

himself, a paladin of bravery and dash, the army adored him; and even in those days, when no war correspondents followed the army to the field, his fame reached England and his popularity became unbounded.

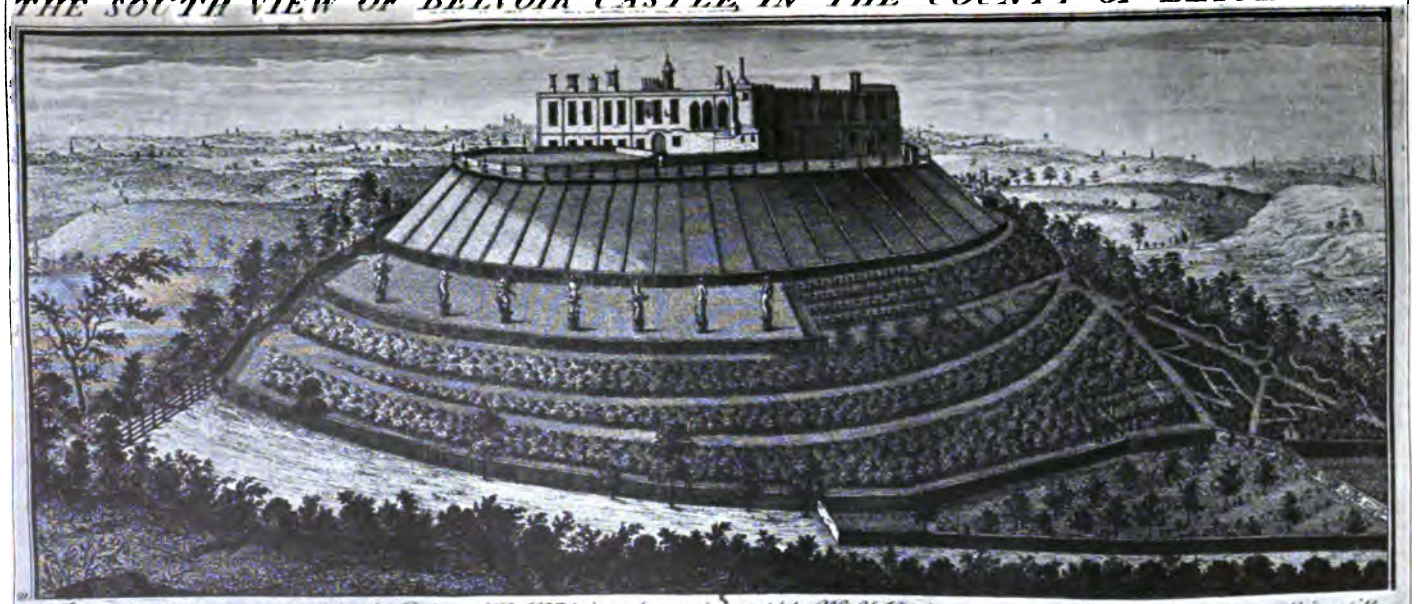
Sir William Draper, in writing to Junius, says of him :—

"My Lord Granby's generosity, sir, knows no bounds, but it is directed to much nobler objects than you would endeavour to insinuate. Often have I seen his generous hand stretched out to supply the wants of a needy soldier, nor did the meanest follower of the camp go hungry from his door. His house was open equally to British and foreigners : his table was hospitality itself, and his generous, open countenance gave a hearty welcome to all his guests. Hence harmony reigned through the whole army, disputes had no existence, and officers of different nations emulated the social virtues of a British chief. By such means he gained the hearts of all the army; they followed him with confidence, and fought under him from attachment." [1]

His very vices were not unattractive, and if sometimes sounds of wild revelry came from the tents of the English headquarters, the rough troopers of the day felt that their commander's weaknesses (though they were far from considering them as such) made him more their comrade and not a whit less their chief. Those were still the days when to be able to carry your wine like a gentleman was no discredit. Moreover, Lord Granby well merited the epithet of generous, as all who have read the account of Lord George Sackville's trial will agree. Lord George was a man of cold and distant manners, was personally unpopular, and as a leader had proved himself less capable than Granby. With such different tempers and continually opposing views, the relations of Lord George and his second in command were not cordial, yet in the trial Lord Granby gave his evidence in a way calculated most carefully to shield his superior, stating facts only and refusing to draw inferences. Compare his evidence with that of Colonel Sloper of Bland's Dragoons, or indeed with any of the other officers, and it is easy to see

[1] *Letters of Junius*, p. 141, note.

THE SOUTH VIEW OF BELVOIR CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF LEICESTER.



This Castle Suffer'd very much in the Reign of K. H. VI. being almost destroy'd by Wm. Ld. Hastings, & lay some Years in a Ruinous condition; till Thomas Earl of Rutland rebuilt it. Also in the late Civil Wars it was made a Garrison for K. Ch. Io. and defended for some time by Mr. Thos. Maison Rect.r of Ashwell in the County of Rutland; who commanded a Company here. It was much defac'd by the Enemy's Cannon; but hath been since rebuilt & beautify'd; as also the Hill on wch. it stands being adorn'd with fine Gardens, Walks, Plantations, Statues, &c. and is still Improving by ye Duke of Rutland the present Noble Owner. It takes it's Name of Belvoir from it's Eminence & the fine & extensive Prospects wch. are from thence to be seen.

1. Bottesford. 2. Newark upon Trent. 3. Staunton. 4. Long Willington. 5. Lincoln Minster. 6. Denton. 7. Sidebroke. 8. Barrowby. 9. Grantham.

J. & K. Buck, delin. et sculp. 1730.

how generous was the action of Granby to a commander he distrusted and disliked, and whose action had for the time being clouded his own rising reputation as a soldier by denying him the opportunity for successful action.

This year (1759) was an eventful one in Granby's life, for there was first the court-martial which laid the way open for his own promotion, followed quickly by the death of his wife after a short married life of ten years. The quaint lines of a contemporary bard on the latter event, deserve to be given in full.

On the Death of Lady Granby.

"Yes, let them flow! if tears can aught assuage
The bursting torrent of true sorrow's rage,
Let them flow on! our griefs no limits know,
Let tears then mitigate the ceaseless woe.
Why, *Granby*, why, of ev'ry grace possest,
Of ev'ry charm that warms the human breast,
Of ev'ry virtue that adorns the mind,
That polishes or dignifies mankind—
Why, thus compos'd of pure celestial fire,
Blaze but awhile, and thus so soon expire?
Look down and see what sullen darkness reigns,
The light withdrawn, o'er all thy once lov'd plains!
If *Phœbus*, source of day, forbear to shine,
In vain we dig for beauties in the mine:
In vain the world its various charms displays,
They droop, bereft of thy enliv'ning rays.
The wretched parent, who with fresh delight
Welcom'd each morn that brought thee to her sight;
The orphan'd children, who were wont to trace
Their own sweet image in the mother's face;
The ravish'd friend, in every wish supply'd
With thee the social minutes to divide,
Now waste the tedious hours in silent grief,
Nor find, nor hope, nor hardly ask relief;
Poor shipwrecked souls! who, by the tempest tost,
Deplore in thee their richest treasure lost.
But say, my muse, what energy divine,
What power united of your tuneful nine,
Can teach my falt'ring tongue the pangs to tell
Of him, who feels so much, who lov'd so well?

What tho' th' embattled hosts could ne'er controul
Th' unshaken ardour of his dauntless soul!
What tho' in vain around his precious head
Grim war has oft his fiercest terrors spread!
Yet here, alas! in this too fatal part
His *Achillean* heel shall rue the dart;
The gen'rous hero nature's pow'r shall prove
In all the meltings of embitter'd love:
True courage ne'er from nature's ties could save,
For who so tender as the truly brave?
Yet rouze thy noble spirit, thy conscious worth;
Thy offspring claims, thy country calls thee forth:
Assert thyself, try all that mortal can,
And tho' you feel, yet *bear it like a man*:
So shall her manes rest in balmy ease,
So shall again thy big-swoln sorrows cease,
And when maturer years their influence shed,
When full-blown honours deck thy laurell'd head,
Once more thy long-lamented *Frances* live,
And in her children's ripen'd form survive,
New joys shall blossom from her sacred urn,
And with them peace and happiness return."[1]

The next few years Lord Granby passed chiefly in Westphalia, where he won fresh laurels as a commander. To Junius, again, I refer for an account of this time.

"He gained glory and honour at Warburg. It was the corps under his command who fought and gained the battle of Phillinghausen. He was principally concerned, and acted as became the soldier and the general, at Wilhelmstahl. And towards the end of the war, when the army was so situated that if a rising ground on the left had been taken possession of by the French it might have been attended with the worst consequences, and when the generals destined to lead a corps to occupy it declared the service impracticable, my Lord Granby arose from a sick bed in the middle of the night, assumed the command of the corps, marched with a fever upon him in an inclement season, took possession of the post, and secured the army. This did the soldier!"[2]

[1] *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1760, p. 93.
[2] Titus, *Letters of Junius*, p. 140.

Whether Granby would have taken rank among our greatest military leaders, if he had been placed in a position to test his capacity, it would be vain to ask, but I think that a careful study of his campaigns leads to the conclusion that he was a man of much greater power than he has been given credit for. In the later years of his life a too great love for the bottle somewhat clouded his clear spirit, and, like a much greater general, he lost some of the fame he had won on the field of battle in the arena of politics. Over the story of his splendid campaigns I must pass hastily, noting only his quick eye for a weak spot in the enemies' lines, and his promptness in seizing the chances fortune offered him, since these are qualities which, if not exactly acquired in the hunting field, are improved and perfected by the chase.

When he returned to England he was the most popular man of the day, and on his homeward journey confidential messengers awaited him at every port to claim his support for the ministers in power. He was offered any post he chose to name, and took the ordnance, from which Ligonier was removed, the latter being compensated with an Irish pension and an English peerage, according to the manner of the time. It was no doubt a job, but no one could deny Lord Granby's fitness for any military post.

Nor was Lord Granby's popularity without its effect on the progress of fox-hunting. The sport was the recreation of statesmen, and the Cabinet of the Duke of Grafton numbered two masters of hounds among its members. Indeed, it was said that the Duke himself was fonder of hunting than of business. At all events, the Belvoir Hunt was growing steadily in popularity, and the pack was being improved by further strains of foreign blood.

"The stallion hounds in use at Belvoir were, in 1756, from Lord Chetwode's kennel; 1757, from Duke of Grafton's and Sir John Key's; 1760, Mr. Pelham's Vigo and Rattler, and from Duke of Devonshire; 1762, Lord Thanet's Rasper; 1763, Duke of Devonshire's Victor, Lord Townsend's Captain and Clincher, Mr. Meynell's Royal; 1772, Mr. Mundy's

Bustler; 1779, Mr. Musters' Mentor, Lord Fitzwilliam's Zephyr."[1]

The hounds of which, I think, there is no doubt Lord Granby was master in the field about 1766, were of a smaller size than afterwards became the fashion, when Mr. Warde and Mr. Assheton Smith both favoured big hounds. They hunted over the Vale and in the Belvoir woods, not going farther than Ingoldsby on the Lincolnshire side, and perhaps not often so far as this. They were by this known as a fast pack, there were fewer fences to stop them, and the Vale for the most part carried a good scent then, as indeed it does still. It is not difficult to imagine the delight the hounds were to Granby, during the gloomy years which came at the close, and perhaps even shortened his life. Once the idol of the people, he was now the target for the sarcasm of a Junius, to which a certain weakness and indolence of mind exposed him. A man of honour and integrity, he was the political associate of those who were neither, and he was betrayed into actions of which he disapproved and which he afterwards regretted.

But, so far as I can gather, he was always on the side of justice and liberty in those early years of George III., which are among the least creditable of our political history. He opposed the dismissal of officers from the army for political reasons, and divided the Cabinet itself on the question of the tax on tea in the dispute with the American colonies, a tax which Camden and Conway also desired should be repealed. Their action caused the eventual disruption of the Duke of Grafton's Ministry, and Lord Camden in the House of Lords, and Lord Granby in the Commons, spoke and voted against the Government. The latter afterwards voted against Wilkes, and, in his own simple and manly way, regretted the course he had taken, and shortly afterwards resigned all his appointments.

Only a few years before, Granby had entered political life with abundant renown and popularity; he left it disappointed, worn out with campaigning and hard living, and

[1] *Memoirs of Belvoir Hounds*, p. 7.

harassed by his creditors. To fox-hunting, like his chief the Duke of Grafton, he owed the best and happiest moments of this portion of his life, and, after all his labours and his warfare, his most certain pleasure was to improve the family pack. To him first, I think, came the idea of establishing a pack on the foundation of the old Belvoir blood, which should be superior to all others, and, whether he meant it to be so or not, he made hunting a social and economic factor in the life of the Lincolnshire and Leicestershire farmers and squires. We have already seen that the hunt was attracting visitors, and thus bringing money into the country and affecting its social life, for, after all, there is in England no country for fox-hunting like that round Belvoir Castle. There are woods to hold the foxes, an open country across which to chase them, a soil which carries a serving scent, and a race of stout foxes, farmers, and squires.

In Lord Granby's time the hunt would begin early in the morning, for our later hour of meeting is a concession to the habits of the day. Hounds which in the early hours of the day hit on the drag of their fox returning from his nightly prowl, whimpering, snuffling, and lashing their sterns, would hunt up to it, one bolder than the rest speaking to it, as Nimrod happily says, with the voice of "a dog in a dream." As the trail grew warmer the chorus swelled, and the delighted sportsmen rode alongside, watching the hounds and noting the performances of each and all. Now they would carry the line over a bit of cold scenting ground or swing to recover it when the too eager field had pressed them over it. Then the fox would be at length "unkennelled" by hunting up to him, or as near as the experience and cunning of the quarry would permit. We can picture it all to-day. Some veteran of the chase, roused from his slumbers by the ringing notes of hounds, and standing—who has not seen it?—head up, ears erect, eyes bright, watchful, and fearful, one dainty black pad lifted, and the full white tufted brush sweeping the ground. For a moment he stands thus, a vision of lithe beauty and

activity, then glides or melts rather as a fox seems to do with his subtle, stealing action away through the woodland and over the open vale, where there was no railway to hinder, no wire to entangle or cut. Foxes gave long runs then because they were older, because they were stouter, and, above all, because the method of hunting gave them a longer start than is the custom now.

Even some fifty years later, Nimrod, when writing of a day's sport with Lord Kintore's hounds, tells how the master, who was his own huntsman, was averse to hurrying his hounds. "We soon saw the fox break," he says, "with about five couples of hounds on the scent, and here I saw our huntsman do what it would be well for fox-hunting if it were oftener done than it is. 'Get to their head, Nimrod, and stop 'em,' cried Lord Kintore, blowing his horn back at the time, whilst he sent Joe to bring on the tail, who were still in the cover; 'let's have a body of hounds, or none.' And hence a glorious sequel! We all succeeded in what we attempted; and a most brilliant half-hour, forty-one minutes in all, with blood at the end, was the result."

Given a fair scent, everything depends on the way the fox gets away. I do not think hounds were very much slower in those days than they are now, and no horses could be better bred than those already mentioned as going with the Belvoir. In Lord Granby's time a fox-hunt was a long business, since hounds did not start so near their fox as they do now. Possibly, too, scent was better then than now, for there were not so many roads, or paths, or sheep, or cattle, or people, railways were happily unknown, and consequently the chase, as it swept over the face of the country, had fewer obstructions and difficulties to meet with. Moreover, the smaller gentry and the farmers were prosperous. The tillage by which they lived was then undisturbed by foreign competition. The flocks and herds of Australia and New Zealand were unthought of, and life altogether was simpler and perhaps happier when it was not passed at such high pressure.

When Lord Granby died in 1770, a great change in society

was already preparing, and the French Revolution with all its consequences was not a score of years off. War prices and better roads were destined to have their effect on hunting as on more important matters, but the fifty years of the marquis's life saw the rise of the sport of fox-hunting. At the time of his birth the fox-hound and the fox-hunt were rare, the idea of the preservation of foxes had not sprung up, and consequently the supply was small, but before his death the fox, at any rate on large estates, had come to be respected as the object of a national sport.

Let us turn for a space, ere we pass to his successor, to consider the condition of the chase in 1770, the year of Lord Granby's death. Seventeen years before this, in 1753, Mr. Meynell began his long career as master of fox-hounds. The fact that he moved from Langton, situate in the very best part of Leicestershire, according to our notions, to Quorndon, in order to be near Charnwood Forest, shows that his hounds and their work were the first consideration with him. Yet Mr. Meynell's time was a period of transition, for he began a quicker system of riding to hounds and a more decided method of hunting them. Students of hunting history will note that hounds till then had all the glory and did most of the work, the huntsman consequently being a much less important person than he is now. Jack Raven, huntsman to Mr. Meynell, was one of the earliest in the "shires" to gain fame, for of other celebrated packs, the Cottesmore and the Belvoir, the huntsman is never so much as mentioned, while the Smiths of Brocklesby owe their early fame chiefly to their work in kennel. But though at first hunting was the work of the hound, as it is still among the French, after Mr. Meynell's time it became a partnership in which the wit of man supplemented the intelligence of the hound, and then foxes were galloped instead of being walked to death. This system was no doubt fatal to the foxes, and necessitated the assistance of the natural supply by the turning down of foxes, which Addison hints at in the *Spectator*.

Besides the Quorn, the Cottesmore country was being hunted by Mr. Noel, the Brocklesby, and a little later the

Badminton hunts were in full swing, and there were eight or ten other packs kept by noblemen or wealthy landowners which had considerable fame, while George III. was hunting the carted deer in the neighbourhood of Windsor. By 1770 the examples of Mr. Meynell and Lord Granby had shown that the sport of fox-hunting was as well suited to the man of fashion, of culture, and of affairs, as it was to the sportsman of the Squire Western type, and its popularity was henceforth assured.

The following lines refer to the baldness of Lord Granby, which was the subject of many jokes among friends and foes alike.

ON THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY'S LOSING HIS HAT, AND CHARGING THE FRENCH LINES BARE-HEADED.

AN ODE.

"Where's now *Othello's* hairbreadth scapes,
And all his fancy'd hardships of the field?
Avaunt! ye mimic, bug-bear shapes,
Shadows must to substance yield.
GRANBY hath more horrors seen,
By greater perils been beset;
DEATH and Granby thrice have met,
And not an hair between.
The *Frenchmen* star'd, as well they might,
Threw down their arms, and took to flight;
His naked poll more terror bore,
Than *Cæsar* armour'd o'er and o'er.
'Parbleu!' says one,
'But I'll be gone,
This is the devil of a Don!
'Tis Father TIME! I know his pate;
And that's his scythe as sure as fate.'
GRANBY, who loves a little fun,
And knew the cause which made them run,
Thus the tim'rous foe bespoke
(By way of keeping up the joke),
'But, gentlemen . . . Hollo! I say . . .
Take nothing but yourselves away;
Ye carry now the jest too far;
Are these your tricks and spoils of war?

THE GENEROUS GRANBY

To leave a man in open air,
Waiting on you, sans hat or hair?
Why, what a plague! what breeding's that?
You, fellow, there . . . return my hat.
'Tis true, I am not very old;
But, what of that? . . . I may take cold.'
'Not so, my son,' FAME, smiling, said,
And clapt the LAUREL on his head:
'Beyond the reach of human eye,
Thy warlike beaver waves on high;
MARS saw it fall, and bade it rise
An HAT immortal to the skies.'
The hero to the goddess bow'd,
And saw her vanish through a cloud;
Then turn'd about his horse's head
And pick'd his way thro' heaps of dead:
Within his tent retir'd to rest,
And slept . . . with honour in his breast."[1]

[1] *The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1760.

Chapter IV

THE PATRON OF CRABBE

1754—1787

WHEN the Marquis of Granby died, his eldest son, who had been born in 1754, was sixteen years of age, and his father, Duke John, had still nine years to live. The old Duke no longer took an active part in hunting, but it is the peculiarity of this sport that the passion to which it gives birth remains even after the power of active participation in it has passed away. Fox-hunting pre-eminently has an interest and a charm for six out of the seven ages of man, and many who are as old or older than the Duke of Rutland then was, have still watched with interest the working of hounds and followed with keen attention the upward growth of their pack. Those who have hunted with the hounds of the late Lord Macclesfield will remember how, amid the many duties of an active and popular landlord and a good neighbour, hunting remained to the last the favourite pastime of one who was among the very best of country gentlemen of our own day, and who hunted hounds himself long after most men have retired from the field altogether. We have instances too of sportsmen still living, who, like Mr. Robert Watson and Mr. Lawrence, have never during a long lifetime faltered in their devotion to fox-hunting.

The blood which was most in favour in the Belvoir kennels during the latter years of the third Duke's life was drawn from the kennels of Mr. Musters and Lord Fitzwilliam. This Mr. Musters was the father of the better known sportsman who was the founder of the South Notts pack, and "Mr. John," as he was called at one time, whipped in to his father's hounds, and learned the work he afterwards brought to such

CHARLES, FOURTH DUKE, K.G. 1754-1787.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

perfection. When Mr. Musters' pack was sold to Sir Harry Harpur the hounds were for a time hunted by Shaw, who afterwards became huntsman to the Belvoir. The older Musters had hunted a part of Lincolnshire and Notts, and he had probably in his turn borrowed blood from the Belvoir kennels, which was now returned. The Fitzwilliam or Milton blood was even then celebrated, though this pack only dates from the year 1769. These hounds had undoubtedly sprung from one of a different type to that which was the root of the Belvoir race. A larger, bigger-boned hound, the dog-hounds standing perhaps twenty-five inches, but full of drive and dash, for though big, they were never heavy or slow.

The Fitzwilliam, as we shall see, was destined in after years to give to and receive from the Belvoir kennel many hounds, nor were there any sorts that nicked more completely. Both were pure-bred animals. The Brocklesby only has had more influence on the Belvoir kennels than the grand old Milton strain.

In 1779 John of the Hill passed away. He had led a life of retirement, though not of seclusion, and, like most of his family, he had exercised a quiet but real influence on politics and on the society of his own neighbourhood. To rule the estates of his family wisely and well was indeed a career for any man, and it would perhaps not have been a bad thing if his grandson and successor had followed in his footsteps. At his grandfather's death the fourth Duke was twenty-five years of age, and he had already been married for four years to Mary Isabella Somerset, daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort, one of the most beautiful and charming women of her age. The Duchess Isabella, whose portraits at Belvoir show that her beauty was not exaggerated, has lived in the memory of those who came after her in clearer outline than the Duke, her husband. This in spite of the latter's abilities, which were undoubted, and, had he lived longer, might have given him a high place among the statesmen of the latter part of George III.'s reign, for great beauty confers an immortality on its possessors almost, if not quite, as enduring as genius.

The beautiful women of history live side by side in the

memory with poets and statesmen, and sometimes survive them, for artists and poets combine to immortalise the charms which have led the world captive. The portraits of the Duchess Isabella leave an impression of grace not unmingled with power, which leads us to think she might have had no small influence on the too short career of her husband. She was not, however, above the follies of the time, and the Duke seems to have thought she assisted nature's colouring with rouge and pearl powder more than was needed, as he suggests for her benefit that another lady, who was known to disregard such aids to beauty, nevertheless looked charming.

Being a Somerset, the Duchess was fond of horses, and seems to have been a skilful whip, for a picture which hangs in the smoking-room at Belvoir shows her with the team of ponies she drove from Kingstown to Dublin when she was Vicereine of Ireland. It is said that she had a particularly lovely mouth, which she considered took its most beautiful curve when she pronounced the letter "p." She, therefore, always drove ponies, and named her favourites Prince, Princess, Prettyboy and Pauline. So runs the legend, but after all it may be only a part of the myth that so quickly gathers round those characters which draw to themselves the attention of their fellows. The Duke was able to give her every opportunity for distinction, for from the very outset of his career he took a leading position in politics. In those days indeed every door was open to a great nobleman, and it was regarded as natural that he should take part in the government of the country, but beyond this there is evidence that those who were best able to judge thought highly of the Duke's power, for Pitt the younger, who was his friend, sought his help in the difficult task of governing Ireland. The Duke engaged too the friendship of Burke, and it was to the influence of that great man that the poet Crabbe owed his appointment as domestic chaplain at Belvoir. Burke, as we know, had been the first to perceive the genius of

"England's sternest poet and her best,"

as Byron later called him. At his recommendation, then,

THE DUCHESS MARY ISABELLA DRIVING HER PONIES FROM KINGSTON TO DUBLIN.

From a Print in the Billiard Room at Belvoir.

Crabbe entered the household at the Castle, and while there he won the friendship both of the Duke and Duchess. No change has ever been more startling than that which gave the Suffolk gauger's boy a position in one of the stateliest homes of England. For the old Belvoir, though not so imposing a pile as the present Castle, was essentially the home of a great prince, and at the end of the eighteenth century there was far more state and ceremony in the daily routine than is the custom in our less elaborate age. On the whole, Crabbe seems to have been happy in what to him must have been strange surroundings, though the irritable pride of the poet, combined with the tetchiness of his class, made him a somewhat trying inmate at times. He resented as slights the indifference and ignorance of unlettered persons of all ranks, and while he was loved and honoured by the Manners family, there is evidence in his letters that his position chafed him at times, and that he was glad to exchange the splendours of Belvoir for the simpler joys of a home of his own. It is no slight honour to the memory of both patron and poet that the former took no offence and the latter showed no resentment when the tie between them was broken. No doubt the discipline of his life as chaplain of a great house had been invaluable to the poet, for he needed the school of courtesy and tact to which fortune had sent him. He there gained, too, an experience and an insight into character different from any that had been possible to the hopeless tenant of a Grub Street attic, or the scarcely less despairing position of a curate without hope of preferment. For to adopt means which, though questionable, commended themselves to many who have left their mark was impossible to a character so fine in all essentials as was that of George Crabbe.

I have lingered thus with the poet, though he may seem to have little to do with the main subject of this volume, because his letters open to us the inner life of the Duke, and unfold the best side of the character of the Duchess. They also give us an insight into the attitude of the Duke towards the pack he had inherited. It must be remembered that the Duke and the poet were exactly of an age. At the time the

former succeeded to the family honours, they were both twenty-five, an age when the world opens out bright with promise, especially to those conscious of unusual mental powers. And young as they were, each had gained some fame. The Duke was already regarded as a statesman of promise, and the poet had achieved some note by his works. But still they were at a period of life when the attractions of common interests make friendship possible between men of different rank. The Duke, like his father, was no doubt easy to get on with, for he had inherited Granby's generous nature, frank address and cordial manner, though he had too, alas! inherited some of his failings, for Crabbe, who admired his patron's talents and loved his character, tells us he shortened his life by a too great fondness for conviviality. Indeed, Crabbe's son and biographer more than hints that some of his father's difficulties at the Castle arose from his joining too freely in the convivial meetings that were the custom, and from which it would have been better for him to withdraw his presence when the fun became fast and furious and the talk perhaps more free than was suited to one of his sacred calling. However this may have been, of one of the opportunities of his position Crabbe did not take advantage. He never became a sportsman, and I cannot gather that he took any interest in hunting. Indeed, the references to that sport in his works are wonderfully few, considering his knowledge of country life. The Duke, too, was indifferent to hunting, though he was not careless of the progress or reputation of the family pack, which he had followed in his boyhood. Crabbe probably gives a true account of his character when he says the young Duke loved literary talk with his chaplain better than to spend his time in the hunting field. We may, however, surmise that the Duke's choice of Crabbe's company and converse on a hunting day was not only a matter of pleasure, but one of prudence. The man who had the discernment to see under the somewhat uncouth exterior of young Crabbe his real goodness and ability would also be able to value intercourse with him, and be ready to avail himself of the poetic insight and ardour of his chaplain, as a

means of preparation for the political life on which his ambition was already fixed. With the triumphs of his friend, the younger Pitt, before him, the young Duke's clear spirit felt the touch of the spur, and he followed eagerly every course which might lead to knowledge and power.

The Manners family then, as now, lived at the Castle during the hunting season. For shooting and racing they generally went to Cheveley, and Croxton Park, a house built by the third Duke as a hunting box, was much favoured by the Duchess Isabella and her friends for fishing. This sport, which seems to have been carried on in the ponds, was not unfashionable, giving occasion as it did to the *belles* of the day to don becoming costumes, and to the *beaux* openings for "most elegant compliments," none the less welcome possibly because of their antiquity. The comparison of man when suffering from the pangs of love to a fish struggling on a hook, though given as an instance of wit by a contemporary writer, is probably as old as the sport itself. In these fishing parties Crabbe delighted, and he enjoyed too the comparatively less ceremonious life at Cheveley or Croxton.

During this time the management of the hounds appears to have rested a good deal with Mr. Thomas Thoroton, whose younger son Robert is mentioned by Crabbe with great affection. This Thomas Thoroton, of Scrieveton, was closely connected by service, friendship, and marriage with the Duke's family. He had been the political and private agent for the third Duke, and being thus intimately acquainted with his affairs, he has left among the Rutland Manuscripts a valuable collection of letters containing his correspondence with Lord Granby, during the absence of the latter in Westphalia. He sat for Newark during the close political connection which for some years existed between the third Duke and the Duke of Newcastle, and later Mr. Thoroton became member for Bramber, in Sussex, on the nomination of Lord Granby. Thoroton seems to have been most useful to the family, for he had business habits and an intimate knowledge of the condition of the estate, and of their political influence, at a time when the age of

the third Duke and the absence of Lord Granby, not to speak of the latter's careless and rather shiftless character, made it invaluable in keeping up the family prestige. He made Belvoir his home, and there it was that Crabbe met his brilliant but unlucky son Robert, who went with the fourth Duke to Ireland and there died by his own hand. Robert Thoroton was the friend and companion of the Irish Viceroy, and like his father he too made his headquarters at the Castle. He is said to have been a bold rider, "even in the Belvoir hunt," which shows that the followers of these hounds had already gained the reputation for cross-country riding which they have never since lost. Bright, kindly and clever, though reckless and somewhat unprincipled, Robert Thoroton loved the uncouth poet, and his influence softened the difficulties of the chaplain's post and soothed the pains of dependency which pressed less heavily on his own gay, careless spirit than on the proud sensitiveness of Crabbe. In his story of "The Patron," Crabbe has poured out the bitterness of his spirit, yet he was saved from the follies of his hero John by the sound sense and clear-eyed insight into character which marked him. The chaplain had too an eye for nature, and a tolerant pity for the infirmities of men and women, which made him, though stern, so profoundly human a poet, so that Mrs. Browning's criticism of Euripides—

> "Our Euripides, the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres"—[1]

applies equally to Crabbe.

In 1784 the Duke was nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He owed the appointment to his friend Pitt, who appreciated his gifts, and forgave and indeed sympathised with his failings, and, as he needed a popular Viceroy, found one in the young noble who united such practical abilities to an unusual charm of manner. The Irish Viceroyalty does not come within the scope of this work, and when the Duke left Belvoir never to return he passes from our view. But if any

[1] "Wine of Cyprus," by Elizabeth B. Browning.

MARY ISABELLA, WIFE OF FOURTH DUKE, AND DAUGHTER OF CHARLES, FOURTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

From the Portrait at Belvoir by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

reader cares to know that he proved worthy of the trust the great minister reposed in him, an excellent article in the *Quarterly Review*[1] will tell him much, and Lord Ashburne's recent life of William Pitt will tell him more.

But the Duke, with Thoroton as his secretary, passes out of these pages, and we have to consider questions of more interest in the history of the Belvoir Hunt. Who managed the pack at this time, and who ruled the field, which for those days was a large and fashionable one? Who too was the huntsman?

It is generally said that Lord George Cavendish and Sir Carnaby Haggerston were masters, or, as is sometimes stated, managers of the pack during the minority of the fifth Duke. But if so, they would each have reigned for two seasons only, as the fourth Duke died in October, 1787, and in 1791 Mr. Perceval took the hounds and remained in command till the fifth Duke came of age and took the pack himself. There remain, therefore, three seasons, 1784 to 1787 when the Duke left for Ireland, to be accounted for. What I should suggest is—and this opinion has the support of Mr. John Welby, of Allington, the oldest member of the hunt, to whose assistance I cannot pay too great a tribute—that at the time of the Duke's departure for Ireland a committee was formed to carry on the hunt, under the control in financial matters of Mr. Thomas Thoroton, and that Lord George Cavendish, of whom we know but little save that his manners were somewhat stiff and cold, and Sir Carnaby Haggerston, who is only a name to us, were at different times field masters, with authority to keep in order the members of the hunt during the period 1784–91, between the departure of the Duke and the accession to power of Mr. Perceval. No doubt the divided rule was unsatisfactory, for there never has been a committee which has managed a hunting country with success, and Mr. Surtees has sketched forcibly in *Handley Cross* the difficulties of doing so under such conditions. During the years of which I am speaking the pack made but little progress, and I gather from the amount of fresh blood which Mr. Perceval brought in (1791) that it had even somewhat deteriorated.

[1] *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxx., p. 289.

The huntsman was one John Smith, as appears from the very interesting balance-sheet of the year 1786 which I give below.

FOX-HUNT EXPENCE ON YEAR TO OCTOBER, 1786.

		£	s.	d.
To 125 Quarter of Oats delivered at Xton Park for the Hunt's horses, supposed upon an avarage to have cost 16/- per Qr.		100	0	0
To 150 Qr. of Oats delivered at Waltham to be made into oatmeal at 17/-		127	10	0
Making into Oatmeal 150 Qr. of Oats at 2/6 per Quarter		18	15	0
Brown, Hart, and Robinson—				
4 Quarters Beans at 40/-		8	0	0
17 Load Straw at 20/-		17	0	0
Sundry Bills of Flesh for ye hounds		49	17	3
Ann Holt and Son for Graves		3	9	11
To Anthony Good, 1 year's Bill		12	12	2
To Goulson, Farrier and Smith		21	2	0
Huntsman.	To John Smith, Wages and Board, etc.	49	14	0
	Boots, Capp, Wipp, etc.	3	9	0
2nd do.	To Wm. Farnsworth do. do.	42	3	0
Wipper-in.	Matthew Smith do. do.	32	3	0
Dog-feeder.	Wm. Darley, Wages and Board do.	26	2	0
	Allowance for Breeches.	1	5	0
W. & J. Garnar, for 3 Huntsmen 2 suits of Livery each, a Blue Kersey Coat & Scarlet Waistcoat, Wm. Darley, yearly		43	13	4
3 Huntsmen, Flannel Shirts		2	19	6
3 Huntsmen, To Great Coats every 2 years (£8 14s.) & W. Darley		4	7	0
Si. Briggs, for Making Liveries & Gt. Coats.		8	0	0
Ben Twigge the Sadler's Bill, one year		18	4	10
	To Duty on 4 Men Servants	7	0	0
	To do. on 11 horses	5	10	0
	Lord Brownlow's, Cholmley's & Mr. Newton's: To 3 Keepers annually	6	6	0
	To 4 cottages at Wilsford	4	4	0
Bellamy.	To rent of Ponton Cover	3	3	0
Mrs. Horton.	To do. of Caythorpe do.	3	12	0
	To 13 months' labours in ye stables at the Park, to October 8th, 1786	31	4	0
Hunts.	John Smith, Bill of Expences	11	6	6
	Matthew Smith's do.	0	8	4
	To Mrs. Clark a Bill for Bran	1	5	2
	To Mr. Lord for the loss of Sheep drove into the river by the hounds	3	3	0
		£667	19	0

	£	s.	d.
To Robin Pearson, 1 year's paymt. & allowance for Boots, Capp, etc.	53	1	0
To Simon Bains, do. do.	37	8	0
To 1 year's Livery—Great Coat, Shirts and Taylor's Bill for Rt. Pearson	8	11	0
To do. do. do. S. Bains	8	11	0
	£107	11	0

From this document, the original of which is in the possession of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir, it appears that the official whom we now call first whipper-in was then known as second huntsman, and the hunt servant's livery was a blue coat with red waistcoat. It will be seen that there was only one so-called "wipper-in"—at all events they did not call him a *whip*—that the hunt employed four men and eleven horses, and that the hounds were at Wilsford, and the stables, as at present, in the Park. The expense of the hunt establishment for the year seems to have been £775 10*s.*, and if we take into consideration the difference in the value of money a hundred years ago, the cost was not inconsiderable for a pack which probably hunted regularly for two days a week only.

When the Duke died there was the certainty of a long minority. Pitt was left guardian of the children, and they had their mother, who, whatever the differences that had arisen between her husband and herself—and these could not have been inconsiderable unless the Duke has been much maligned—after his death forgot all but the frank charm of his early life and his lovable character, and though often beset with offers of marriage, remained faithful to his memory and the care of her children. It was said of the Duchess by one who knew her during her husband's reign in Ireland that she was cold in manner and dull in conversation, but what appeared dulness to one who was himself a dull-witted and superficial observer, may well considering the circumstances of her surroundings, have been a not ignoble self-restraint.

Chapter V

THE LONG MINORITY

1787–1799

WHEN Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland, passed away in 1787, his eldest son was but nine years old, and the estates, which the recklessness of Lord Granby and the magnificence of his son the Viceroy had somewhat impaired, had the benefit of a long minority. The interests of the late Lord of Belvoir had been in politics and literature, and his pleasures were those of the table. During his short reign it is evident the Belvoir hounds had not kept pace with some other packs, for in spite of liberal expenditure and the appointment of "managers" or temporary masters they were not equal either in the quality of the sport they showed or in breeding to some other celebrated packs of the day.

The hounds of Lord Monson, Lord Fitzwilliam, and the Brocklesby and Badminton had a greater reputation among hunting men than the Belvoir. We shall be able to mark the defects of the latter, and trace the means by which they were remedied, when we consider the steps taken to improve hounds during the administration of Mr. Perceval. The time when Lord George Cavendish, son of the fourth Duke of Devonshire, had control has left but little mark in the annals of the hunt. This nobleman was probably not too popular, for though he was an enthusiastic sportsman he was of a somewhat phlegmatic disposition, and was distinguished by cold manners, which could scarcely have been acceptable to the members of a field accustomed to the genial greetings of Lord Granby and to the frank and cordial words of his son. Lord George, who afterwards became Earl of

JOHN, FIFTH DUKE, K.G. 1778-1857.

From the Portrait at Belvoir by John Hoppner. A.R.A.

Burlington, loved racing better even than fox-hunting, and is said to have gambled on the turf with such judgment as not to have injured his estate in the least degree. Of Sir Carnaby Haggerston, who succeeded him, little or nothing is known, and in all probability he was no more than a field master.

The century was now drawing to a close, and this seems the right place to consider the changes that were passing over the sport of hunting, and to glance at the social life of those who followed the chase.

This is a task of no small difficulty, since the records of those days are singularly defective, and the conductors of the *Sporting Magazine*, which came into being in the last decade of the century,[1] evidently had much ado to fill their pages. Sporting readers were not too numerous, and a glance at the miscellany which announces on its title-page that it deals with the turf, the chase, and every other diversion interesting to the man of pleasure, enterprise, and spirit, shows either that the class was very various in its tastes, or that the editor was not very sure what these were. The heading of "Sporting Intelligence" contains, among other matter, the fining of Lady E. Luttrel £50 for playing at faro, the description of the death of a man who hanged himself for a wager, and details of several suicides. In fox-hunting news it is announced that a "fine ferocious bag fox" was liberated before a certain pack, and again a method of trapping foxes is recommended by a gentleman, who says that hunting is too laborious a method of destroying vermin for him, and this without a word of comment or disapproval from the editor. Indeed, if we confined our ideas on the subject of fox-hunting to the literature provided for the benefit of the sportsman, we should form a very inadequate notion of the position of that sport at the close of the century. A careful study, however, not only of the books on hunting, but of the memoirs and history of the reign of George III., has convinced me that fox-hunting proper is either a much older sport than has been generally supposed, or that it grew to perfection in a very

[1] The first number was published in 1792.

short period. To the latter view I incline, placing its rise as a sport separate to that for hare or stag-hunting between 1720–1759. The superior attractions of fox-hunting over other forms of the chase were recognised, and Dr. Aikin, writing on Somervile's "Chase" quoted in the *Sporting Magazine* in 1797, says: "It"—the fox-chase—"is indeed the capital scene of action for the English sportsman, for though the stag is a much nobler object of pursuit, the chace of the fox abounds with greater variety of incident, and is a severer trial to the spirit of the hunters and the perseverance of the dogs and horses." Moreover, I am inclined to look on fox-hunting as being the direct descendant of stag-hunting, and the fox-hound as an improved edition of the older hound used by the great families in the chase of the stag, modified for the purposes of hunting the fox, from the distinctive types, which, as I have already suggested, each family preserved jealously. It is possible, then, that the legend of the young Duke of Beaufort who, when wearied with an unsuccessful day's hunting of the stag, threw his hounds into Standen Park, and finding a fox and enjoying a good run, steadied his hounds thereafter from all other forms of chase, and took up fox-hunting with enthusiasm, is but the myth which frequently crystallizes into a particular incident some general process of development. However that may be, the science of fox-hunting grew rapidly, and hounds were bred for the same qualities that we look for now. For the fox-hound has altered but little, as a study of old hound pictures will convince us. What has changed is the method of the huntsman. One thing, however, is certain, and this is, that hounds accustomed to hunt a hare in the old way were not likely to kill many foxes, for the farther their fox went the longer distance would they be left behind. The fox then evolved the huntsman. The wisdom of the hare-hunter of the old school was to sit still and let his hounds work out the puzzles set them by the quarry, while the duty of the man who now carries the horn is to get forward. The old huntsman had thus fewer opportunities of distinguishing himself in the field than his more modern prototype. He also took rather a

different view of life, for in *Sporting Anecdotes, by an Amateur Sportsman*, the second edition of which is dated 1807, the compiler publishes an account, written by a Mr. Pratt, of a huntsman of the old school, who was in turn a runner, a whipper-in, a huntsman, a gamekeeper, and a mole-catcher. The sketch of this old huntsman is an interesting one, and we are told he ended his days in Lincolnshire, at Warboys, near Wisbeach, where he was parish mole-catcher, receiving twopence for every mole he caught. When he was visited by the son of his old master, Mr. Pratt, he dressed himself in the hunting livery of his time, and his appearance is thus described: "It was an ancient domestic of the old English gentleman, dressed *cap-a-pee* for the field. A painter, faithful to the apparel of other times, would have noticed the specific articles that formed this kind of character: the short green coat, the black velvet cap, with its appropriate gold band and tassel, and buck-skin gloves and breeches, the belt with its dependent whistle, and the all-commanding whip."[1] Nor was there anything remarkable in this fall, for in a sporting novel by John Mills an ex-huntsman is represented as staying on in his own country as earth-stopper, without being at all disturbed at the change in his position.

Such then were the huntsmen of the first half of the eighteenth century. But no sooner was the chase of the hare given up for that of the fox than a different stamp of man was required, and Mr. Meynell's Jack Raven, Lord Spencer's Dick Knight, Mr. Perceval's Newman, and the older Mr. Musters' Shaw, not to mention other celebrities of the time, were men who might have carried the horn with the Quorn, the Belvoir, or the Pytchley to-day. They could get away as quickly with a fox, lift hounds past a flock of sheep, or go to a holloa as readily as any huntsman we have now. They were, of course, less liable to have their hounds driven over the line than they would be at the present time, but still then, as now, the cry of a huntsman was "Forrard on," and hounds were no more allowed to hang and potter, as they will do if permitted, than they are to-day. Mr. Meynell has

[1] *Sporting Anecdotes*, p. 40.

the credit of being the first to start a quicker, more decisive method of hunting; but, in fact, several people had this idea about the same time. Indeed, the necessity of killing foxes must have suggested to any observant man who hunted hounds that, unless he took some advantages, he could hope to bring but few foxes to hand. For if an old fox gets a good start with hounds, it is six to four on him even with a modern pack and a modern huntsman behind him, and we may be sure that the keen old fox-hunters of the last century soon found this out. Mr. Meynell began hunting in 1753, when the Duke of Rutland had been hunting the fox at Belvoir for thirty years, and the Fitzwilliam, the Cottesmore, Duke of Beaufort's, the Cheshire, the Brocklesby and the Pytchley hounds were all in full swing before 1760. Besides these there were many other packs, among which were those of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford. The country was more open, and being undrained was deeper than at present, so that hounds often beat horses, but there was much less plough than we have. Foxes were fewer, and when hounds did find a fox they had to stick to him. There was no possibility of casting at a gallop in a crowd without a vestige of a line, and finding another. But, on the whole, I am disposed to doubt whether sport is not quite as good as of old, and whether after all we do not have as many long runs as did our forefathers. In this view I am supported by the opinion of Mr. John Welby, who says: "I am of opinion the sport of the present day is as good as formerly."[1]

If from the methods of hunting we turn to the followers of the hounds, we shall find that many generally received ideas cannot be sustained. While statesmen and men of fashion, with some notable exceptions, had been content to leave to the country squire the pottering chase of the hare, directly the fox was the object of pursuit hunting became a fashionable sport and grew in favour with all classes. While the good old fox-hunting squire of the Western type still existed, the followers of the hunt were drawn from as various classes as they are now. This, Dr. Aikin, whom I have already quoted,

[1] *Memoirs of Belvoir Hounds*, p. 4.

points out in his essay on Somervile's "Chase," when he says :—

"The poem concludes with an imitation of Virgil's well-known praise of a rural life, in the second Georgic. The application, however, is less happy than in the original; for the poem of Somervile being professedly addressed to the heirs of great families, as those best qualified to enjoy the pleasures of the chace, there exists no real opposition between them and the possessors of opulence and splendour. It is true he has, as much as possible, given it the turn of a contrast between town and country—between the ambitious courtier and the sportsman; but since, in fact, the fox-hunter in the country is often a politician in town, and hunting matches are usually associated with party, the distinction is rather apparent than real. Further, the sports of the hunter are noisy, tumultuous, attended with parade, and generally ending in conviviality; they ill accord, therefore, with the calm, retired, reflective disposition of the lover of nature and votary of philosophy." [1]

It is true, as the good doctor points out, that fox-hunts did often end in conviviality; but most business or pleasure used to lead up to that in those days, and a man did not then, or for long after, require the excuse of the chase to drink his two or three bottles of port or claret after dinner. Of those who kept hounds at this time several were men of distinction, and Mr. Meynell, the great typical fox-hunter of the eighteenth century, was, as we have seen, a man of fashion and of cultivated tastes. The squires, and yeomen, and parsons of the time, the lesser gentry, who were enthusiastic sportsmen, were indeed rougher in life and manners than their descendants at the present day, but they were as good, as manly, and as simple as any who have come after them. Mr. Draper, of Beswick Hall, Yorkshire, who kept his hounds and hunters and brought up eleven sons and three daughters on £700 a year, would scarcely have fared so well now.

"Squire Draper, of Beswick, and king's huntsman for the East Riding, has still a strong traditional fame in Yorkshire.

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, 1797, p. 368.

Foxes were destroying the lambs to a great extent in 1726, when he began his operations, and Sir Mark Constable was one of his chief supporters. He had only £700 a year wherewith to keep up his old Hall, and was blessed with three daughters and eleven sons. Kickshaws he eschewed, and once a month he killed an ox for roasting and salting. 'All the brushes in Christendom' was his chosen toast after he had drunk 'King and Constitution'; and a leathern girdle round his drab coat, and a rusty velvet cap, were his royal insignia of office. The general effect could not have been impressive, as a tailor who had come over from York to measure the Miss Drapers for new hunting habits did not guess him at his front door, and he most rigidly exacted twopence for holding the horse."[1]

But the squires of the eighteenth century had comparatively few calls on their purse. They killed their own beef and brewed their own beer, nor were their wives and daughters above domestic economies and labours that would be scorned in our less prosperous days. They enjoyed field sports and read few books, and they were perhaps as happy and as useful a class of men as have ever lived. Their sons were a manly race, who became soldiers or sailors, or did not disdain the honest trading of their county town. Below the rank of the great noblemen there was no sharp distinction of classes, and what there was rested on claims of birth, for gentle birth was accepted as a distinction, be the occupation what it might.

Below the Draper class again came the farmers, whose manner of life in its simplicity and rude plenty was not dissimilar from that of the lesser squires. These were as keen sportsmen as any in the land, and the description of a certain Matt Horsley may be taken as typical of many of his class.

"A short time since was carried to his grave the celebrated farming fox-hunter of the East Riding of Yorkshire, at the advanced age of nearly ninety. It would be a kind of treason against sporting not to rescue in some sort his memory from oblivion, for if ever a man loved hunting 'with all his soul and all his strength,' and died game at the last, Matt Horsley

[1] Scott and Sebright, p. 331.

was that hunter. On a small farm he contrived, from time to time, to bring into the field, to show off there, and to sell afterwards at good prices as many good horses as ever perhaps belonged to one person, for, in the course of nearly a century, he had hunted with three generations. But this was not all his praise. He had a natural vein of humour and facetiousness, which the quaintness of a strong Yorkshire dialect heightened still more; and some greater men, who were his neighbours, wished to trample him down—poor man! he sometimes put aside the effects of ill-humour by good-humour of his own. But as the bards, from Menander down to Oliver Goldsmith, were of opinion that a line of verse was twice as long remembered as a line of prose, we have subjoined, in doggerel rhyme, a sketch of the character of

"MATT HORSLEY, THE OLD FOX-HUNTER.

"Matt Horsley is gone! a true sportsman from birth,
After all his long chases he's taken to earth;
Full of days, full of whim, and good-humour he died,
The farmer's delight and the fox-hunter's pride!
And tho' the small comforts of life's private hour
Were often encroached on by rank and by power,
And tho' his plain means could but poorly afford
To cope with the squire or contend with a lord—
Yet Matt the sharp arrows of malice still broke,
In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good-humour'd joke.

"Till fourscore and ten he continued life's course,
And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,
From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
Matt hunted through life to the days of Sir Mark;[1]
With Hunmanby's squire[2] he was first in the throng,
And with hard Harry Foord[3] never thought a day long.
If the fox would but run, every bog it was dry,
No leap was too large, no Wold hill was too high;
Himself still in wind, tho' his steed might want breath,
He was then, as he's now, ever 'in at the death.'

[1] Sir M. Masterman Sykes.

[2] Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq., who in his day had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

[3] Harry Foord, Vicar of Fox-holes on the Wold, esteemed one of the best gentleman riders in England.

A tough hearty sapling from liberty's tree,
If ever plain Yorkshireman lived, it was he.

"But at last honest Matt has bid sporting adieu.
Many good things he uttered—one good thing is true:
'That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf,
No bad thing could ever be said of himself.'
As honest Matt Horsley is gone to repose,
And he and the foxes no longer are foes,
Lay one brush on his grave—it will do his heart good:
For so vermin his nature, so true was his blood,
That but stand o'er his sod, Tally-ho! be your strain,
Matt Horsley will wake and will holloa again."[1]

In such houses as are described above, the territory of the Dukes of Rutland abounded. All the Dukes had been liberal landlords, kind neighbours, and staunch friends. Like the country of the Pelhams of Brocklesby, or of the Dukes of Beaufort at Badminton, the Belvoir Hunt had been kept up primarily for the neighbours and tenants of the estate, and there was thus a sense of *esprit de corps* among its members, and of courtesy to strangers as the guests of the hunt, which has not yet died out, and which makes these hunts so pleasant a social meeting ground at the present day.

Above the squires and farmers came the larger landowners. There were, for example, the Welbys, of a family almost as ancient as that of Manners, and of service to the country only less distinguished. In every department of the State a Welby has won laurels, and all in turn have been country gentlemen of the best English type. Sportsmen they are by birth and training, but a keen sense of duty to their country has often drawn them from the hunting field to take their share of county work. Of this the late Sir William Welby-Gregory was a shining example. No one saw more clearly than he, that if the country gentleman was to hold his own and keep his influence, it must be by loyal service in local self-government, and such he gave unstintingly. He held that if men of influence, of education, and of position would not take their proper share, then local self-government could only mean the corruption of the few preying on the indolence of the many. In the present day, as when Lord John Manners

[1] *Sporting Anecdotes*, p. 516.

and Mr. Disraeli led the young England party, Englishmen are willing that their natural leaders should lead them. The Vale of Belvoir is rich in such families—the Whichcotes, the Cholmleys, the Turnors, the Reeves, the Fanes, the Dysarts, the Trollopes, and others who have been leaders in politics, in local matters, and in sport.

Of the changes in the method of hunting the Belvoir could not but feel the influence. Melton, indeed, was not yet a power in the world of sport; and the "Leicestershire Hunt," as the *Sporting Magazine* somewhat vaguely calls it, had its headquarters at Loughborough. The examples of Mr. Meynell and Jack Raven had shown that the management of a pack of hounds could well fill the time and give occupation to the mental powers of two able men, and the Cottesmore country, the Quorn, and the more distant Pytchley were gaining renown. The Belvoir hounds in the meantime were at a standstill, till the guardians of the young Duke, moved by the Duchess, determined to find a suitable master, and in the choice of Mr. Perceval they were most fortunate. No sooner had the new master taken up the reins than he began to make changes. John Smith and his "wipper-in," Farnsworth, both disappeared, and the place of the former was taken by Newman, the first of that line of great huntsmen who have carried the horn with the Belvoir. Mr. Perceval, who was the brother of the Prime Minister, took up his residence at Croxton Park, and the hounds, which had been previously kennelled at Wilsford, were brought to Croxton for their headquarters. No sooner had the pack been moved than master and huntsman began to consider how to improve the hounds. The Belvoir hounds of the day, though distinguished by their quality, lacked bone, tongue, steadiness, and size. But there were plenty of walks for the puppies then as now, and consequently no difficulty about having an ample choice. At first Mr. Perceval naturally turned to his neighbours, and of these Lord Monson's hounds attracted his notice. The pack hunted by Lord Monson were showing good sport in a country resembling that of the Belvoir in having plenty of woodland and plough, and hounds were

hunted on the same lines as those of Mr. Meynell, from whose kennels they had derived many of their qualities. They were very showy and attractive, being mostly of a rich black-and-tan; and it is said, though I think without sufficient ground, that the Belvoir derived their characteristic colouring from the blood introduced from them. Some tan hounds, no doubt, are to be traced to these kennels, as the result of the free use made of Lord Monson's Dashwood, but it was not until the fifth Duke purchased Mr. George Heron's celebrated pack from Cheshire, and incorporated it with his own, that there was any predominance of colour in the Belvoir pack, nor do I think that the latter hounds were drafted for colour before the time of Lord Forester.

It is possible, however, that the colouring of the Belvoir hounds came in first with Dashwood and his sons. Then came certain crosses from Lord Fitzwilliam's pack, which were resorted to to give the Belvoir more drive, for the Milton hounds were full of dash and drive, though they are said to have been sadly wild at times, before the days of Sebright. After this came some eleven couples of hounds by the Pytchley Dancer, a pack which had attained to much note under Lord Spencer, who had hunted the country from 1750, and gave up hounds to Mr. Buller in 1796. The Pytchley hounds were hunted during Lord Spencer's time by the celebrated Dick Knight, who had begun his career as whipper-in to a namesake, Richard Knight, though it would appear he was no relation. It was on the death of the elder Knight that Dick became huntsman. The Druid[1] seems to consider the latter famous rather as a rider than a huntsman, but I gather that, having even in those days a hard riding field, he was accustomed to lift his hounds in order to prevent them being pressed, and in so doing he was rather ahead of his time. He showed good sport, and the hounds were so noted that it is probable Knight was one of those men who, like Tom Firr, could lift hounds and yet get them to put down their heads again, and hunt as soon as he laid them once more on the line. This can only be done by a huntsman who, though

[1] *Post and Paddock*, p. 327.

quick and dashing, is not flighty, and who has won the confidence of his hounds. If, indeed, when he lifts hounds, they come readily to him, the huntsman can probably do so with safety; but if they come with reluctance, or have to be driven to him by whippers-in, he would show more sport by leaving them alone. The Milton were good hounds, though heavier and thicker, and perhaps we might say coarser, than would be approved to-day. But, at all events, Mr. Perceval and Newman seemed to get what they wanted from them, though they did not recur to the sort again. For in the year 1800 they turned to the Beaufort blood, and practically used no other till master and man retired to make way for the young Duke and Shaw. Up to this time they had been trying for bone and drive, and there is reason to suppose they had succeeded. Now they needed tongue and steadiness on the line, the latter a quality for which, as we know, the Badminton hounds have ever been noted. At that time their music was renowned, and we find other packs turning to them somewhat later, when the prevalence of Osbaldeston blood had introduced that chariness of tongue into the kennels of England which is still constantly cropping up, and which threatens, in spite of periodical lamentations over the lost melody, to become a characteristic of the modern fox-hound. The Beaufort hounds at the beginning of the century were somewhat coarse, with many signs, according to the Druid, of their Talbot origin. Mr. Horlock, however, who hunted a part of what is now the Badminton country, considered that in his time the pack showed considerable signs of descent from the northern hound. They stood about twenty-five inches, had great power, and were "rather long in their coats."

The fifth Duke of Beaufort was uncle to the young Duke of Rutland, and his advice and that of his huntsman, of whom Beckford speaks as the celebrated Will Crane, was no doubt sought by the young master of the Belvoir. The Marquis of Worcester, the father of the present Duke,[1] was some-

[1] The eighth Duke of Beaufort died while this work was passing through the press.

Chapter VI

THE BUILDERS OF BELVOIR

1799–1828

IN 1799, just one hundred years ago, the father of the present Duke of Rutland came of age, and it is said he spent sixty thousand pounds on the consequent festivities. Even before that time the fifth Duke had begun to take his place among the great nobles of the land, and he had already laid the foundation of his influence with that party in the State whose aim it is to preserve all that is best in our constitution and our social life. It is only with one part of the many-sided life at Belvoir Castle that we are now concerned. I have, in the last chapter, traced the growth and development of the pack, and shown how the close connection of the Duke with the Somerset family had probably laid the foundation of the fame of the kennel. We may, too, note how the struggle with France stimulated Englishmen of all classes to take part in manly exercises, and thus favoured the rise of fox-hunting. War prices had their share in the growth of the sport, by increasing the resources of landlords and enriching the farmers, especially in counties such as Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, where the reign of large landowners and the easy relations of the tenants to the lords of the soil, left to the farmers a considerable share in the profits of the land. This prosperity enabled the farmers to take their part in the sports of those above them in the social scale, and drew all together by the tie of common pleasures as well as united interests. The growth of fox-hunting added yet more to the prosperity of the farming classes, for it brought money to the land. Horses began to bring high prices, for larger

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF FIFTH DUKE, AND DAUGHTER OF FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE.

From Portrait at Belvoir by John Sanders.

sums were paid for hunters than in our own day; and even now, when the demand for them is greater and the supply by no means adequate, the prices then paid would be considered extravagant. Thus early in the century the Duke of Rutland gave eight hundred guineas to Mr. Wardell, a renowned judge of horses, for a hunter which is said to have cleared the "river Swift, *nine yards wide*," as we are told in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1822 (p. 221).

The Duke was a keen sportsman, and it was already known that he intended to take the mastership of his own hounds. This he did about 1804–5, and he at the same time engaged "Gentleman" Shaw as his huntsman. Shaw was a man of superior attainments and possibly of superior birth, and he had already made his name as huntsman to Sir Thomas Mostyn, with the pack which hunted the country now known as the Bicester, and particularly to those hunting men who learned to ride with hounds at Oxford, a branch of science for which that ancient university was once famous. Shaw was noted for a certain courtliness of manner, and he was a good huntsman and a still finer rider. As compared with his predecessor, Newman, he had a more decisive style of hunting hounds, and was quicker in his casts. His faults were want of patience and recklessness, and it is said that, though he could show magnificent sport with a fair scent, he used to fail on bad scenting days. Yet he had great fame in his own day, and probably deserved his reputation. At all events, he was just the huntsman to suit a keen young master, and he raised the reputation of the Belvoir Hunt not a little. It is probable that the Duke heard of him when hunting with his uncle's hounds in the present Heythrop country, which in those days formed part of the Badminton territory, and there would appear to have been some arrangement between him and Shaw, as the latter, after leaving Sir Thomas Mostyn, waited a whole year for the post of huntsman to the Belvoir. Shaw is first heard of as groom and then as huntsman to Lord Moira, and it was from there he went to Mr. Musters, and thence passed shortly afterwards to Sir Thomas Mostyn, where he had an exceedingly good

place, with a salary—wages we cannot call it—of £300 a year, and a man to wait on him. It is stated that his next place was worth even more to him, and Dick Christian says of him that he was quite "a high man" when at Belvoir, and that he used to canter to the meet on his hack, while Thomas Goosey brought on the hounds. Nimrod, who wrote down everything that happened with a freedom that would not have done discredit to the correspondent of a modern society journal, tells an anecdote of Shaw, which seems to suggest that his manners had not always been of that polished form for which he was later distinguished.

"Before that celebrated huntsman, Mr. Shaw, went to live with Sir Thomas Mostyn, and not long after he had left the Earl of Moira, he heard that a Mr. Adderley (not knowing anything about him) was in want of a huntsman for his fox-hounds. Shaw was hired by proxy for the purpose, and arrived at his house on a Sunday evening. At nine o'clock the bell rang for prayers. Shaw went into chapel, and behaved with great propriety; but the next morning he was nowhere to be found. Now, whether it was that there was no allowance for praying in his wages, or whether, as is the case with many, Shaw might have been of opinion that 'prayers are but words, and words but wind,' I will not take upon myself to determine; but so it was—he had packed up his saddle-bags and returned to the place from which he came. Mr. Adderley himself related this anecdote to me, humorously adding that, although he supposed he had lost a very first-rate huntsman, yet he was not at all surprised at his sudden departure, as he had lived long enough with my Lord Moira *to know how to take French leave.*"[1]

Both Mr. Apperley and Dick Christian admired Shaw greatly, but both, it must be remembered, were men who looked on hunting from the rider's rather than from the hunting man's point of view. A characteristic of Shaw as a huntsman was his cheery manner with his hounds, for in covert he was always speaking to them and outside he was

[1] Nimrod's *Hunting Tours*, p. 216.

all animation and keenness to show sport. No fence would stop him if he thought he could hit a line on the far side. Then when his hounds were feathering, clustering on the line, he would take off his cap and cheer them with an enthusiasm which gave them confidence. And when the chiming pack, heads up and sterns down, started to race over the grass, Shaw, riding beside them, his face alight with pleasure, was in his glory. Then it was, when they hesitated, "Gently, gentlemen, if you please," with his hand raised above his head. "One moment, and I'll thank you." "Governess has it," some hard-riding member of the hunt would exclaim, Nimrod tells us, which shows that even the hard riders in those days knew something of the hounds. "Will it do, Shaw?" the Duke would ask. "I think *not*, your Grace; I fear it's only flash," for his keen eye had marked that it was not the trusty hounds that spoke. It is of interest to note the opinion held of Shaw by one of his fellow-servants, since such are often the acutest of observers as well as the severest of critics, and old Zack Goddard, one of the best whippers-in that ever lived, declared that "Mr. Shaw was the best huntsman" he had ever seen.

There is no doubt that a great run which took place on December 10th, 1805, in Shaw's first season with the Belvoir greatly contributed to establish his reputation among the hard-riding Meltonians, and served to make the hunt popular with the keenest sportsmen of the day, as the brilliant circle of visitors to the Castle had already done with those who loved the sport then, as many love it now, for its social side. This run was recorded in prose in the diary at Belvoir, and in verse by Mr. Cecil Forester. Both the verse and the prose were privately printed, and are among the unrivalled records at Belvoir Castle. They are given here, as each tells faithfully of a great historic run from a different point of view—the verse from that of the riders, the prose from that of the huntsman. In the former we read of the exploits and misfortunes, with some sly hits at their failings, of the best known of the Belvoir field, and in the latter of the "heroical exploits" of the fox and of the pack.

"WALTHAM, *December 10th*, 1805.

"It had snowed considerably in the morning and was inclined to freeze, and as the sun had little or no power, we soon perceived on meeting at Waltham that there was no probability of the snow melting sufficiently to enable us to throw off in that country. As the Vale of Belvoir appeared free from snow, we determined by a rapid and sudden movement to reach Jericho Covert. Unexpected as our appearance was in that quarter, yet the foxes were not taken by surprise. On our arrival there we were informed that a fox had been disturbed from an adjoining stubble-field and had entered the covert. Probably he had passed through it, for on throwing in the hounds some of them would have brought away a scent at the gate in the top part of the covert. They soon, however, found, and the fox came away along the hedgerow that runs from the north-east corner. The hounds came out with another fox [1] at first, but holloaing them from him we laid them on the scent of the former and ran him very hard across the road that leads to Wratton, then turned to the right, and crossing the Whipling, came up nearly to the canal, two miles from Redmile Bridge. Here we experienced a check by the hounds being over-rode, but they hunted him forwards, and he got up in view to the pack from some rushes [2] in a field opposite to the windmill which stands on the Belvoir side of the canal. They now set off at best pace, making a direct point for Bottesford town, and then, bearing to the left, crossed the Nottingham turnpike road at the toll bar leading to Elton, leaving Bottesford completely on the right, crossed the river Devon,[3] and, leaving the village of Normanton on the right and Kilvington on the left, made a direct point for Staunton, but, turning to the right, went over

[1] This fox had returned into the covert, and we were lucky in getting the hounds away from him.

[2] Many gentlemen were thrown out at this point, and such was the pace of the hounds from here that they never saw more of them until we turned back from Cotham.

[3] The only persons who leaped the wide brook were Mr. Forester and J. Wing, a farmer; the latter fell in the attempt. The rest of the field leaped into the bottom of it and got out at a watering-place for cattle.

the road that leads from Bottesford to the north road up to Normanton Thorns. The fox had skirted the covert without entering it, leaving it on his left, and when we reached the top of the adjoining hill we viewed him two fields ahead. He now took the road which leads to Long Bennington, but turned from it into the lane that leads to the left to Cotham, and leaving that he made his point to the north road, which he kept on his right till close to Cotham village. He had now run ten miles with the wind directly in his teeth, and all persons were unanimous in considering it as a fine run and expecting immediate death. They little knew the strength and intentions of the animal before them. He had been sorely pressed since he jumped up in view, and, finding that his up-wind course was no longer safe, he deserted whatever point he had in that line and turned back down-wind from Mr. Evelyn Smith's white-faced house, by which measure he at first threw the hounds to hunting.[1] They however recovered their terms in a few moments, and, going back close to Long Bennington town, stretched away on a line for Foston until they reached the road that runs from the former place towards Allington. They ran along it nearly a mile until they came to a small fir plantation on the eastern side of the lane in Allington Lordship. Here they turned away to the right by Bennington Grange, crossed the Nottingham turnpike road, left Muston village on their right, and went up to Sir John Thorold's plantation. The fox came out in view to many gentlemen, and made for the canal bridge opposite, but being headed by a man there, he returned through the covert and away at the opposite end. Two couples of hounds got away close to his brush, and the remainder hunted after them up to the river and overtook them when within three fields of Sedgebrook village. They

[1] Mr. Cholmondeley, who had been thrown out in the course of the run, hearing the hounds returning towards him, looked for the fox, and saw him come through a fence close to him, and not more than two fields before the hounds. He waited for a few minutes, and then returned back through the hedge towards the hounds, but, of course, speedily changed his direction again.

now ran again very hard over this beautiful country, leaving Sedgebrook on their left, with their heads direct for Barrowby Thorns. After going within two fields of that covert they suddenly turned to the right and ascended the hill that lies between the Nottingham road and the Thorns, on the top of which is a clump of fir trees. From this point several horses dated their discomfiture. The hounds after ascending the hill proceeded without any relaxation of pace, leaving Barrowby Thorns half a mile to their right, pointing for Gunnerby village, but when they entered Gunnerby open field they turned sharp to the right, and going over a hollow that runs up from Grantham, they crossed the hill on the other side, went over Earle's fields, and came down to the canal within 200 yards of the wharf at Grantham. The fox had intended to nick a swing bridge[1] opposite the toll bar, but, having missed his point by 300 yards, he ran the towing path and then crossed over the bridge. A man who was there informed us that he had pushed across during the time he was actually standing upon it, and that he was then ten minutes before us. Crossing the Melton turnpike road we now ascended the hill, and, leaving Harlaxton Wood just upon the right, went away at great speed on the part of the hounds to Straxton. Leaving this place immediately on the right, they crossed the earths and made a straight point down to Great Paunton town. Here they crossed the high north road, and, going by the north end of the town, went over the river and the earths by the hill, ascended the opposite hill, and, going across the stone quarry, skirted Paunton Wood as if bound for Boothby, but, turning to the right, went over the fine country to Stoke Park. They left that covert on the right and Bassenthorpe village on the left, and, topping the hill, went away for Burton Slade Wood, where, the company being now reduced to five or six persons, the horses of the huntspeople tired and not in sight, the spirit and exertion of our extraordinary fox undiminished and unbroken, it was deemed advisable to whip off hounds at this point, which was done by Cecil Forester and one or two

[1] The fox crossed all water by the bridge.

others. Of 21 couples, 18½ were up. Traveller and Helen the stoutest. Farthest point, 18 miles. Stopped 14 miles from find. Time, 3 hours. Messrs. Forester, Berkeley Craven, and Vansittart; the latter had not been with hounds. The view is that there was no change. Never entered any covert except Sir John Thorold's plantation. The pace was extraordinary.

"'Semper honos, nomenque suum laudesque manebunt.'"

A Hunting Song.

Written in commemoration of a most famous fox-chase run by the Duke of Rutland's hounds, December 10th, 1805.

1.

Ye sportsmen, attend to my song,
  Which to please you I hope will not fail:
It's a fox-chase full three hours long,
  And was run over Belvoir's sweet Vale.
'Twas Tuesday, the 10th of December,
  The Duke[1] fixed at Waltham to meet,
But the frost was so hard, I remember,
  The horses could scarce keep their feet.

2.

We waited awhile for the weather,
  In hopes of a gleam of the sun,
When away we all trotted together,
  Shaw[2] swearing he'd show us a run.
The Meltonians came late in the morn,
  Yet the sport they have always in mind,
And o'ertook us at Jericho Thorn,
  Except Lloyd, who was loitering behind.

3.

The hounds had not been there a minute,
  When the Duke cried, "Hark, holloa, away!"
Not a hound was then left behind in it,
  You'd swear they would show him some play.
The hard riders jumped off in a crack,
  Not one of them minding their neck,
And for Belvoir were running him back
  When *Tom Smith*[3] rode the hounds to a check.

---

[1] The fifth Duke. [2] Belvoir huntsman, 1805–16. [3] T. Assheton Smith.

4.

The huntsman came on his grey,
And rolled his eye round like a hawk;
Not a second in that place would he stay,
As your sport he never will baulk.
He then made a cast with his hounds,
When the fox jumped quickly in view,
And like pigeons they skirted the grounds,
And left Craven,[1] Vanneck,[2] and a few.

5.

Away to the posts and the rails,
And enclosures that fence Bottesford town;
Distress was soon marked in their tails,
E'en some of no common renown.
Sir Cecil[3] made at such a brook,
On Bernardo, who ne'er baulked a place;
Little Wing,[4] who scorns ever to look,
Followed after and fell on his face.

6.

For Normanton covert he went,
Where he left many Taylors behind;
Fine land and a rare burning scent
Were the cause of his changing his mind.
They skirted Long Bennington town,
And by the North Road, up to Cotham,
Where Cholmondeley's nag[5] laid himself down,
Having tried, proved, and found out his bottom.

7.

Old Reynard now turned short about,
For his country he wished to regain;
A rare lift for many, no doubt,
Since Craven came in here again.
Up-wind, sir, he now steered apace,
Not fearing a hound in the nation;

---

[1] The Hon. Berkeley Craven, second son of first Earl of Craven, one of the dandies of the Brummell set.

[2] The Hon. Joshua Vanneck, afterwards Lord Huntingfield, a steady, good horseman, and noted for his ability and staying power in a good run. He was, however, beaten off in Mr. Meynell's Billesdon Coplow run.

[3] First Lord Forester.

[4] Noted farmer; one of the hardest riders of his day.

[5] Lord Delamere.

The best horses could scarce keep their place
  Till he got into Thorold's[1] plantation.

8.

Tom Thoroton, well known in the Vale,
  Who at Flintham takes up his abode,
Of potterers now led a rare tail,
  Who with him ne'er quitted the road.
But the hounds ran away from them fairly,
  And mounted high Barrowby hill;
Smith's grey, who had carried him rarely,
  Declined, and was forced to stand still.

9.

They fled, like the birds of the air,
  From thence into Grantham's town end,
Where Wing stopped his little game mare,
  And Lindo[2] could scarcely descend.
In the former hard part of this run
  His riding was thought quite divine,
But alas! poor Fortunio's done,
  And the contest obliged to resign.

10.

Some folks think it odd now, I take it,
  There's a horse that I never did name;
A secret no longer I'll make it—
  'Tis Smuggler, that horse of great fame.
But smuggled goods, unfairly made,
  Are always disposed of at night;
Cornewall's[3] nag, being one of that trade,
  Chose never to come into sight.

11.

Lord Charles[4] sat erect upon Drone
  With a face that is void of a smile,
But he's blood to the very backbone,
  Though his horse would not go the last mile.

---

[1] Sir John Thorold.

[2] Lindow, a well-known Meltonian light-weight. No one went better in days when men rode very fast. He owned that celebrated Leicestershire hunter, the Clipper, on which he beat T. A. Smith in a run with the Quorn.

[3] Sir George Cornewall, a visitor at Belvoir for several seasons.

[4] Lord Charles carried his eyeglass in the handle of his whip; see p. 122.

At Strawston[1] the Duke lost a shoe—
"Pray, a hunter to follow my pack";
"They are watered and won't do for you,
But I'll lend you my little grey hack."

12.

Old Reynard we stoutly pursued
To the back of, I think, Paunton Town,
When a foot man, who had him just viewed,
Said, "He's tired and nearly run down."
Vansittart[2] here hit a rail with his knee
So hard that he made it to shiver,
Which when Peter Burrell[3] did see
He took fright, and turned into the river.

13.

Thus Yarboro, Douglas,[4] Tomkino,
Three sportsmen of very great merit,
But for riding they're always in rear O,
Tho' nobody can doubt their spirit.
Surely they had much better to settle
One rider to send out each day,
And to him if they'll lend all their mettle
He'd certainly then show the way.

14.

Full gallop thro' Goadby there came
A red coat upon a grey mare,
So eager that both blind and lame
Ran out for to see who was there.
"Have you seen the hounds here?" he cried,
And spurring, flanked on his old nag;
It is Squire Norman,[5] quite wild,
And fairly worn to a rag.

15.

In three miles this noble chase ended,
We whipped off at Barton Slade Wood;
To the Castle we then our pace mended,
And trotted as fast as we could.

---

[1] Residence of Mr. Perceval, late master: a sly hit at his "nearness."

[2] Vansittart, noted in Leicestershire. Like Mr. Lindow, his portrait is to be seen on snuff-boxes of the period going "a slapping pace."

[3] Lord Gwydyr. [4] Referred to on p. 117.

[5] The Norman of Goadby Hall married Lady Elizabeth Manners, sister of the fifth Duke of Rutland.

The ladies (God bless their sweet faces!)
With smiles came to welcome us home;
Their looks were like those of the Graces
And old Belvoir Olympus's Dome.

16.

'Tis a pity that Brummell the beau
In London should take such delight,
For what a conspicuous show
Must he have made in this fight.
But report says he's leaving the town,
For the ladies in mourning are drest,
And with him my Lord Tumble-Down,[1]
A sportsman as keen as the rest.

17.

But what an unfortunate day
That Singleton did not appear,
As horsemanship must show the way,
And make all his system quite clear.
"Now close your heels and sit back,
Oh, pray drop your hands and don't pull;
If this is called riding, oh, lack!
What can we expect of John Bull?"

18.

Had the old Poonah General been out,
How he would have smoked in this run,
With both coat and waistcoat, no doubt,
Wide open, and d——g the sun.
"Aye, aye, my sweet boys, you may ride,
But I've gone as far as I can;
I shall therefore attend the fireside
Of my aunt, old Doll Pretyman."

19.

The General[2] thus said to the Bishop,[3]
"We'll dress the hard riders to-day;
But, Tom, perhaps we may dish-up
Old Methuen and dance away.
What then, Master Bob? you're afraid,
But think how I can ride a burst.
Tom, Tom, you've mistaken your trade,
I never remember you first."

---

[1] Lord Templetown.
[2] General Grosvenor and his brother, [3] Rev. Robert Grosvenor.

20.

Lord Robert,[1] the dandy, I'm told,
When his regiment [2] gets into quarters
At Romford he rides very bold,
And at Painton he swims o'er the waters.
What a pity he should so annoy
His mother and make her so thin,
But, alas! he's not the same boy
She used to chuck under the chin.

21.

Now a bumper we'll drink to his Grace,
A full bumper to him and his hounds,
And long may he live at the place
Where health and good humour abounds.
May his family flourish for ages,
Such a noble sport to pursue,
And the poet to be hanged now engages,
If his song in all points be not true.

This was a magnificent run and speaks well for the stoutness of the pack; yet we cannot claim all the merit for the Belvoir hounds, for the whole of Mr. Calcraft's pack had shortly before this been bought and incorporated with the Duke's hounds. The season was marked, too, by the appearance of kennel lameness, which spread to an alarming extent and crippled the numbers of the hunting hounds. This was felt severely, as it has never been the custom at Belvoir to keep more hounds than are required, and the better preservation of foxes and the increasing popularity of the sport obliged the Duke to go out more frequently, and he seems to have hunted four days a week.

The Belvoir now had recourse to the Meynell blood, going to Lord Sefton's kennels at Quorn for Tamerlane, Sultan and Truant. Lord Sefton, who was then hunting the Quorn country with great splendour, was no judge of hounds, and he left matters to Jack Raven, who looked after the fifty couples the master had purchased from Mr. Meynell, while to Stephen Goodall was confided the pack he had brought from

[1] Lord Robert Manners, a friend of Brummell and one of the dandies of White's and Watier's.

[2] 10th Hussars.

Oxfordshire. Lord Sefton made way for Lord Foley, but the Quorn blood remained the same. One hound from those kennels, Sultan, seems to have been found useful to nick with Belvoir blood, and of this hound's offspring six couples of puppies were put forward in 1805 and 1806, in the latter of which years no Belvoir sires were used. In 1807 we find fifteen couples from the Duke of Leeds' pack, while Traveller, a home-bred hound with much Beaufort blood, and Sultan were responsible for nineteen couples. It seems evident that the Duke bought a part of the Duke of Leeds' pack, and that these hounds, like those of Mr. Calcraft, were incorporated with his own. Indeed, the extent of his country, the severity of the runs, and possibly the Duke's desire to have a larger hound made considerable additions to his pack necessary. The Duke of Leeds hunted a wild, good-scenting country where lived a stout, if somewhat rare, race of foxes. This country, which was afterwards absorbed in the Raby territory, was one in which hounds had to learn to trust to themselves, and no doubt the fifteen couples were found useful in the Belvoir woodlands.

In 1808 Mr. Assheton Smith's kennel was used, and this pack had very much improved the Quorn hounds, which had somewhat fallen off under Lord Foley. There was, too, in the Belvoir kennels, in 1810, an introduction of Osbaldeston blood, as well as a draft of ten couples from Mr. Templer, an addition which no doubt added to the music of the pack. From 1811 onwards there is still a great preponderance of outside blood, as will be seen from the following list of sires:—

"1811. By Lord Lonsdale's Millwood and Jailor, Osbaldeston's Wonder, Mr. Chaworth's Painter and Champion, Lord Middleton's Fearnought, Belvoir Twister and Racer. Some hounds were also bought from Mr. Chaworth."[1]

It will also be noted how carefully these hounds were chosen. But though Osbaldeston, to whose kennels recourse was had, was one of the most famous of hound-breeders, and bred for pace and endurance, he was nevertheless careless about tongue. The "squire" had probably as great a dis-

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, p. 15.

like to having his hounds ridden over as he had to experiencing that misfortune himself, and he was much more anxious that the pack should get away from the hard riding field than that they should let that field know where they were going. At all events his hounds could go and stay, but it is to the great squire's methods of hound-breeding we probably owe that lightness of tongue which reappears at intervals in the Belvoir, as in all other kennels which have the noted Osbaldeston blood. The Duke and Shaw had the same kind of hard riding field as the squire on the Leicestershire side of the country, and they themselves were men who loved to go fast.

It was about this time that the Belvoir began to be noted for that knack of getting away quickly on a scent for which they have since been distinguished, and Nimrod tells a story of a run which lasted twenty-two minutes, and in which all the field were beaten off by the pace, except a Mr. Storey on a blood horse. Nimrod loves this little story and tells it several times. It is indeed a good test of the pace of the hounds, since they beat horses across a country in which there were no fences large enough to give them an advantage over their followers.

In 1816 Shaw retired, and went to live in Warwickshire, where he kept two horses and hunted with Lord Middleton, with whom he was a great favourite and who was always willing to mount him. Ill-health was probably the cause of Shaw's retirement, for Nimrod says: "I may be allowed to say where I last saw him. It was at Stratford-on-Avon in Lord Middleton's time, where he had a comfortable house and two good hunters, as also the use of Lord Middleton's stud whenever he had occasion for them; but he was only the wreck of the man I had seen in Leicestershire, having met with the too common fate of mankind—a very severe illness."[1]

But a man had been trained up in his school to succeed him, and Thomas Goosey became huntsman of the Belvoir in 1816. Another whipper-in of note who had served his

[1] *Hunting Reminiscences*, p. 314.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

From the Approach.

apprenticeship under Shaw was Will Head, who afterwards made a name for himself in Cheshire. Goosey's first year of office was marked by the first great misfortune which marred the hitherto splendid prosperity of the fifth Duke. Ever since the year 1801 the Castle, as we know it now, had been gradually growing up, and the progress of its building had been a continued source of interest to the long series of distinguished visitors whom the Duke and his Duchess received there. Now a great part of the completed work was destroyed by fire, and in the *Times* of October 29, 1816, we find the following account of the catastrophe.

Extract from a private letter in an evening paper.

"GRANTHAM, *Sunday Morning*,
10 *o'clock*.

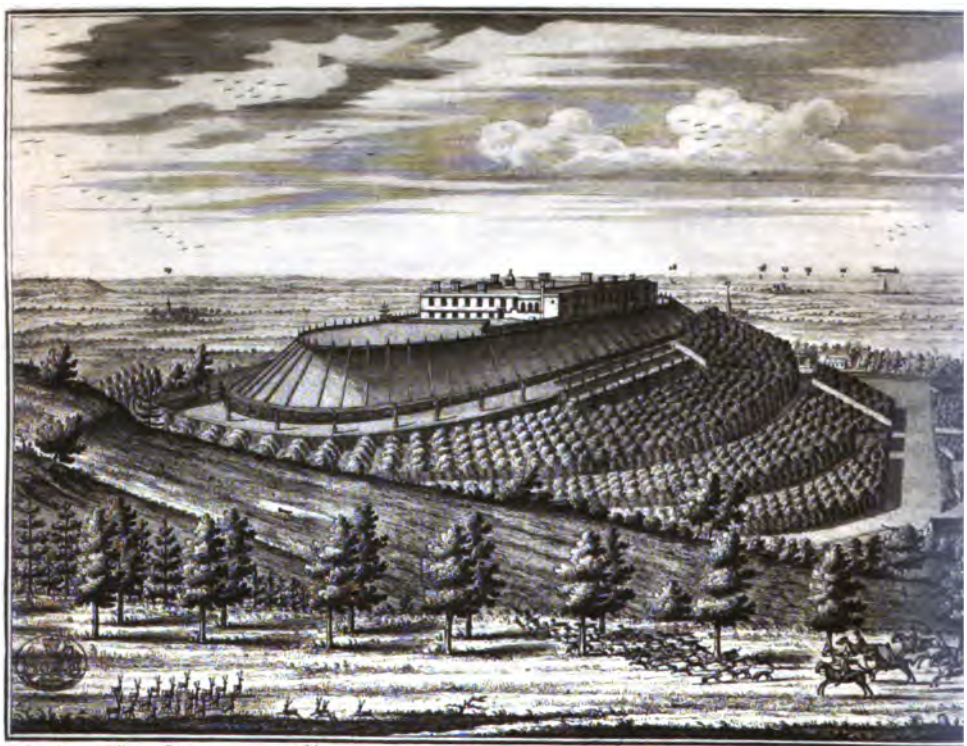
"Little doubt now exists that the fire began in the carpenters' room, and thence communicated to the painters' apartment, where there was a considerable quantity of oil, turpentine and other inflammable materials. All the family had retired to rest, and were awoke by some inhabitants of the nearest village, who first discovered that part of the Castle was in flames, but the fire had even then got to such a height as to preclude the possibility of saving the old part, which is now nearly burned to the ground. Much alarm was entertained for the new building, as the flames forced their way up the grand staircase and were with great difficulty prevented from extending their ravages farther. The Grantham troop of yeomanry cavalry arrived at the Castle at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and were of infinite service in protecting the valuable articles which lay scattered about in all directions. The Duke and Duchess arrived from Cheveley about half-past eleven last night.

"To these particulars we can add the following: The property of Belvoir Castle, we learn, was only insured for £40,000. The paintings alone are estimated at a value of twice the sum. Some of the most valuable pictures of the inimitable collection were fortunately preserved, and above all no lives were lost. The whole of the ancient structures

were reduced to a heap of ruins, but much of the modern building is still standing."

This blow was a great test of fortitude to the owners, and we are told that the Duke and Duchess bore it well, no doubt being above all things thankful for the escape of their children—the little Lady Elizabeth, who became the wife of Mr. Drummond of Cadland in after years, and Lord Granby,[1] who was barely a twelvemonth old at the time. The Duchess's courage and resolution seem to have been equal to that of her husband, and they at once determined to go on with the interrupted work, so that with the least possible delay the operations at the Castle were continued. The actual destruction of the building, however, was the smallest of the misfortune caused by the flames, for not only the family of Manners but all lovers of art suffered an irreparable loss when the fine pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and many other art treasures were destroyed. Though this great, and as we may without exaggeration call it, this national calamity took place towards the end of October, it was not allowed in any way to interfere with the arrangements for the hunting season, which had begun early, as the first day of cub-hunting took place on August 14th. It proved to be such a bad season that had Goosey been huntsman to a subscription pack he might never have had the chance of making a name for himself, at any rate in that country. But the Duke was not to be disturbed in his choice by the accident of weather, and as Goosey himself would have said, "I beg leave to say," that no more useful huntsman than Thomas Goosey ever carried a horn. Like all the great Belvoir huntsmen, he was a man of character, and his rectitude and his honesty were marked. He was a singularly good-looking man, as his portrait shows, and this picture is also of interest as giving Will Goodall in his earlier days. The hounds, too, which appear in it are all portraits, and they show the fine quality of the type to which the Belvoir had attained. We can see how they were made for speed and stoutness, qualities fully tested by the number of long and

[1] Afterwards sixth Duke.



Grantham 4 Miles
2 Barrowby
3 Gonerby
4 Hedgefreek
5 Manston
6 Haffam
7 Allington
8 Foston
9 Waddenough
Lincoln 24 Miles
10 Long Bollington
11 Manston

The SOUTH WEST PROSP

...SPECT of Belvoir Castle

W.H.Toms Sculp.

Newark 12 Miles
12 Averham Park
13 Southall
14 Bodington

15 Clypole
16 Balderton
17 Bottesford
18 Alverton

19 Redmill

severe runs which fell to them about this time. Then as now the Belvoir hounds, though distinguished for their beauty, were kept for use and not for show. The strength and symmetry of the pack were the result of the constant endeavour of a succession of able men and enthusiastic sportsmen to fit them for the work they had to do. This work must always have been severe, though it was in some degree reduced by the existence of kennels at Wilsford, from whence the Lincolnshire side of the country could be more easily reached; but the arrangement had the disadvantage of obliging hounds to hunt on one side of the hunt territory only, while the other side of the country remained without them, or there were long distances to travel to find sport. Now to hunt a country fairly is one of the first principles of a wise mastership, and in order to do this each week should have its days divided between the different districts. No doubt in the earlier days of hunting the master was not so bound by the force of public opinion as at present, and the balance of power in this, as in most matters connected with the hunt, was in his favour, especially if he was the owner of the hounds.

The period on which we have now entered in the annals of the Belvoir Hunt is that which immediately preceded what may be called the golden age of the hunt. Landowners and farmers had more money and fewer objects on which to spend it than in the present day, for the Corn Laws were still unrepealed. Above all, we do not find any trace of that jealous dislike of amusements in which they do not share which has since marked those who have succeeded, if not to the tenets and the virtues, yet still to the tone of mind of the Puritans of Macaulay's epigram, and who hate sport because it gives pleasure to those who take part in it. It would perhaps be truer to say that the frame of mind which the great Whig historian described so neatly, belongs not so much to those on whom the mantle of Puritanism has fallen, or to the holder of any particular set of opinions, but that it is the spirit which at all times has marked the meaner class of minds among mankind.

But such reflections belong rather to an age which speculates even on its sports. In those less complicated times men thought only of enjoying the sport of the moment, without troubling themselves with social problems of any kind, and we may now turn back to the simple tale of the hunting field as it was in Goosey's second season, 1816–17. This was a time of bitter winds and poor scent, and consequently of short-running foxes. A good scent makes good foxes, and a fox, like every other wild animal, is unwilling to leave his favourite haunts unless he is forced by stern necessity, in the shape of a swift and clamorous pack, to do so.

The season of 1817–18 was just the reverse of the previous one, and is said in the records to have been the best ever known in the Belvoir country up to that date. In January hounds scarcely ever went out without a run, and "for weeks" they "accounted for their foxes." It was on the 19th of that month that Goosey had the first of his great runs. In Ropsley Rice he cheered his hounds, and a moment or two later the shout of a whipper-in on the Barrowby side answered to the holloa of the hounds in covert. Goosey was always quick out of covert, and a quick huntsman makes quick hounds. Once on the scent, they ran as if tied to their fox, over a line part of which would be impossible now—nearly to Barrowby, then a turn to the left and by Spittlegate Mill into what was then but the outlying district round Grantham, but where now houses have spread on all sides and the railway divides the ground, for in those more fortunate days there was no iron road to mar the face of the country or hinder hounds. The pace was severe, for hounds were running up-wind. The fox must turn or die, so he bore off sharp to the right and only three of the field were with hounds as he did so. Goosey was closely watching the doings of his pack, his fine clear-cut features alight with joy, for was not his own reputation and that of his hounds a-making? Nearest to him came the Duke, tall, slight and active, and congratulating himself that he had the best pack in England; and not far off was Mr. Vere Fane.

How hounds turn on the line, the steady ones in the centre

holding it, while the too eager ones flash out at the turn, like spray from a breaking wave, till as the good hounds in the middle throw their tongues, they strain back silently to take their places in the ranks. So they stretch away to Barrowby Thorns with only a subdued clamour. The good-nosed hounds are now coming to the front. They have wasted no time in flashing over the line, no strength in recovering their places. If you are near enough to a pack of fox-hounds when they are really running hard, you will note that it is from the middle of the pack comes the chiming music which Bromley Davenport has so aptly called a "modified chorus." As hounds race up to Barrowby Thorns only the master and huntsman are with them, though Mr. Vere Fane is still toiling to keep in touch. When at length the master and his huntsman stand by the side of their panting horses and the pack clamour round Goosey, as he holds the stiff body of a fairly killed fox over his head, they are in Allington, now, as then, a home of sport. I imagine that the face of this country has not greatly changed, save that perhaps the ploughs are now deeper and the fences stiffer than they once were. But always around Allington hounds must in wet weather travel over a soil deep and holding, though carrying a good scent, and horses must leap the big ditches and stout fences with which the Lincolnshire men, whose motto is *Thorough* in all matters pertaining to sport and farming, have divided their fields. This was one of the runs that made the fame of the hunt—a run to be talked over and discussed in all its bearings by the hard-riding set at the old club at Melton, and which drew men to hunt with the Belvoir, though it was even then the fashion to look on the Friday country of the Quorn as the best the hunting world had to give. It was not, however, the country so much as the hounds and the huntsman that attracted men, and many too who did not belong to the regular Melton set were drawn by the courteous rule of the Castle to take their pleasure in the hunting field with the Belvoir, instead of with the Quorn. For while the latter hunt is an exotic, the Belvoir may be said truly to be an indigenous plant. The Quorn indeed have only twice had a

resident squire as a master, and only once has a native of Leicestershire held the position. The gentry, too, of the hunt country have not as a rule been much given to the chase; but year after year, first at Loughborough, then at Leicester, Harborough, and later at Melton, crowds of strangers have come down for the winter months, bringing money, gaiety and bustle, till Melton grew and expanded into an important town, from the insignificant village which it was till fox-hunting became the sport of princes. The rise of Melton has been much influenced by the nearness of Belvoir Castle. The connection of men like Cecil Forester with the Manners family, and the friendship of Alvanley with the fifth Duke, naturally made the short distance between the Castle and Melton an attraction to them when at the latter place; and when the masters of the Belvoir, fired with emulation of the success of Mr. Meynell, and in a less degree of the Cottesmore, began to breed their hounds for strength and speed, and the huntsman to improve on the quicker system of hunting that had already been introduced, what more could Melton want? Two days a week the Quorn were away in the unspeakable recesses of Charnwood, and for the Melton man proper to hunt five or six days a week is a necessity. "Let us hunt with the Duke," was the natural solution of the difficulty, and hence the Belvoir field was increased by a hard-riding contingent who lived to hunt. It was Nimrod who first made the discovery that the Leicestershire hunts and the Leicestershire men were better to write of than others, and he seems to have visited the country in the two best months—when open—January and February. When asked why he had not come earlier in the season, he replied, "A man with five hunters and a hack makes a very respectable appearance in the Provincials, but he has no business in Leicestershire. He would be more than half his time kicking his heels in the town where he was quartered, whilst his friends were enjoying themselves in the field."

After this a period of good sport set in. Each year the hounds were improved, for Goosey was a great man for quality, and he had the help and approval of the Duke in his

efforts to bring the pack to perfection. The Belvoir puppies were sent out not merely to the farmers in the country, but to many on the Duke's Derbyshire estates. With such a choice the huntsman was able to put back hounds for minor defects that would not have been regarded in less fortunate establishments. This circumstance tended greatly to the superiority of the pack. The Belvoir draft became known for its excellence, and was sought after eagerly by masters and huntsmen of known skill in hound-breeding. In this way Belvoir blood was widely spread, and the home kennel was able to look for an occasional out-cross to other packs in which their own blood existed, and which came back to them sufficiently infused with a foreign strain to prevent loss of bone, substance and tongue by too close in-breeding. It is well known that Mr. Osbaldeston's celebrated Furrier came to him in a draft from Belvoir. This afterwards famous hound had been rejected because he did not come up to the mark in the matter of straightness, and the squire would never let his visitors take a front view of him in consequence. But so excellent was he in his work that his blood was sought for by the Belvoir, and it now runs in the most valuable strains in that kennel.

An eventful season for sport was that of 1821–22. Goosey started with a strong pack of fifty-eight couples. The pack he took out was largely a home-bred one, with a slight infusion of Lord Lonsdale's blood, whose hounds were noted for their size and bone and the depth and beauty of their tongues. It was about this time that the Cottesmore hounds are said to have been considered slow by the Meltonians. Nevertheless they showed good sport and had great hunting powers; but their huntsman, George Slack, noted for his beautiful voice in covert, was probably one of the older and more patient school, as was his master, the first Earl of Lonsdale. As Mr. Forester and Lord Alvanley used to hunt with these hounds, I have no doubt they were followed by many others. The newer style of hunting was adopted with the Cottesmore some years later, when Colonel Lowther, grandfather of the present Earl, the late well-known master

of the Quorn, took the management of the country, after his father's age prevented him from taking so active a part in the hunt as formerly.

To return to the Belvoir, Goosey was a good kennel huntsman, and he knew full well that exercise and judicious feeding give that stoutness and condition without which hounds cannot kill foxes. All the powers of endurance of the pack were to be tested, for hounds hunted one hundred and twenty days, from August 7th to April 6th. There was only one day of frost, and hounds made an average of four days a week all through the season proper. The weather was of course open and most enjoyable. A remarkable run was with a fox from Aunsby, which ran hard across the heavy plough—corn was worth growing then in Leicestershire—over which there was a good scent, and when the horses were already half-tired with jumping out of the plough over the stiff fences and wide ditches, they got into the country round Folkingham, where there are now, and doubtless were then, some good grass fields, and where the scent, which had before been good, became a burning one. Hounds ran clean away from horses, and by the time they reached Laughton were out of sight, nor were they found again till the next day. A shepherd was the only spectator of the finish, when hounds ran into and killed their fox near Sempringham, on the very borders of the fen country. Though the distance between the two points is little more than four miles, the severity of the country and the pace, account for the loss of the hounds. The following season the pack was in splendid condition and discipline, and for hard work and power of hunting was unsurpassed in the Midlands. This year again, the great run of the season took place on the Lincolnshire side, a fact which in itself is a testimony to the stoutness of the hounds. From Boothby Great Wood over a chain of coverts close to Grantham, hounds ran down to Osgodby, where the fox turned sharp and ran a very direct course to Folkingham and back again to Pickworthy. Here the hunted fox, or another, jumped up in view of hounds, and they coursed him to ground at Osbournby. Only Lord Tweeddale—the father of the

present Marquis and a distinguished soldier—and Goosey were at the finish. The fox was dug out and killed after a ten-mile point, which was very fast if the time is correctly given, for from the start to the time the fox went to ground is said to have been two hours. The following season a misfortune befell the pack. An epidemic broke out and the old hounds were scarcely fit by the time the season's work began, and being out of condition they tired before foxes, and went out no less than fifteen times without blood. The following season, 1824–25, was remarked for the badness of the foxes.

Belvoir received a great blow in 1825 by the death of the Duchess Elizabeth, a misfortune which was greatly felt in the district. Few women have filled a great position more satisfactorily than she did. She thoroughly appreciated the advantages which Providence had given her, and that she was magnificent in her ideas the pile of Belvoir itself is a witness. But none the less was she a woman with a tender heart and a sympathetic soul, and her death was a great loss to her poorer neighbours, to whom she had ever been a kindly helper. A great position does not excite the envy of the less richly endowed, when those who occupy it are not unworthy to fill it; but it is when the wearers of the coronets of Great Britain degrade the names and titles which are a part of the history of their race that men will resent the discrepancy, which strikes them almost as a personal affront. Vulgarity—even though it seek to hide itself under the cover of smartness—folly and heartlessness in our natural leaders will thus always be resented by the stern critics of a lower social class. But the Duchess Elizabeth not only lived up to the requirements of her station, but she left behind her sons and daughters worthy to carry on the great traditions of the two noble houses from which they sprang. The eldest son was destined to become one of the most justly popular noblemen and country gentlemen of his day, and the younger to make a name which does not belong to this book, only because its place is in the wider story of the growth and development of our Empire in the nineteenth century.

Chapter VII

THE BELVOIR CIRCLE

SOMETHING has already been said of the influence of Belvoir on society at Melton. It is necessary that we should try to recall the brilliant circle which at the beginning of the nineteenth century gathered at the Castle, or assembled to meet the hounds at Croxton Park.

The society at the Castle was a boon to the neighbourhood. The Duke, like most of his race, and all the best of the great English nobles, was in friendly relation with his tenants, who looked up to their landlord as their leader in sport, their guide in local affairs, and the natural representative of the interests of the country side at the seat of government. Thus, to say that you were hunting with the Duke's hounds was a passport all over the district. The state and splendour of the Castle seemed natural and proper to the neighbourhood, which felt that the lavish expenditure was a benefit by causing the circulation of money. The Belvoir circle has been sketched for us by the hand of a master; and after much study of the memoirs of the time, I have failed to find a portrait of the Duke and Duchess in their home circle that better represents them. The period of *Coningsby* belongs indeed to a later time, yet the characters of the fifth Duke and his Duchess did not so much alter as develop, and if they gained something of seriousness as time went on, the courtesy, the kindliness, and the stately grace of their home life were the same in 1800–1816 as in the later and more agitated years of reform painted by Disraeli.

"Beaumanoir was one of those palladian palaces, vast and ornate, such as the genius of Kent and Campbell delighted in at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Placed on a noble elevation, yet screened from the northern blast, its

"WHO'S FOR MELTON?"
Larking Home after Hunting. By Wildrake.
From Nimrod's *Hunting Reminiscences.*

sumptuous front was the boast and pride of the Midland counties. The surrounding gardens, equalling in size the extent of ordinary parks, were crowded with temples dedicated to abstract virtues and to departed friends. . . . Beyond the limits of this pleasance the hart and hind wandered in a wilderness abounding in ferny coverts and green and stately trees. The noble proprietor of this domain had many of the virtues of his class, few of their failings. He had that public spirit that became his station. He was not one of those who avoided the exertions and the sacrifices which should be inseparable from high position by the hollow pretext of a taste for privacy and a devotion to domestic joys. He was munificent, tender, and bounteous to the poor, and loved a flowing hospitality. A keen sportsman, he was not untinctured by letters, and had, indeed, a cultivated taste for the fine arts. Though an ardent politician, he was tolerant to adverse opinions, and full of amenity to his opponents. A firm supporter of the Corn Laws, he never refused a lease. Notwithstanding, there ran through his whole demeanour and the habit of his mind a vein of native simplicity that was full of charm. His manner was finished. He never offended any one's self-love. His good breeding, indeed, sprang from the only sure source of gentle manners, a kind heart. To have pained others would have pained himself. Perhaps, too, this noble sympathy may have been in some degree prompted by the ancient blood in his veins—an accident of lineage rather rare with the English nobility. One could hardly praise him for the strong affections that bound him to his hearth, for fortune had given him the most pleasing family in the world; but, above all, a peerless wife. The Duchess was one of those women who are the delight of existence. She was sprung from a house not inferior to that with which she had blended, and was gifted with that rare beauty which time ever spares, so that she seemed now only the elder sister of her own beautiful daughters. She, too, was distinguished by that perfect good breeding which is the result of nature and not of education; for it may be found in a cottage, and may be missed in a palace. 'Tis a genial regard for the feel-

ings of others that springs from the absence of selfishness. The Duchess, indeed, was in every sense a fine lady; her manners were refined and full of dignity, but nothing in the world would have induced her to appear bored when another was addressing or attempting to amuse her. She was not one of those vulgar fine ladies who meet you one day with a vacant stare, as if unconscious of your existence, and address you on another in a tone of impertinent familiarity. Her temper, perhaps, was somewhat quick, which made this consideration for the feelings of others still more admirable, for it was the result of a strict moral discipline acting on a good heart. Although the best of wives and mothers, she had some charity for her neighbours. Needing herself no indulgence, she could be indulgent, and would by no means favour that strait-laced morality that would constrain the innocent play of the social body. She was accomplished, well read, and had a lively fancy. Add to this that sunbeam of a happy home, a gay and cheerful spirit in its mistress, and one might form some faint idea of this gracious personage."[1]

When the family arrived at Belvoir for the winter, the hunt formed a natural centre around which other recreations and occupations revolved. It is unfortunate for us that Nimrod never penetrated into the Belvoir circle, and consequently says but little about the Duke's hunt. In the early part of the century the central figure of Belvoir society was George Brummell, then at the height of his fame and fashion, surrounded by all the glamour of the friendship of the Prince of Wales and the adoration of the most fashionable men and women of the day. If we look upon Brummell from the point of view of his contemporaries, we shall see that he presented a not unattractive figure. Young, tall, slight, an officer of the most fashionable corps, he was the leader of the most exclusive set of his time. His manners were good and his conversation was charming, or even the Prince's nomination might not have saved him from the fate of a rival plebeian *protégé* of royalty, who also obtained a commission in the 10th Hussars, and whose father being a tobacconist and

[1] *Coningsby*, by the Earl of Beaconsfield, p. 82.

snuff-dealer, used to be saluted, whenever he opened his mouth at mess, by a volley of sneezes. But Brummell made no mistakes, and choosing his friends with the same discretion which had made him the most successful hunter of tufts at Oxford, found entrance into many of the great houses whose sons were also in the 10th. Among Brummell's brother officers were Lords Charles and Robert Manners, the younger brothers of the Duke. With them his intimacy was close, and it led to invitations to Belvoir and Cheveley. He soon became a welcome guest; and the Duchess, an otherwise acute woman, seems to have liked him at least as much as did her husband and her brothers. For Brummell had the art of being always interesting. His wit has evaporated with the social gossip of that time, to which it owed its flavour, and we can recover from memoirs nothing of Brummell but his taste in dress and his greediness. Brummell had no heart, and he made heartlessness the fashion of the day, for he could give vogue to anything—a cravat, a coat, or a Prince of Wales. At Belvoir he paid his first visit when the fifth Duke came of age, in January, 1799. "He was one of the distinguished party that assembled there, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorne, the present Lord Jersey, etc., and all the neighbouring gentry. The festivities on this occasion lasted for three weeks, and were conducted on a truly ducal scale. The weather being severe, there was, of course, no hunting, so skating was the order of the day; and Brummell, in going down the hill to the ice, clad in a pelisse of fur, was one morning mistaken by the people, who had assembled in great numbers, for the Prince of Wales, and loudly cheered. This little incident will give some idea of the elegance and dignity of his carriage."[1]

Brummell was no sportsman, and very moderate indeed is the head of game to his account in the interesting game book still to be seen in the smoking room at the Castle. But hunting had several advantages in George Brummell's eyes. In the first place, it is a sport in which costume bears

[1] *Life of Beau Brummell*, by Captain Jesse (1844), vol. i., p. 85.

no unimportant part; and in his time, at least, there was an opening for innovations in dress. In this latter respect Brummell was always perfect in taste. Of course he wore the white cravat, which he possessed the art of folding to perfection—an operation which, it is said, the Prince of Wales would spend hours in watching with admiration and respect. Brummell has also the credit of introducing those white tops which the older generation of sportsmen regarded as effeminate. Indeed, the old Squire Forester, of Willey, is reported to have held the wearing of brown tops as being the mark of the true sportsman. Brummell was always well mounted, and his groom, Fryatt, turned him out to perfection. This man, who afterwards kept the George at Melton, and made a good deal of money by horse-dealing, was a first-rate stableman and a good judge of hunters. Fryatt bought and sold Brummell's horses without much reference to his master, and it is said that the latter shared in the profits of many a successful deal. Although it is likely that a man who was so self-indulgent as Brummell, and whose courage, moreover, was not above suspicion, did not care greatly for hunting, yet he was a fair horseman. Nimrod says that he could ride respectably, and we have evidence from the records of the Belvoir Hunt that on one occasion, at least, he got to the end of a severe run, being one of four up at the finish.

This was among the few good days in a bad season (December 28, 1801). The fox was in Melton Spinney, a covert from which the Belvoir have had so many good runs. Hounds ran over a line of country by no means easy to ride, and if the fences were perhaps neither so numerous nor so strong as they are to-day, the undrained fields were deeper, and it must have needed some horsemanship to get to the end of so long a chase. The line taken was from Melton Spinney to Scalford and past Waltham Pastures. Then hounds turned and ran by Garthorpe and Thisleton into Exton Park, where the pack were stopped. Five men, besides Newman the huntsman, were there.[1]

[1] Messrs. Brummell, Sewell, Yarboro Junior, Douglas and the Duke of Rutland.

For Brummell the fates had, as we know, a dire ending in store, and in poverty and squalor he closed a career which had been almost without a redeeming feature. George Brummell was a man who had considerable influence, and invariably used it badly. He never had a friend he did not betray or deceive. A consummate actor, he played the part of walking gentleman on the stage of life, but it was only an assumed character, and he did not redeem the humbleness of his origin by any of the instincts or virtues of gentlehood. He had neither heart, courage, nor honour, and his career was foreshadowed in that early incident of his life when, as a child, he shed bitter tears because he could eat no more damson tart. His own stomach was the only thing on earth the sorrows of which could move him to tears. I have placed Brummell first in the *rôle* of names because he was the ruling spirit of his time. Another character who lent distinction to the Belvoir winter gatherings was the Prince of Wales, "the first gentleman in Europe" as he loved to be called, and who by his bad early training and continual self-indulgence had obscured whatever good impulses—and we have the Duke of Wellington's authority that there *were* some—originally existed in his character. As a sportsman, however, he stood higher than Brummell, inasmuch as he undoubtedly really loved hunting, though he was too lapped in self-indulgence to undergo the fatigues and hardships of the chase. Moreover, like Brummell, he was doubtless a pleasant and gracious guest to those who looked at him perforce only from the point of view of contemporaries. It is important, when considering any character of the past, that while we cannot help being conscious of the judgment of posterity, we should not read this into the minds of those who were living in such different social surroundings. Death strips not only the body of its beauty, but the soul of its disguises, and reputations, vigorous in their own time, crumble into dust with the bones of the men and women who bore them. At Belvoir the Prince was a sportsman and a convivial companion. His name, indeed, does not remain in the truthful records of the hunt surrounded by the same glory

as Brummell, for although he enjoyed an excellent run, the reader will note that no special mention is made of any particular distinction as accruing to the Prince. For these records only mention names seldom, and then only when distinction has been honestly earned.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honouring the hunt with his presence, we went straight to Waltham Pastures, which we tried blank. . . . Drew on to Bescaby Oaks, where we found three or four foxes; and the hounds dividing, six couples, with many of the gentlemen, went over Croxton Park towards Belvoir; but taking them off, they returned back to the other part of the pack, which had run a fox to ground in some earths under a wall near Herring's House. Hounds now went back to the Oaks, and finding a fox, ran for one hour and ten minutes, killing their fox in Branston Street. The following day the Prince of Wales came out again. Sport was not very good, and the only notable incident was that a fox found in the Old Park, and run to ground near Draper's Lodge, is said to have been 'the largest fox we had almost ever seen, and even after he had been in the wet drain for above half an hour, he had not lost his size though wet and stiff.'" [1]

From the Prince and Brummell to Lord Alvanley is an easy transition, for he was much in their society. Though possibly not much more admirable in character than the others above mentioned, Alvanley was certainly a man of more power than either. He was the son of a law lord, and had ability far above his reputation. Under the frivolities of the dandy, the follies of the wit, and the dissipation of the man about town, he disguised indeed many excellent gifts. Whatever he did, he did well and with all his heart. A hard rider among hard riders at Melton and Belvoir, a dandy among dandies at Watier's, he was the friend and associate of Talleyrand, of whom he used to tell an amusing story of the great diplomatist being moved to tears. The Duke of Wellington had defended M. de Talleyrand from some attack in the House of Lords. When Alvanley visited him the next

[1] *Journal of Operations of the Belvoir Hounds*, 1801, pp. 24, 25.

morning, Talleyrand sobbed out his gratitude, "J'en suis d'autant plus reconnoissant à M. le Duc, que c'est le seul homme d'état dans le monde qui ait jamais dit du bien de moi."

Lord Alvanley, besides being a Meltonian of some shrewdness and foresight, was one of the best heavy-weights that ever crossed Leicestershire. He gave long prices for his horses, and loved to ride them over big places, observing that he saw no use in giving 700 guineas for a horse unless it could do more than other people's horses. He was very fond of larking, in which another heavy-weight, Mr. Maher, was often the leader. This fine rider won the well-known wager for £100 made with Lord Alvanley, "That each did not ride over a brook that measured six yards in the clear without disturbing the water." They both cleared it handsomely, but a bit of dirt being thrown back by Lord Alvanley's horse after he had landed, he lost the bet. It was on one of these larks home, after a bad day, that Lord Alvanley made the celebrated remark, "What fun we should have if it were not for these d——d hounds!" Every one knows that he wore a strange and wonderful pair of boots, of which a picture may be seen in Mr. Birch Reynandson's amusing *Sport and Anecdote*. No name occurs in contemporary memoirs oftener than that of Alvanley, and the impression these records leave on the mind is that of a clever man who deliberately chose an idle and somewhat self-indulgent life. He had a sufficient fortune, which he wasted, and an assured, though not a great, position. He viewed the drama of life from the stalls, and like other occupants of those comfortable seats, had less inclination to take part in the action of the piece than the spectators in the gallery.

From Lord Alvanley to the Duke of York, with whom he was a great favourite, is a natural transition. The Duke of Rutland was more intimate with his Royal Highness than with any other member of the Royal Family, and the Duke of York was a constant and favourite visitor at Belvoir and Cheveley, though he no doubt preferred racing to hunting, and whist to either sport. His jolly face is immortalised in the ceiling of the Elizabeth saloon at the

Castle in a mythological group, where he appears as Jupiter, a deity with whom he had at least some points in common. He was a kindly, not over-wise prince, much given to wine and gambling, but remarkable in the annals of his family for never deserting or losing a friend. When Berkeley Craven, another leading member of this set, was speaking harshly at Oatlands of Brummell and Alvanley, the Duke administered a reproof to him which has been often quoted.

The Duke of Dorset and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe were guests at the Castle at the same time as Brummell and the Princes, and were well known in the sporting world as among the leading gentlemen riders of the day. Though they followed the hounds like the rest of the guests, they rather sought distinction at Bibury or Croxton Park than in the hunting field. The former was noted for his hardness and condition. "A stirring ride [about twelve miles] that we took this morning, Dorset," the Duke of York is reported to have said to him one morning at Brighton. "It was, sir," was the reply; "but I had ridden from London before I had the honour of attending your Royal Highness in your ride."

Another member of the set was "Chig" Chester, one of those useful, all-round men who are always popular at country houses — equally ready to spend the day with hounds or with the gun, to take his share of wine after dinner, or to sit up half the night playing cards with the Duke of York, who never could be induced to go to bed while any one would sit up to remain with him. There was, too, the Rev. Sir John Thoroton, one of the chief advisers of the Duchess Elizabeth in the rebuilding of Belvoir, and in her favourite experiments in landscape gardening, of which many traces may still be seen.

Somewhat of a character, too, was the Sir Watkin Wynn of that day. Sir Watkin was a constant visitor at Belvoir, and rode well to hounds in spite of his great weight. His horses were purchased for him by Tom Penn, his one-eyed groom, and the Welsh baronet was always well mounted. He had a good eye to country, but Nimrod, who had been his tutor, gives us the reason of his success—his fine temper; he was

never known to quarrel with his horse. Among other frequent guests were the two Grosvenors and Mr. John Douglas, a young Scotsman, and a very hard man, of whom it is told that, having a good place in a run, and getting a fall under water, he suffered his horse to drag him eight yards (I am not responsible for the distance) rather than lose his hold of him. Another frequent visitor was Mr. Sloane Stanley, the Duke's racing partner.

Then there were three men who deserve some notice in a sporting history, for they were among the finest horsemen of their day. Lord Jersey was one of the brightest ornaments of the shires, and noted for his good looks, of which Lord Alvanley used to tell a good story. A certain young foreign lady, being desirous of capturing the hand of a rich English "milord," paid great attention to Lord Alvanley. The interest was more on her side than his, and once when dancing with her at Almack's, he had come to the end of his conversational resources. Seeing Lord Jersey come in, he remarked, for the sake of saying something, "What a handsome man Jersey is!" to which, with a tender glance, the lady instantly replied, "He shall not be so pretty than you." Lord Jersey later in life took a considerable part in politics and on the turf. Curiously enough, his greatest success was the cause of the death of another well-known member of the Belvoir set. Many years after the time of which I am writing, when Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton won the Derby, Berkeley Craven shot himself, being unable to meet his engagements.

Lord Jersey's most brilliant time as a rider to hounds was when he was Lord Villiers. He was, according to Nimrod,[1] one of the hardest, boldest, most judicious riders, as well as the most elegant. He rode horses always above his weight. Lord Villiers was apt at times to press too hardly on the hounds. We may hope, however, that the exclamation recorded of him is somewhat exaggerated. "Curse these hounds, what a bore they are! they can't get from under one's horse's feet." Two famous black horses

[1] *Hunting Reminiscences*, p. 209.

on which Lord Villiers led the field have been spoken of as his best in his early days. That he was very quick to hounds may be inferred from the fact that on one occasion, in Newman's time, when hounds had slipped their field at Holwell Mouth, and only the hunt servants and three farmers had got away with them, Lord Villiers, the Duke of Rutland, and Mr. Charles Meynell were the only three who got to them. After a time he was seldom or never seen in Leicestershire. He would, however, sometimes come out in his home country the Bicester, and when he liked the day, the country and his horse, would go brilliantly as of old; but, like most men who have tasted the joys of the shires, he never cared so much afterwards for hunting in the provinces.

In a history of the Belvoir the name of Forester demands a place only second to that of Manners, and the first Lord Forester, better known at the period about which I am writing as Cecil Forester, the brother-in-law of the Duke, was a very leading man at Belvoir. He was one of the finest horsemen of his day. At Melton, in earlier days, he had been the plague of Mr. Meynell's life, when that gentleman, having introduced a quicker style of hunting hounds, found that he had also attracted into the hunting field a more dashing class of riders, of whom Mr. Childe, of Kinlet, and Cecil Forester were the most prominent. The latter's "splitter-cockation" pace was, according to Mr. Meynell's own account, destructive of his happiness in fox-hunting. Lord Forester was undoubtedly a clever man, for no fool can take a good place in a run and keep it to the end. This requires brains, for though a courageous, thick-headed individual may go fairly well for twenty minutes, he will probably be in a ditch or standing by the side of a beaten horse at the end of this time. For success in riding a run is the result of quickness of apprehension and a power of rapid decision. The slow-witted man, however courageous, will never be in the first place in a long run. Though unintelligent recklessness may put a man into the first place for a time, it cannot keep him there; nay, more—mere blind courage will either break its neck or its nerve before many years pass.

In no sense does pluck, pure and simple, serve to make a man a "stayer" in hunting. But of course we cannot do without pluck, and Cecil Forester possessed this together with other qualities, and his reputation has descended to us as one of the foremost of the many hard riders of his day.

He was the nephew and heir of that George Forester, of Willey Park, by whom he was brought up. In his fortunate life there were no changes, vicissitudes, or doubts. He was bred up a sportsman, and to fox-hunting he gave his life, thoughts, energies, and means, and could he have escaped the gout he might have hunted for many more years than he did, in the first rank of Leicestershire riders. Lord Forester was a heavy-weight, and, like others of his family, tall and remarkably good-looking. He married in 1800 the Lady Katharine Manners, and from that time was a constant visitor at Belvoir, and became a regular follower of the Duke's hounds. Lord Forester was a good judge, not only of horses, but of hounds and hunting altogether. No doubt he had often been at Belvoir before, but I find that the first mention of him in connection with the hunt was in 1804, when he writes:—

"*December 6th*, 1804.

"The behaviour of your young hounds this day demands my notice, as well as the prospect of our future sport and diversion. The whole of their behaviour might have been viewed by Mr. Meynell or any other judge of hunting; there was a large field out, and I never saw people more pleased, or Newman so perfectly satisfied with his hounds." [1]

He had already a great reputation, and words of praise from him meant much. He was much given to pressing on hounds, but this fault arose rather from jealousy than want of knowledge. A good friend, a most honourable gentleman, and a pleasant companion, he could not bear to see any one in front of him, while his weight made it necessary for him to take every advantage he possibly

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, p. 37.

could. It was his custom to be always "creeping on"—his own expression—in order to poach a start, a trick not unknown in our day, but which spoils as much sport with fox-hounds as anything. He was not raised to the peerage till 1821, but he is so generally spoken of by his title that it is more convenient so to name him.

Of him Nimrod remarks :—

"All those who knew this intellectual sportsman also knew the natural gaiety of his disposition and how fond he was of a joke, and particularly when he himself had the best of it. . . . On one occasion it is told of him that, having the lead in a quick thing, and no one else on his heels, he came to a park paling which no horse could leap. His quick eye, however, espied a small bridle gate in which the park keeper had left his key; so popping through it quickly his lordship turned the key after him, put it into his pocket, and 'bade the field good-bye.' On another, when in the same enviable situation, *i.e.* having the lead, he leaped into a deep pit brimful of water. As he was in the act of swimming out of it he observed a man on foot warning those who were following him of their danger. 'Hold your tongue,' roared his lordship; 'we shall have it full in a minute.'"[1]

The point of these two jokes is obvious, but it may be doubted whether Forester's natural gaiety was shared by the rest of the field, and readers of Sponge may not have forgotten how Surtees has borrowed the latter story for that keenest yet most selfish of sportsmen the Earl of Scamperdale. Nimrod, whose admiration for Lord Forester was unbounded, also mentions that his lordship was much given to quizzing a "slow top."[2] The contemporary definition of a slow top is a man "with a front to his bridle, or with a martingale; on a country-made saddle, with knobs on his stirrups; with a saddle cloth; in a straight-cut coat; in leather breeches or military spurs."[3] But this is the darker

[1] Nimrod's *Hunting Reminiscences*, p. 164.
[2] Nimrod's *Hunting Tour*, p. 552.
[3] *Ibid.*

side of the picture, and some selfishness must be expected from a man who enjoyed almost endless prosperity, only just flavoured with enough gout to enable him to enjoy his health when he had it. He was thoughtful of his horses, and though he would gallop as fast as any one between his fences, he was most careful not to hurry his horses at the leaps and economised their powers. Perhaps the best horse he ever owned was the Bernardo which he has himself immortalised in the verses given above. His favourite style of horse was one not above 15–2, with long, well-placed shoulders, sloping pasterns, and good feet, with of course the necessary strength behind the saddle, powerful quarters, and sound hocks. So good was his judgment that his horses always fetched high prices, and "I bought him of Forester" was a certificate of excellence. His friendly rival, Mr. Cholmondeley, used to say that though he was lighter than Lord Forester by two stone, this gave him no advantage in a run, as the perfect seat and fine hand of the latter more than counterbalanced the difference in weight. Lord Forester and Mr. Tom Smith share between them, in the diaries of the Belvoir Hunt, the glory of being the men who at the end of a long run were most often present and able to help the servants in stopping hounds.

Only inferior to Lord Forester as a horseman, and even more popular as a man, was Mr. Cholmondeley, afterwards Lord Delamere. This gentleman was not the least delightful member of the circle at Belvoir. Later in life he retired to Cheshire, and devoted himself to managing his property at Vale Royal and to hunting with his county pack. All through his life he was loved and respected, and his name comes down to us without a shadow to dim its brightness. Like Lord Forester he obtained a peerage, and whether the honour was conferred on account of the eminence these two gentlemen had obtained as sportsmen, as one contemporary writer suggests, it is not for me to say, but no doubt peerages have often been bestowed for less excellent reasons.

But to return from the guests to the house of Belvoir itself. Belvoir was not only a palace but a home, and it is

remarkable to find how many of the guests seem to have treated it as their headquarters. Brummell always had his own room there, and Mr. Assheton Smith, when not occupying a country as M.F.H., seems to have almost lived there in the hunting season. On this well-known character I am not going to dwell, for his exploits have been so often told and his history is so well known. He is, in fact, far more popular with posterity than a rough and rather overbearing temper permitted him to be with the people of his own day. Of his qualities as a huntsman there are different opinions, but as a rider every one is agreed that no stronger or bolder horseman has ever crossed Leicestershire. His famous saying, that there was no fence in the famous South Quorn country (now Mr. Fernie's) you could not get over with a fall, exactly describes the resolute nature of the man. The preoccupation of most of us when riding over that very delightful and sporting but most difficult country is how to get over *without* a fall.

Both the Duke's brothers, Lord Charles and Lord Robert, had been in the 10th Hussars, and the former had served with some distinction in the Peninsula.

Lord Robert was a great dandy and a hard rider. Lord Charles was perhaps the keener about hunting of the two younger brothers. Lord Robert "the Dandy" was a prominent figure of the set in London of which Brummell was the leader, and was one of those who had most occasion to regret the fact. It is admissible to wonder how his family relished Lord Forester's allusions in the poem to these troubles.

A figure from the past once more moved among the Belvoir circle. The Rev. George Crabbe was now Rector of Muston and Allington, these livings having been procured for him by the Duchess Mary Isabella, and after some wanderings the poet had come back to settle in the Vale of Belvoir. He had been the friend of the late Duke, and he was no less valued by the son, nor had his affectionate loyalty to the family to whom he owed so much wavered in the slightest degree. The poet moved, a strange and some-

LORD ROBERT MANNERS. THE DUKE OF RUTLAND. LORD CHARLES MANNERS,
With his eyeglass in the handle of his whip.

From the Picture by J. E. Ferneley at Belvoir Castle.

what incongruous figure, among the fashionable folk. That Crabbe did not find himself out of place may be attributed to the fact that the "barbarians" of that day did not cut themselves off from books with the same resolution as their successors of to-day, and it was still thought the right thing to mingle a little flavour of classical culture and literary taste with your sport and your wine. It was part of the education of a gentleman to know Horace and Virgil and even to quote them at times. Men still wrote books and read them, and there were libraries in the great houses which were valued and even used. A successful author was something of a personage in the early part of the century, and Crabbe was acknowledged to hold a very high place in English poetry, though Byron, Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth were still unknown to fame. It is, however, a curious illustration of a trait in the poet's character that, as he had been drawn to Robert Thoroton, so he liked Brummell, whom he has distinguished among the guests by favourable notice, and of whom his son and biographer has recorded that "my father was particularly pleased and amused with the conversation of the celebrated Beau Brummell." [1]

This may be taken not so much as a testimony in Brummell's favour as an indication that Brummell knew how to flatter, and that Crabbe snuffed the fragrant incense with approval. At once parson and poet, how could he do otherwise?

The link that connected all the various elements of this society was the hunt, since after all, hunting is an impulse of human nature of longer descent than any other, and belongs to a stage in our evolution when society and literature were represented by tribal dances and hieroglyphics. Many and various were the groups of distinguished men who succeeded each other in lordly procession through the stately rooms of the Castle, but most of them visited the kennel, attended the meet, and joined in the after-dinner talk on the events and incidents of the hunting field.

[1] *The Life of George Brummell*, by Captain Jesse, vol. i., p. 239.

Chapter VIII

THE GOOD DUKE

1825–1857

THE death of the Duchess Elizabeth stopped hunting for a month in the early autumn of 1825, and was no doubt the immediate cause of the retirement of the Duke from the management of the hounds some little time afterwards, in favour of Lord Forester, who was the son of his sister, the Lady Katharine.

The fifth Duke was still a young man, but many duties began to press upon him, and like the other great noblemen of his party, he was stirred by the coming of reform. Although the apprehensions of the Tories were somewhat lulled as time went on, many among them saw clearly enough that with reform the balance of power would pass to a new section of society. Excitement swept through all classes, and whether it was to be attributed to this or not, the period was marked in the Belvoir country by a lessening of interest shown by the Duke in the hounds.

He kept the pack up, for he would not have had a single person deprived of their sport, and he was proud of the magnificent establishment which had already won a world-wide fame. But on January 9th, 1829, closes the long series of carefully kept diaries in which from day to day had been recorded the doings of the pack, the conduct of each individual hound, and occasionally the exploits of the riders. The accounts of the runs I have not quoted from very largely, for the narrative would not add anything to our knowledge of the history of the pack. They do indeed tell us of the care that was expended on the hunt, and as we turn over the carefully

THE FIFTH DUKE IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

From the Picture by John Sanders in the Elizabeth Saloon at Belvoir.

printed and carefully edited volumes, some of which are illustrated with sketches of hunting incidents in body colour, we see how the aim at perfection in details, which has been a part of the policy of the management of the pack, has brought it to such excellence. I seem, too, to recognise in these carefully prepared materials for the historian a true and large conception of the future that lay before the hunt, and a comprehension of the fact that this pack should represent in history the position and influence of a great national sport in our national life and progress. In our time the days of hunting are, it may be, drawing to a close, for many of those who once supported it are, if not actually hostile, at least so indifferent that they habitually use wire for the mending of their fences, regardless of the injury thus inflicted on the sport and the suffering caused by it. It is melancholy to reflect that one of the greatest sportsmen of the day has given it as his opinion that "wire and silence" will be the end of fox-hunting.

But to return to the Belvoir. Though the records ceased for a time, the materials for a history are still forthcoming. The pack, as we have already seen, had reached a point of great excellence. Thomas Goosey was one of the best kennel huntsmen in England, for no one understood better the breeding and conditioning of hounds. So well established was the pack that Belvoir was rather in a position to help other kennels than under the necessity of going abroad for fresh blood. At the beginning of the season of 1826 the only new blood in the kennel was derived from Lord Middleton's hounds, whose Benedict, Damper, Forester, Vanguard and Warrior had been freely used in 1823, and were responsible for a considerable part of the entry. Lord Middleton was at this time hunting the Warwickshire country with great magnificence and success. He was not apparently in much favour with Nimrod, having probably committed the offence of refusing to take that genial writer at his own valuation. But Apperley was after all too good a sportsman not to acknowledge merit when he saw it, and he pays a tribute to the condition of the Warwickshire hounds,

which he points out was better than that of the hunt horses. At all events Lord Middleton's hounds, which were descended from those with which Mr. Corbet had hunted the country during his second mastership, had been brought to a great state of excellence by the attention the master paid to legs, feet and shoulders. Several Melton men saw these hounds about this time, and the praises of them they brought back doubtless prompted the Duke and Goosey to go to that kennel. Either the Belvoir got what they wanted, or, on the other hand, they were not satisfied with the results—there is no evidence to tell us which was the case, for we do not find the Warwickshire again in the list of kennels which helped to build up the Belvoir, unless indeed we may consider that recourse was had to Warwickshire blood when Sir Tatton Sykes's Driver and Barrister appear in the pedigrees, for the foundation of Sir Tatton's pack had been ten couples of the best of Lord Middleton's Warwickshire hounds. A memorable year in the annals of the Belvoir pack is that of 1825, for then was begun the close connection between Belvoir and Brocklesby which was to be so fortunate for both kennels. The latter is one of the oldest kennels in England, for it dates back to 1713. The pack had a small beginning, as for some years the hounds were hunted in partnership. The following is the agreement concerning the ownership of the pack:—

"It is agreed that the fox-hounds now kept by Sir John Tyrwhitt, and the hounds now kept by the same Mr. Pelham, shall be joined in one pack, and each of them—the said Sir John Tyrwhitt, Robert Vyner, and Charles Pelham—to have an equal share and interest in the said pack."

At the end of the five seasons for which this arrangement lasted, the whole of the little pack passed into the hands of Mr. Pelham, in the possession of whose family the hounds have remained ever since. The agreement of 1713 is not dissimilar to that which I have already noted as existing between Mr. Noel, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Cardigan, and probably marks one of the first steps towards systematic fox-hunting. In many countries, no doubt, the way in which

this end was obtained was by the squires joining forces to hunt a larger territory than any single member of their body could manage, and for this they had a more effective pack than had hitherto been the case. Then as one squire in the long run would outstay his fellow-masters, many of the old lesser private establishments became united, and succeeded to the territorial rights of all, the limits of the hunting countries, as we have them to-day, thus becoming gradually determined.

The earliest huntsman of the Brocklesby was Tom Smith, father of the well-known huntsman who was, as whipper-in and huntsman, in the service of the Pelham family for nearly sixty years. The hounds, when this Thomas Smith had them, owed much to Belvoir blood, which indebtedness was amply repaid during the mastership of Lord Granby, who went largely to the Brocklesby kennels. The Smiths had been long tenants on the Pelham estates, and they were of superior education and ability. Their great love for the chase led them to take service with the Lords of Brocklesby, and for one hundred and fifty years some member of the family held the post of huntsman. If we may judge from a picture by Stubbs of a certain hound named Ringwood, which hangs at Brocklesby, the pack had by the time the picture was painted (1719) already reached a high standard of excellence. The pedigrees of this kennel go back to 1746. The particular Smith who came into office in 1816 was a contemporary of Goosey, at Belvoir, and these two huntsmen were probably the best hound judges of their day. Smith was perhaps the better huntsman of the two in the field, and was a man of more education and refinement than Goosey. We shall see later what the Belvoir was able to do for the Brocklesby, but at this time Goosey, anxious to get the best possible hound, turned to the Brocklesby for help. I am inclined to think that now Goosey had more freedom allowed him than had been the case before. The coming of reform was already casting its shadows, and the Duke of Rutland was one of those who foresaw that it would deal a blow to the country party. He consequently opposed it strenuously, and when

he found opposition useless, endeavoured to modify or mitigate the results of what, from his standpoint, was something of a disaster. We know now that he was right, and that reform broke the power of the great landlords, and gave it to the middle classes, who, having no genius for politics, have been in their turn displaced by the working-class voter. Thus other interests and anxieties drew the Duke more into the whirl of politics and away from sport.

Small events and great are thus inextricably connected in the infinitely complex web of life, and the Reform Bill indirectly affected the development of the Belvoir pack, as it has since affected the sport itself by the diffusion of wealth among men of very varied birth, but who, being Englishmen, all have the love of sport implanted in them.

The Brocklesby cross with the Belvoir was a success, for the former hounds were, so to speak, thoroughbred, and might be trusted to breed true to a type. The Smiths had followed that principle in breeding hounds which was also followed at Belvoir, never to use hounds of the quality of whose blood they were not sure, and showing a preference for those which had originally sprung from their own stock. With but few, if any, exceptions, we find this plan uniformly followed at Belvoir. For it will be noted in the following lists that in most cases the outcross from these kennels is obtained by going to the packs which had already some Belvoir or Brocklesby blood in their veins. The result of this policy has been to raise these two packs to undisputed pre-eminence among the kennels of the United Kingdom; the Belvoir having their unrivalled quality, and the Brocklesby their size, substance, and tongue.

In the matter of size, the standard of the Brocklesby dog pack, when I saw Lord Lonsdale hunting them in the Quorn country in 1895–96, was certainly above that of the Belvoir, and to the strong infusion of Brocklesby blood may be attributed the tendency noted by some masters, even in the present day, of the offspring of Belvoir sires to be larger than their parents. Of course, the extraordinary advantages possessed by the Belvoir have enabled them to get the pack

THE KENNELS IN THE PARK AT BELVOIR.

of the size and colour they wish, since with from sixty to one hundred couples of puppies it has been possible to draft down to any extent, and for very small faults. During these years we find the name of Osbaldeston constantly cropping up in the history of the Belvoir. The "squire," as he was called by his friends, was a very careful and thoughtful hound-breeder. His pack both gave to and received blood from the Belvoir, but his original sources of blood for the pack with which he was at this time hunting the Quorn, were the Pytchley, Lord Monson and Lord Vernon's hounds. Thus we imagine that the Belvoir got another infusion of the black-and-tan colouring from Mr. Osbaldeston.

But one of the greatest glories of Belvoir is that it should have given to the Quorn the celebrated Furrier, who, putting aside the fact that he was not quite straight in front, was as good a fox-hound as ever lived. It is only necessary here to advert in passing to the fact that so fond was Mr. Osbaldeston of Furrier, that one Kirby Gate Monday he took into the field a pack of twenty couples, all of Furrier blood. The young hounds took after their sire, a very hard-running sort. "He was a very black and white hound, very stout, and a hard runner, but not a great line hunter."[1] This famous hound was by Belvoir Saladin, which was used a good deal in Newman's time in the Belvoir kennel. So Tarquin, a plain, ill-tempered hound, was descended from Belvoir Topper, one of the only two home-bred hounds used in 1809; another being the famous Traveller, the hound that made so great a name for himself on the day when "the Duke fixed at Waltham to meet," of which a record in prose and verse has already been given. Tarquin had a lovely tongue, a quality, as we have seen, not too frequent in Mr. Osbaldeston's kennel, and was a very sure finder. Like Furrier, and many other good hounds before and since, Tarquin entered late. In 1824 the Belvoir sought the assistance of Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter to found a family of line hunters. Vaulter was a hound with a wonderful nose, a real huntsman's friend. In fact, there was a continual interchange of blood between Mr. Osbalde-

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 359.

ston's kennel and that of the Duke of Rutland, apparently to the advantage of both, while the latter, by their constant recurrence to Brocklesby, were saved from the muteness which was the great fault of the squire's pack, especially after he took his hounds into the Pytchley country. These hounds had the virtue of getting together quickly on the line of their fox when he goes away, which is, as we know, so distinguishing a mark of the Belvoir to-day. On the whole, the connection of the Belvoir with the squire was a fortunate one, for though opinions might differ as to the squire's merits as a huntsman, every one acknowledged that he was the best hound-breeder of his day.

With a slight admixture of Grove blood, Goosey preserved the same general principles of breeding, going back again and again to those kennels in which there was a strong infusion of Belvoir blood, and striving always to graft on the race of Belvoir the nose of Yarborough.

If we look for contemporary opinion on the subject of the hounds we shall have no difficulty in drawing a picture for ourselves of the Belvoir pack.

This is what Nimrod says at the close of the season 1824–25. His remarks incidentally tell us what a good kennel huntsman Goosey was, for the season had been a hard one, and hounds hunted one hundred and twenty-two days, and killed ninety-four foxes. Mr. Apperley met hounds at Stubton, which is still, what it was then, one of the stiffest parts of the Belvoir country.

"I was told the day before by a hard-riding Meltonian that I must screw up my nerves if I went into the Stubton country, and I think I never did see one so strongly fenced. If I could have made use of the pencil, I would have brought away a sketch of one of them. It was a blackthorn hedge, about eight inches higher than the top of my hat as I stood on the ground, with growers in it as thick as a man's thigh, plashed at the top, and with a wide ditch on one side. On remarking to Mr. Robert Grosvenor that it was a stiff country, he observed that it was so, to be sure. 'But,' added he, 'a man has nothing to do but to throw his heart over and follow

it.' This is all very well, thought I, but it is not every heart that will leap so high, even when its owner gives the word. 'A man cannot add a cubit to his stature.'"[1]

Of the hounds he says: "I found them—as I expected to find them—very clean in their skins; but I was more particularly struck with the fine length of their frames, and the strongly marked and uniform character of the pack. All this, however, is to be accounted for. For one mile that these hounds travel, Mr. Osbaldeston's travel six; and the Duke generally breeds from thirty to forty couples of whelps every year, so that if twenty couples of them stand, he can always pick and choose."[2]

And of the huntsman and "whip": "I liked Goosey's (the huntsman) manner with his hounds very much indeed, particularly his getting them away from covert. The Rufus-headed whipper also took my fancy—not for his likeness to the Belvidere Apollo, but for a something about him that looked very much like a hard-riding whipper-in to a good pack of fox-hounds, and he seemed to know his business well. The Duke's hounds hunt only four days a week."[3]

The same writer notes that when he met the hounds at Croxton Park there were nine hundred people out. So that Leicestershire crowds are by no means an innovation of our own times. As a matter of fact, Leicestershire has always had a big crowd, an alien crowd, and a crowd in a hurry, and the style of hunting there has been modified by the necessities of keeping hounds clear of the field. The liking for blood horses either, is not a fashion peculiar to our time, for some sixty or seventy years ago Nimrod says: "No sooner is a thorough-bred hunter seen in Leicestershire than he is sold, if his owner is disposed to part with him. I rode Shamrock at Stowe wood, and the following morning he became the property of Mr. Middleton Biddulph—*at a premium*, of course, as they say on 'Change."[4]

This horse was an ex-racer, and, contrary to the usual rule in such cases, was also a capital hack, and Mr. Apperley made

[1] Nimrod's *Hunting Tour*, p. 229, ed. 1835. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 228.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 229. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 506.

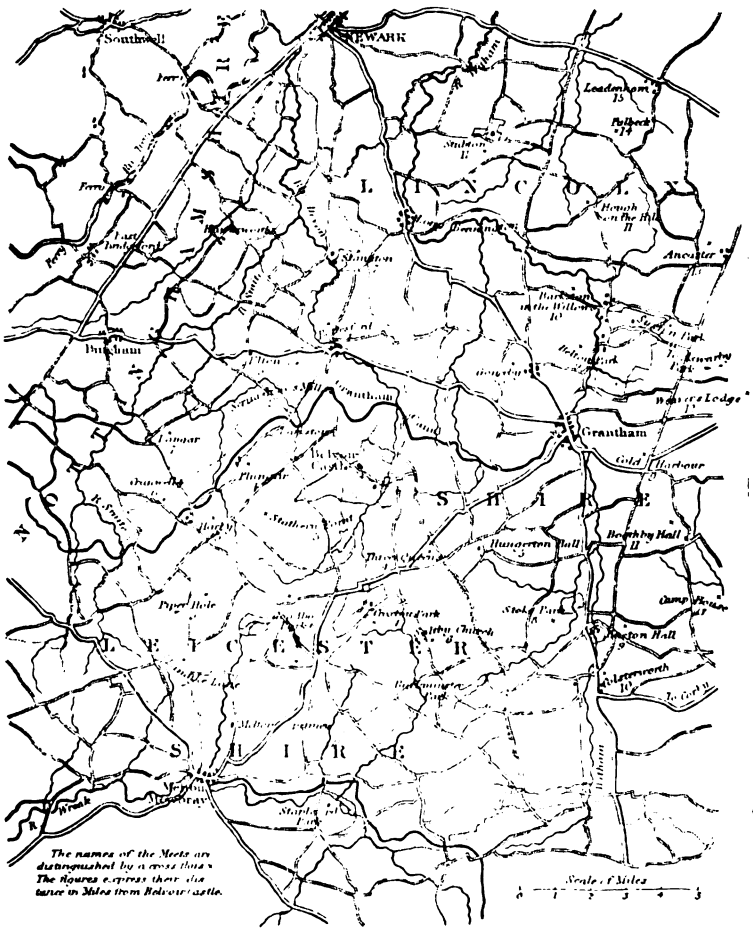
£50 by the deal. It was a showy animal, and a good bold fencer, and was quite the modern stamp of Leicestershire horse, save that it was smaller than we care for now.

Some years before this, the Duke had bought some of Mr. Heron's famous pack from Cheshire. These hounds were remarkable for the excellence of the sport they showed, and they brought their good qualities into the Belvoir kennel. They also brought in a good deal of the rich colouring which had already become a feature of the Belvoir kennels, though not to the same extent that was afterwards the case when Rallywood from Brocklesby began a new era for the Belvoir.

The fifth Duke was a keen sportsman, but he had many other occupations and he loved society, and for that reason he spent a good deal of time at Cheveley and dipped from there into racing. He was a member of the Jockey Club, and he ran a dead heat for the Derby with Cadland in 1828. This success stirred in him a little enthusiasm for the turf, but it soon died out. The Duke's racing interest had indeed been much stimulated by his intimacy with the second Earl of Chatham, the Duke of York and Mr. Sloane Stanley, and when the influence of these friends was lessened or withdrawn, the Duke's liking for racing flickered out ; a horse called Flambeau, which he had bred himself, and with which he had had some success, being his last racer of any note.

For a time the Duchess's death was a blow to the gaieties of Belvoir, and the Duke never ceased to feel her loss. Yet the duties of a great landlord and the political excitements of the time could not fail to distract and to employ his mind. But from this date his personal interest in hunting, and his attendance in the hunting field, became less frequent, until in the year 1829 he gave up the entire management of the hounds to Lord Forester. After that year the Duke only appeared in the hunting field occasionally, and then rather in order to meet his tenants and his friends than with a view to riding hard to hounds. In his early youth the Duke could occasionally go well, but he was never at any time a hard rider, though always a good

MAP OF THE VARIOUS MEETS OF THE BELVOIR HOUNDS.



From Nimrod's *Hunting Reminiscences.*

sportsman. As time went on he became very fond of shooting, and it was in his time that pheasants began to share with foxes the tenancy of the Belvoir woods, as they do to this day under the fostering care of Mr. Sharpe, the head gamekeeper, who in his younger days was an excellent rider across country.

Thus the fifth Duke, not the least splendid of his race, passes away from the chief position in this history, though, as we shall see, Belvoir still remained a delightful meeting-place for hunting guests. The Duke's hospitality was lavish almost to a fault, and his love of society never failed, and although he might no longer take so active a part in the field, the welfare of the pack which had grown up to fame and excellence under his own eye was always dear to him. But few visitors left Belvoir without having seen the kennels, or, if it was the hunting season, without having been present at a meet. The Belvoir Hunt was now the fashion. The "right hand of Melton" one writer calls it. The Croxton Park assemblies were as large then as they are now, and the leading hunting men of the day were to be seen at the covert side in a dress not unlike our present fashion. The horses, too, would remind us of the present day, as many followed the example of that fine horseman, Lord Charles Manners, and rode nothing but blood horses. Lord Charles had found out the value of blood on the day when he had that adventurous ride in the Peninsula to which he owed his life.

"We are all well acquainted," says an old writer, "with the anecdote of the escape of the gallant Lord Charles Manners, who, when surprised in Spain by a squadron of French Lancers and desired to surrender, determined upon a struggle for his liberty, replied only by such a start as he would have taken at the sound of 'gone away' from a gorse covert. Quickly applying spurs to the sides of his charger, a thorough-bred mare—luckily the second which he had mounted after the fatigue of a general action, a mare distinguished in Leicestershire—he led chase, fearlessly steering his course, indifferent to a volley of *sacrés* and threats, accompanied by the display of weapons in his

rear, straight towards a ravine in front of him, charging it at a point somewhat broader than the full breadth of the Whissendine, and, clearing it, landed in safety on the opposite bank, to the infinite amazement of all *les messieurs braves des braves*, not one of whom could regard it otherwise than as the most unnegotiable *ne plus ultra* of pursuit." [1]

The time, however, had come when the Duke felt the necessity of shifting the burden of responsibility on to younger shoulders. And with the need came the man. In 1830 the Duke handed over the horn and the management of the pack to John George Lord Forester, the son of his old friend and brother-in-law, the first Lord, who had passed away in 1828. There could have been no better choice; but the story of Lord Forester's mastership belongs to another chapter in the history of the hunt.

[1] *Sporting Review*, vol. i., 1839, p. 208.

GEORGE, SECOND LORD FORESTER.
For many years Master of the Belvoir Hounds.
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Chapter IX

THE OLD HUNTSMAN AND THE YOUNG MASTER

1830–1842

THE young Lord Forester had every qualification for the post he was to occupy as master of the Belvoir. From his earliest years an enthusiastic lover of hunting, that enthusiasm did not grow cold with time. Long, indeed, after he was unable to mount his horse without assistance, Lord Forester would go well with hounds, though not, of course, with the brilliance of the earlier days of his mastership. If we want to know what the new master was like in appearance, we have but to glance at the reproduction of the famous hunt breakfast picture, by Sir Francis Grant, on the opposite page. The painting from which this print is taken hangs in the smaller dining-room at Belvoir, and differs in some respects from the other well-known picture, which has been often engraved, and which is familiar to most of my readers. The original of the latter picture is, I believe, in the possession of the present Lord Cromer, and is in his town house in Berkeley Street.

That from which the present reproduction is made was in the possession of Mr. Gilmour till his death, when it passed by bequest to the sixth Duke of Rutland, who was his intimate friend. In this painting Sir Francis Grant introduces two figures, Scotch friends of Mr. Gilmour, which do not appear in the other. Every one knows the curiously fortunate career of Sir Francis Grant, one of the handsomest men of his time. How he spent his little patrimony

(£10,000) in hunting, how he lived in the best society at Melton, and was a good heavy-weight even in that day of distinguished Welters. How he often pounded the field on horses not always of the best, for he was not a good judge of horseflesh. How, like other people, he had his turn of luck when he bought that wonderful mare from the gipsies, on which he finished the day alone with hounds, when all, even Goodall, were beaten; and how he sold the mare for a large sum one Croxton Park Wednesday. We know, too, that when the patrimony was expended Sir Francis made a handsome income by painting portraits; and many of us can remember the time when no Academy Exhibition was complete without one or more of the President's exceedingly well-groomed looking portraits of men and horses. The Melton Breakfast is probably his very best work. The scene was familiar, and he threw himself into and touched off to the life the likenesses and characters of the various men portrayed. All of them were more or less well-known figures in the Belvoir field, and most of them were among the familiar guests at the Castle. There was Lord Wilton, the finest of horsemen and the very pink of aristocracy, who ruled for many years the society of Melton and was the mainstay of the Quorn Hunt. He was one of the most beautiful horsemen who ever rode over Leicestershire, riding with the same tact and judgment that marked his whole character. He was never in a hurry, and yet always with hounds. No doubt he was well mounted, for, except for very few men, that is absolutely necessary for any who would cross Leicestershire with credit. He was fastidious as to the country he rode over, as he was careful in his choice of society, to which not even the masters of the Quorn were admitted without a certain probation, this extending, it is said, in one instance, to two seasons. He had a very fine stud of horses, and with his groom, Jem Goodwin, was the terror of the horse-dealers, who could get nothing out of his Lordship but the right value of their horses.

Another portrait is that of Mr. Little Gilmour, who was probably the very best heavy-weight that ever crossed

Leicestershire. He was always mounted on the best of cattle, and was well able to make use of them. Mr. Gilmour was a great favourite at Belvoir, where he was a constant visitor. In spite of his fourteen stone in the saddle, like another of the group, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Mr. Gilmour dearly loved a lark. He was somewhat of a jealous rider, according to Christian, who says :—

"The finest bit of jealousy I ever see was from Glaston Pasture to Ketton Village—five on 'em. Mr. Gilmour, on Vingt'un, was first again ; there was Colonel Lowther, Sir James, Mr. Maxse, and Captain White ; you could have covered them with a sheet nearly all the time, but they couldn't head him. I was watching them on one of Sir James Boswell's, the year he went to live at Somerby. Mr. Moore was out, but he couldn't keep company. You can't lay it less than seven miles, no check ; they came up by the Welland Meadows." [1]

Another figure well known in his day was Count Matuscewitz, who, it was said afterwards, was a Russian spy ; and at all events we know that the only time Raikes mentions Melton is when he sent some information to the Count there. He was a keen, bold rider—"Matuscewitz never was slack"—and was a great friend of that inveterate old gossip Raikes, from whom he probably picked up a good deal in the way of news. He really liked hunting, and possibly he may have found the sport helped him to get information. He died at last in rather bad circumstances in St. Petersburg, having fallen under the displeasure of the Czar.

But for us the principal figure in the picture is that of Lord Forester, handsome as were all the Foresters, who is leaning with his back to the fireplace. He began hunting early, his father having kept a pack of harriers for him at Willey as soon as he was able to ride. While at Christ Church he used to hunt with Sir Thomas Mostyn over the Bicester country, and later at Belvoir he began to make his mark among the riders of the day. Nor was it very long

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 27.

before he showed that he had inherited his father's judgment in horseflesh, being generally well mounted on active, short-legged horses, somewhat lower than was, and is, to the general taste of Leicestershire riders. On these he was never out of "good things." On the death of his father in 1828, Mr. George Forester succeeded to the title, and two years later he took the hounds. Shortly before this he very nearly put an end to his career altogether.

"Lord Forester encountered what may be termed an 'awful case' with the Duke of Rutland's hounds this season. His lordship—a chip of the old block—delights in hounds, and will be with them if it is on the cards. Coming down one day on the Smite, hounds running very hard, he charged it in his line where there happened to be a stake-and-bound fence on the rising side. His horse touched one of the stakes with his knee. The consequence was, the impetus with which he was going, and which would have enabled him to have cleared everything, was checked, and falling with great violence against the opposite bank, his neck, back, three ribs and thigh were broken on the spot. His lordship escaped with only a broken thumb. Lord Forester is now a member of the Old Club at Melton Mowbray."[1]

The *Sporting Magazine* of the day says that the arrangement for hunting the country was that the Duke lent the hounds, kennels and stables, and gave £1,200 (one authority says £1,500)[2] a year towards the expenses. From a correspondence between Lord Forester and General Reeves, now in the possession of Mr. J. Reeves, of Leadenham House, it appears that Lord Forester also took a subscription of £1,000 a year from the Grantham side of the country, and found the rest of the expenses himself. The same magazine also states that Sir Harry Goodricke shared in the responsibility of taking over the hounds, but I cannot find any other authority for this. It was, of course, after Nimrod had left the magazine, and its sources of information were not so trustworthy. There seems to have been a general idea

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, old series, vol. clxxiv., p. 51.

[2] This was the amount given at first, afterwards reduced to £1,200.

that this arrangement was only temporary, and that when Lord Granby came of age (in 1836) he would take the hounds. But this he had no intention of doing, and I infer that the Duke did not wish it either.

Lord Forester, when he took over the hounds, retained for a time Goosey as his huntsman. The young master had, so far as appears, no experience with hounds beyond that of his boyish days with the harriers at Willey. But in Goosey he had a good tutor, and he proved himself so apt a pupil that he became one of the soundest judges of a hound in the kingdom, and, as we shall see later on, was referred to constantly on matters of hound-breeding even after he had given up the mastership. On this point I may refer my readers to the letters from Lord Forester to James Cooper, to be found on a later page.

I am not able to discover that Lord Forester made any change in the system of breeding. The appearance of Grove sires in 1829 and 1832 may have been due to his influence, as Goosey is said to have had a prejudice against introducing that blood. At all events the main lines on which the pack had been bred were adhered to, and we may take it that the Belvoir were now, and were recognised to be, the representatives of the old Meynell blood, which they had from four sources at least—Lord Monson, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Heron, and Sir Tatton Sykes. This blood, with the successful dipping, first into Badminton and then into Brocklesby, and grafted on the original stock of the Belvoir, had produced a most perfect pack; nor did master or huntsman think that this could be improved on. So, too, visitors thought, for Nimrod writes:—

"As perfection is said to be denied to men, it is almost too much to allow it to brutes; but it is universally admitted that, at the present time, nothing is wanting to the Duke of Rutland's hounds. Their speed, that essential in their country, has ever been notorious, and is so now; but by the good management of Goosey, by his patient discretion —if I may so express myself—he has tempered their speed with the faculty of hunting; and though they now fly, they

fly not without scent. . . . From all I heard—and I asked the opinion of a good many judges—the Belvoir kennel never before stood anything like so high. In short, it now stands *rubrick* in the sporting world." [1]

The finishing touch to the pack was indeed put afterwards by Will Goodall, who brought to his task what I should be tempted to describe as a touch of genius. But this belongs to a later period. As to the sport enjoyed, it seems to have been good. We have no longer the assistance of the *Records*, but there lies before me a small, red, old-fashioned pocket-book in which Lord Forester kept a diary of his sport, and from which we are able to judge what kind of runs the hounds had. There is perhaps less need of the *Records*, inasmuch as the hounds now occupy a larger place in the minds of the men of Melton and of the sporting magazines, and even Nimrod extends the patronage of his most magnificent style to the hunt.

Thomas Goosey had now been many years with the Belvoir, and was established as one of the leading huntsmen of the day. He was still a powerful horseman, and he had a marvellous constitution and a very hard head, for he is said to have been able to drink a bottle of brandy at a sitting, a statement which is somewhat confirmed by a private letter in my possession, which relates how the old huntsman when driving from Belvoir to visit the Cottesmore kennels, on a cold winter's day, took thirteen glasses of hot whisky and water without being apparently in the least affected by it. He was a very polite man with his field, and his severest remark seems to have been, "You jumped on that hound, sir, and I beg leave to say that you buried him as well."

Lord Forester is said to have insisted almost from the first on a severe rule of drafting. He never would spare a hound that did not come up to the very highest standard in the matter of legs and feet.

The condition and management of the pack at this time gave the greatest satisfaction to all who hunted with it. In

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, old series, vol. clxxiv., p. 48. May, 1829.

1839, the year of Lord Suffield's mastership of the Quorn, Nimrod came over from his exile at Calais to enjoy a glimpse of his favourite sport. He was by this time a subdued Nimrod. The exuberances of his style had disappeared, and his description of the hounds, being that of a contemporary of much experience, finds an appropriate place here.

"Of the Belvoir hounds, my opinion is expressed in a few words. Under every advantage of upwards of thirty years' establishment under the eyes of clever men, and with those means in particular so necessary to the end which large possessions by the owners of them can hardly fail to afford, they are allowed to have arrived at perfection in form and likewise in their work. The style of hound is also described in a few words. Like the thorough-bred horse, he exhibits a frame peculiarly fitted for the work he has to perform, combining immense powers, for his size, *disguised*, if I may be allowed the expression, by the elegance of his form. But, to speak more soberly, in looking over the pack that was this day out, the eye was attracted to the following distinguishing features. First, their extremely placid demeanour while waiting for the time of throwing off. It resembled that of what is termed the sluggish thorough-bred horse previously to his being roused into action. Secondly, the sort of family likeness which reigned throughout the pack. Thirdly, the generally perfect and exact symmetry in their form; and, lastly, the form itself. It has the length necessary to speed and essential to the *stride* which a roomy and, in parts, highly ridged country requires, with a display of power in certain portions of the frame, as well as in the acting parts, which cannot be too much admired. For example: the combination of strength with depth of *rib* is remarkable in these hounds, so distinguished for their blood-like appearance; and this combination is again strengthened by their powerful loins and muscular hind legs. The head of the Belvoir foxhound has long been remarkable for somewhat of a peculiar construction and for being short. This peculiarity, however, did not strike me so forcibly as when I last saw the pack. Their legs and feet appeared straight and good, as a matter

of course, where such choice of entry is at command and their bone quite equal to their frame.

"In their work, the Belvoir hounds are allowed to be eminent for the manner in which they drive a scent when it is ahead, and for the quick and decisive manner in which they turn with it when it is no longer ahead. This excellence is essential to killing *a stout fox which runs short*, and the absence of it accounts for the frequent loss of such foxes. The general speed of hounds, indeed, in runs of a certain description, entirely depends on the extent to which they possess this quality. Without it, I should say the chances are three to one in favour of the fox on a good scenting day. I wish to observe that the foregoing remarks are the result entirely of my own observation, not having had conversation with any individual on the subject.

"The general speed of the Belvoir hounds has long been proverbial."[1]

Nimrod, however, returns somewhat to his older style when he speaks of the Duke of Rutland, but he tells us that the Duke was out and took the greatest interest in seeing the hounds draw Melton Spinney. He also tells us of some others who were present.

"There were several conspicuous characters this day in the field, amongst them two German princes who were on a visit to Belvoir, and a German count, domiciled at Melton, to all of whom, by their own desire, I had the honour to be introduced. Neither was the introduction a mere matter of ceremonious form. The two princes—Trautsmandorff, the head of his family, as I am told, and the only son of the late master of the horse to the Emperor of Austria; and Rudolph Lichtenstein, a captain of dragoons in the Austrian service—gave me a pressing invitation to visit them at Vienna, which the distance alone prevents my accepting. Neither did their civility end here; they offered to mount me, if I hunted with Lord Chesterfield in the woodlands, which, unfortunately, it was not in my power to do, and I missed some fine sport. The name of the count is Neidhardt de Gneisenau, a

[1] *Sporting Review*, vol. xi., p. 183, 1839.

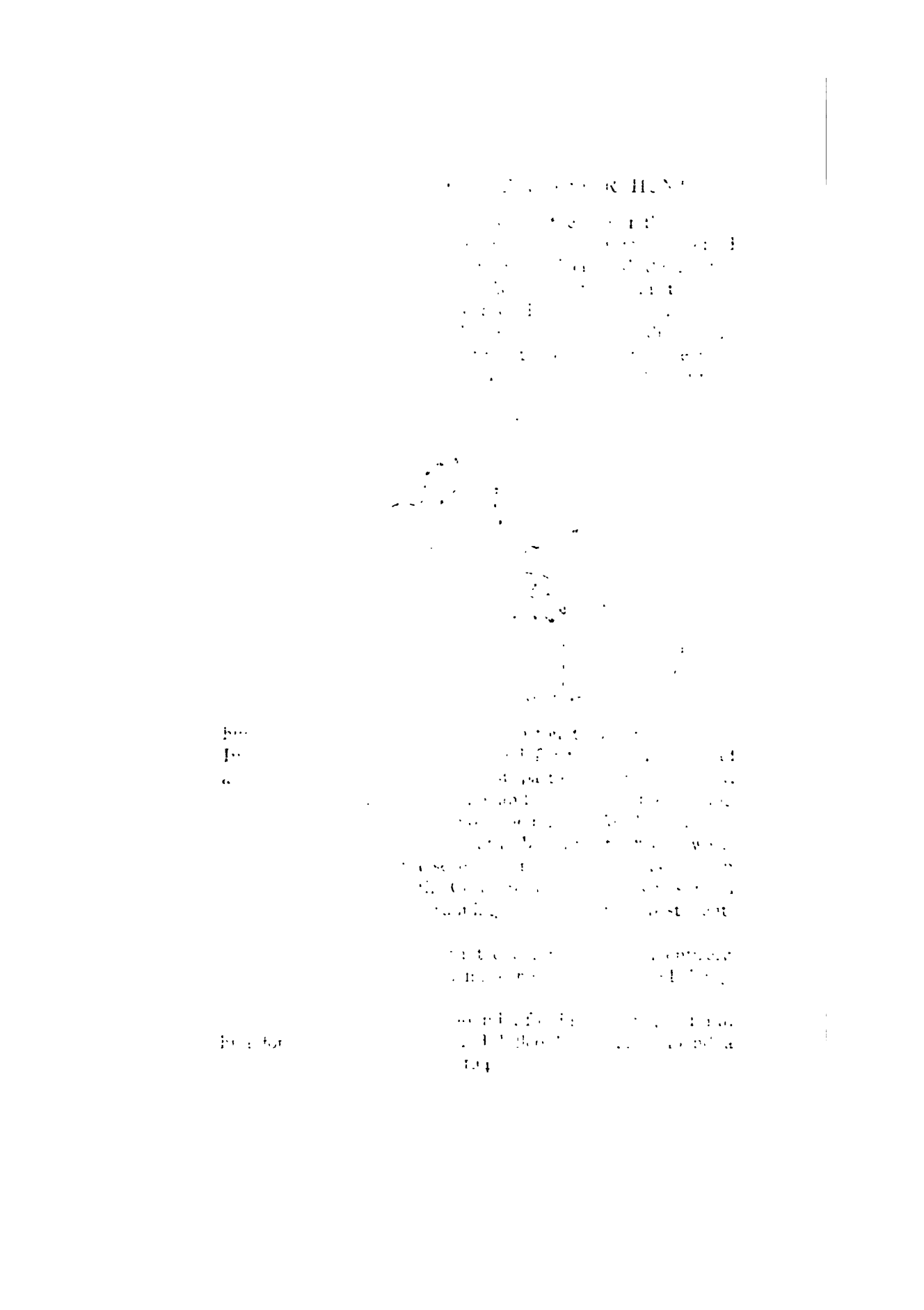
nephew of my much respected friend, Count Veltheim, whose writings on breeding horses were so much prized by the readers of the *Old Sporting Magazine* in the days of that periodical's prosperity. Having had a taste of the count over the mahogany, I can confirm the character given me by a countryman of his own, namely, that he is a 'jolly good fellow,' which, indeed, his looks very plainly show. This is, I understand, the second year of the presence of these noblemen in Leicestershire, and two of the three are very good Englishmen." [1]

Then he passes to discourse of two ladies who were out, and his method of doing so is clearly early Victorian.

"There were, likewise, two conspicuous characters this day in the field, appertaining to the softer sex, namely, Miss Manners of Goadby Hall and Miss Charlesworth. Of the latter I saw nothing in the burst, as she did not go my line; but I heard an anecdote of her that should not go unrecorded, as it shows she 'comes of a good sort,' as Dick Christian says of a horse, and that she herself is not likely to introduce a bad cross. Getting a very bad fall some time back, and being rather seriously damaged, she was strongly advised to return home. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'I must not do that; papa would be *very angry* if I came home before the run was over.'" [2]

On the whole the sport of these early years of Lord Forester's mastership was good, though perchance Goosey was not quite so keen or so close to his hounds as he had been when younger. Yet, although he may not have been so quick in the field, he never ceased to be the best of kennel huntsmen. William Goodall spoke in after years of having been careful to keep up the quality of the hounds, and a close examination of the sport recorded during the latter years of Goosey's time as huntsman shows us that they must have been a stout pack. Take, for example, a run in 1832, from Goadby right into the Cottesmore country. Finding in Goadby Gorse, and leaving Melton Spinney on the right, hounds ran almost straight for Stapleford. No

[1] *Sporting Review*, vol. xi., p. 186. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 188.



Walter L. Colls Ph. Sc.

Thomas Goosey.—Huntsman to the 5th Duke of Rutland

with his two whippers in Robinson & William Goodall and some favourite hounds

From the picture at Belvoir by Sir Francis Grant P.R.A.

THE ANGEL INN AT GRANTHAM, CIRCA 1830.

A great Hunting centre. Belonging at one time to the order of Knights Templars.

second fox in Ingoldsby Wood, and sent him along to Bulby in twenty-five minutes. When the fox got to Kirkby Wood he ran the rides, but hounds forced him away and killed him in Morton Fen just as darkness fell."

One more instance may serve to show the head these hounds carried with a good scent. At three o'clock on December the 21st, 1839, they found a fox in Lawn Hollow, and one hour later, almost to a minute, they killed him near Grimston. The pack ran literally abreast over the fields, and never checked or hovered all the way.

It would be tedious and useless to give the outlines of more runs here, but I have put together a few of those which Leicestershire and Lincolnshire men may like to trace on the map in order to compare the lines of former days with those we ride now. It may also serve to disabuse our minds of a certain error, that sport was much better then than it is now, whereas the run of foxes seems much the same, and the pace of hounds and horses not to differ greatly. The railways, no doubt, are the great spoil sports, but even they are not nearly so bad as they might be, and the consideration for the interests of hunting shown by the companies and their servants is beyond all praise. The officials have all the instincts of sportsmen, and never spoil a chase or run into a pack if they can help it. I remember, when I was spending a winter at Burton Overy, that the station-master at Kibworth (a capital sportsman by the way) told me that his signal-man had often seen a litter of foxes playing on the platform in the early morning, and the old vixen used to lay up her cubs near the goods yard of the station.

Another idea, not uncommon among hunting men, is that in former times there was no opposition to hunting. But this is not so. On the contrary, there has never been a time when hunting has been without its troubles and its enemies. Whatever may be said and written about the benefits of hunting to the farmer—and no doubt they are great in the long run—it must not be forgotten that the advantages are also for the most part indirect, and therefore to many minds imperceptible.

Yet when we consider the importance of the sport to the prosperity of such counties as Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, we have only to imagine the state of things if hunting were to cease for a single season. Corn and cattle are, it is true, at the present time equally depressed, but what the condition of these counties would be if all the hunting establishments were withdrawn it is difficult to imagine.

There have always been Englishmen who are ready to believe they are oppressed, and that their rights as well as their fields are trampled under foot, and such will resist the privileges of sport accordingly. They are open but honest foes, and they do comparatively little injury to hunting—perhaps, indeed, are no real danger to it at all. The real peril and hindrance in the future, as in the past, lie in the selfishness and indifference of a certain class of landowners, who, while professing to be sportsmen, put up miles of barbed wire fencing over their land. No man who is not covertly hostile to hunting would permit such fencing on his property.

As an illustration of the difficulties which arose in the early days of the Belvoir, the most, by far, were occasioned by the opposition of the landlords. We have seen how Sir William Manners turned off the Duke's hounds in consequence of a political difference with his kinsman, and actually succeeded in keeping them out. Lord Forester, too, had not been long in office before a serious difficulty arose in a very important part of the country. Stapleford Park, though not in the Duke's country, was often run over by the Belvoir. Lord Harborough, however, not only warned hounds off his property, but with the peculiar malignity of a weak and selfish man, lined his coverts with dog spears. In consequence of this, hounds had repeatedly to be stopped when running hard in their very best country, a most vexatious and annoying thing for any master or huntsman to have to experience.

After a time this cloud passed away from the hunt, and Lady Harborough, after her husband's death, threw open the coverts, while her second husband, Major Claggett, supported

the hunt in every way. The following was a contemporary view of the case:—

"We are sorry to say that this latter pack," the Belvoir, "are unable to hunt much in the neighbourhood of Melton, owing to the ill-feelings of Lord Harborough. For several years the hounds have been stopped when approaching the Stapleford preserves; but now they are not permitted to enter any portion of Lord Harborough's property, so as not to allow that person any pretext for legal proceedings. In order completely to prevent this, Lord Forester has advertised in the Leicestershire journals his desire that every person hunting with his hounds will be equally particular, and avoid trespassing on all lands belonging to his uncourteous neighbour. That a 'man has a right to do what he likes with his own' is an undoubted truism sanctioned by ducal authority; but it is one which, if generally acted up to in a selfish spirit by the great landed proprietors, would not only produce much ill-feeling from their inferiors, but would speedily recoil upon themselves by converting all the middle classes into Chartists."[1]

But Goosey's time was drawing to a close, and he received a testimonial which is so often at once a compliment for the past and a suggestion for the future. The followers of the Belvoir Hunt in 1835 presented their huntsman with a handsome silver cup and cover, on which was the following inscription: "To Thomas Goosey, nearly twenty years huntsman to the Belvoir Hunt. This cup is presented by certain noblemen and gentlemen as a tribute to his true sportsman-like qualities. 8th April, 1835."

Shortly before Goosey's retirement we have an account of a visit to the kennels by Mr. John Mills, a critic in sporting subjects somewhat of the Nimrod school. After some lines of description of Belvoir, Mr. Mills goes on:—

"Upon my arrival at the Belvoir kennels, I was received by the Lord Chamberlain and the Equerries-in-waiting, or in more intelligible language, Goosey the huntsman and the two whips. Previous to saying anything of the hounds I

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, January, 1841.

must have a few words about the gallant old huntsman. He may fitly be described as the Duke of Wellington of his order. His years nearly number threescore and ten, *thirty-seven* of which have been passed in the service of his present master, the Duke of Rutland, and twenty-six in the situation he now so nobly fills. Time has frosted each particular hackle upon his brow, but his eyes are as bright as an eagle's and the florid blood of health blooms in his cheeks and mantles through every vein. The shrill, piping voice of age is not heard when he gives tongue, but one full, round and musical as ever waked a wood nymph from her dewy couch. Of middle height and slender, he is a good figure for a horse and sits one with all the ease and firmness of well-practised men not half his years. The kennel is all that the most fastidious houndsman could desire. There are six spacious courts with running water from fountains, well flagged on the slant and containing a roomy kennel in each. The grass yard, an outlet which must be of essential service in the summer, is a wide open space, and only requires a few broad-leaved trees to make it perfect. There is a large meal house, capable of holding a famous stock, so that age may be given to the meal—an indispensable for the making of *good* food. The boiling house, the cooling house and feeding house are fitted with every necessary, and indeed not a corner has been left unthought of in the whole establishment.

"To my question of how many hounds there were, Goosey replied, 'Fifty-seven couples and a half working hounds. This is the pack that is going out to-day, sir,' continued he, unfastening a door and showing me twenty couples of bitches and one hound. After viewing them in the court—and a most brilliant pack they formed—he drew some of the favourites from the class.

"'That's Candid, Captious, Careful, and Curious,' observed Goosey, pointing to two couples of fine black-and-tan hounds. 'They're all from one litter, by Rasselas,' continued he, 'and I hardly knew one of them to make a mistake in their lives. There's nine couples and a half by the same sire and every

one a clipper,' said the huntsman, with a beam of satisfaction glistening in his eye.

"'And where's Rasselas? Have you him now?' inquired I.

"'No, sir, no,' he replied, with a shake of the head, as a thought of the crack old favourite flitted in his memory. 'There never was a better,' continued he, 'but he's kennelled now, I beg to say, sir, in another and better world.' Without discussing this charitable anticipation of Rasselas' whereabouts in the spot ordained for the reception of immaterial spirits, we continued our survey of the kennel's denizens.

"'I saw a hound and a couple and a half of bitches in the entrance,' I observed.

"'Aye, that was Chanticleer, one of the best hounds we have,' replied the huntsman; 'he's going to the Duke of Bedford's.'

"'What! Can you afford to part with one of the best?' I asked.

"'Why, sir, I beg to say we can,' replied he; 'and so you'll think when you've seen the thirteen couples of hounds of last year's entry.'

"'Then let me see them now.'

"The young uns were then drawn, and greater pictures cannot be imagined—all of one size, shape and colour, black-and-tan being the matchless hue. I never derived a greater treat than in witnessing this exhibition. Strong but not heavy, without a grain of coarseness, and yet not an atom too fine, I believe this pack is as near perfection as anything in the shape of hounds can be bred.

"'That's rather a weedy one,' observed Goosey, selecting a bitch that would pass for a spicy hound in many kennels. 'But,' continued he, 'I don't like to part with her, because I might lose good blood in being too particular.'

"Remember these sage words, ye draftsmen, and mind, at the time you are uprooting the weeds, the flowers are not cut up by the same hoe. After being gratified by a lengthy view of these promising hounds, four couples of stallions were drawn, and a more superb lot a man could not hope to see.

Conqueror and Roderick, by the defunct Rasselas, were faultless.

"There were a couple and a half of Mr. Drake's bitches in the kennel, and a very nice stamp they were. I hope their expected progenies may prove the prototypes of their dams and sires.

"'That hound, Chaser,' observed the huntsman, 'is a descendant from Mr. Osbaldeston's celebrated Furrier, and I beg to say, sir, he's no disgrace to his father,' continued he.

"Appearances unquestionably were in favour of the truth of the declaration. Upon concluding the particular view of the pack, the whole *en masse* were taken into the cottage-paddock and exhibited to me.

"After bestowing some observations upon the entire display I had been a spectator of, which at least appeared not to displease the veteran, I accepted an offer to enter his snug domain adjoining and taste his nut-brown ale, with divers other tempting and prepared consolables. Among many trophies of the chase, sporting prints and engravings of the present and late Dukes of Rutland, which adorned the walls and tables, stood a massive silver cup with a fox in dead silver upon the top, hounds and various appropriate devices.

"Croxton Park was the meet, but the severe frost precluded all hope of any sport. However, as I had sent a hunter there, I determined to accompany the hounds and see the result of the fix. The active master, Lord Forester, was anticipated that morning from London, but the uncongenial weather to my mortification still retained him there. I learned that the Duke (who was also absent) seldom joined his hounds, but his stud is still kept up in all its former excellence.

"'We are coming to five days a week,' said Goosey, as I rode by his side towards the Park; 'and it won't do to hunt the hounds over such ground as this. I beg to say, sir, that we mustn't lame hounds now at this season of the year.'

"'Then you'll not throw off?'

"'Why, sir, we'll just hear what the gentlemen say,' he replied.

"Upon arriving at the Park we found a very spare field, but some of the few urged the propriety of trying the low ground; and, as is usual in such cases, one suggested a spot 'where there was no frost or snow,' in a *direct line* to his abode.

"'I am satisfied if we go nowhere,' observed one of the half-dozen in pink, 'for it's worth while to come the distance I have to see such hounds,' continued he, with an unqualified look of admiration at the pack.

"Goosey expected to receive some fresh orders of how and where to proceed at the meet, but not doing so he took his own course, and to satisfy those who care nothing for hounds' feet so long as they can go a-hunting, named the covert he would draw. 'It's about four miles from here,' said the huntsman to me, 'and being out of your road for Melton, I beg to say, sir, it's not worth your while to come with us.'

"There was an unequivocal meaning in Goosey's voice and look. I took the hint."[1]

The time of the old huntsman was now coming to an end. Although he could still look over the hounds with a just pride in the pack he had had so large a share in building up, yet he could no longer ride to them as of old.

To be huntsman to Lord Forester was indeed no light task for the physical endurance of any man, for we have Will Goodall's authority for saying that his lordship would never leave off as long as he could see the hounds. Of what the hounds were capable in Goosey's last year, the following run may serve to show us. The meet was at Stubton, the same fixture to which Nimrod had gone nine years before. The fences in the neighbourhood have still a reputation for stiffness, and it is probably the most difficult country in England to ride over, with the exception of some parts of Mr. Fernie's. From Reeve's Gorse hounds went away with one of the stout wild foxes for which this part of Lincolnshire is noted. Without a check and with scarcely a slackening of speed hounds ran past Ancaster Gorse and Kelby by Heydour into

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, March, 1842.

the Southings: ten miles nearly straight in one hour and ten minutes, fast enough for any one, too fast for many. In Dembleby Thorns there were two foxes, and hounds went by Aunsby to Newton Wood with a fresh fox and were stopped twenty minutes later. It was the last great run Goosey was to see as huntsman, for at the end of the season he went as kennel huntsman to Sir Richard Sutton, who had just taken over the Cottesmore mastership from Lord Lonsdale. This pack had at different times given and received blood from the Belvoir, and some puppies of Lord Lonsdale's Lasher had been entered in 1841. Goosey came back later to end his days under the shadow of the Castle. He died at Knipton, and in the village churchyard his grave may still be seen. The Dukes of Rutland have at all times been well served, but it is doubtful if they have ever had a better or more faithful servant than Thomas Goosey, for twenty-six years huntsman to their hounds.

THE LORD GEORGE MANNERS.

Chapter X

THE GOLDEN AGE

I

1842–1859

THE years that follow are the most splendid in the history of the hunt. The farmers and the landlords were still prosperous, though observant men could see the clouds gathering. It was however probably the period in our history when trade and agriculture prospered best side by side. Reform had not yet proved to be the prelude to a revolution, and the lords of Belvoir still lived among their people with the traditional and princely splendour of old. The Duke, fond as he was of society, had now a new motive in drawing round him a circle of friends, and Belvoir was, as it has always been, the meeting ground of political and literary distinction with the representatives of royalty and rank. The sons of the house were now grown up. Lord Granby was a keen sportsman and one of the hardest riders of his day. Indeed, his boldness across country was such as to approach the borders of recklessness. Lord John Manners was already in Parliament as the colleague of Mr. Gladstone at Newark, when that great man was the rising hope of the Tory party, and the future leader of the Tories was still struggling with the prejudices he had raised against himself. Lord George was a gay young Horse Guardsman. Distinguished visitors succeeded one another in rapid procession through the rooms at Belvoir. Of the royal family the Duke's old friends had all passed away, with the exception of the late Duke of Cambridge, who is said during one of his visits to the Castle to have stuck in a very muddy ditch in his eagerness to obtain the brush. The Duke of

Wellington rode in his gallant manner after the hounds, and is reported to have been so well mounted by his old A.D.C., Lord Tweeddale, that he remarked that Leicestershire was not so much more difficult a country to cross than Hampshire. The magnificent hospitality of the Castle is described by Charles Greville, the keenest of chroniclers, if the least genial, and surely the most melancholy figure in all his own portrait gallery. The man who had too much conscience to allow him to enjoy a life of low aims and not too innocent pleasures, too weak a will to alter the course of his existence, or break the Liliputian chains of a thousand habits of self-indulgence, he rails at fate and sneers at his fellow-men and has come down to later days stripped by his own hand of all the sound grace which in his time he must have shown. It is a comfort to think that, like other cynics, he enjoyed himself more than he was willing to allow even to himself.

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *January 7th.*

"After many years of delay, I am here since the 3rd, to assist at the celebration of the Duke of Rutland's birthday. The party is very large, and sufficiently dull: the Duke of Wellington, Esterhazy, Matuscewitz, Rokeby, Miss d'Este (afterwards Lady Truro), and the rest a rabble of fine people, without beauty or wit among them. The place is certainly very magnificent and the position of the Castle unrivalled, though the interior is full of enormous faults, which are wholly irretrievable. This results from the management of the alterations having been entrusted to the Duchess and Sir John Thurston (the former of whom had some taste but no knowledge), and they have consequently made a sad mess of it. There is immense space wasted, and with great splendour and some comfort the Castle has been tumbled about until they have contrived to render it a very indifferent house; no rooms communicating, nor even (except the drawing-room and dining-room, the former of which is seldom or never inhabited) contiguous. The gallery, though unfinished, is a delightful apartment, and one of the most comfortable I ever saw. The outside of the Castle is faulty, but very grand—so grand

as to sink criticism in admiration; and altogether, with its terraces and towers, its woods and hills, and its boundless prospect over a rich and fertile country, it is a very noble possession. The Duke lives here for three or four months, from the end of October till the end of February or March, on and off, and the establishment is kept up with extraordinary splendour. In the morning we are roused by the strains of martial music, and the band (of his regiment of militia) marches round the terrace awakening or quickening the guests with lively airs. All the men hunt or shoot. At dinner there is a different display of plate every day, and in the evening some play at whist or amuse themselves as they please, and some walk about the staircases and corridors to hear the band, which plays the whole evening in the hall. On the Duke's birthday there was a great feast in the Castle; two hundred people dined in the servants' hall alone, without counting the other tables. We were about forty at dinner. When the cloth was removed, Esterhazy proposed his Grace's health, who has always a speech prepared in which he returns thanks. This time it was more simple than usual, and not at all bad. To-night there is a ball for the servants, which could not take place on the real birthday, as it fell on a Saturday. . . .

"BELVOIR, *January 8th.*

"There was a ball for all the servants and tenants on Monday, which the Duke of Rutland opened with Lady Georgina Fane, and the Duke of Wellington followed with Lady Brownlow. Yesterday half the people went to Belton; it was nearly impossible to get any talk with the Duke. . . . To-day I have been all over this Castle; the arrangements are admirable, and the order and cleanliness of every part of the offices and the magnitude of the establishment are very remarkable, and such as I have never seen elsewhere."[1]

But all these splendid people were of small consequence in that happy society, which found the healthiest of pleasures in the hunting field. When Goosey left, Lord Forester chose

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, 2nd edition, vol. iii., pp. 46, 47, 48.

as his successor William Goodall, who had been second whipper-in, and thus began a combination of master and huntsman which, added to the excellence and the renown of the pack, entitles this period to the name of the golden age. Goodall was something more than an ordinary huntsman, for he had a character, even a touch of genius, which removed him altogether from the ordinary run of men. I do not know whether it is necessary to apologise for using such language of a huntsman, but if it is, it would be because men forget that it is not so much a man's occupation as his character which entitles him to his real place among his fellows. In the history of a hunt we may be permitted to speak highly of the most remarkable character it produced—a man who succeeded in everything he undertook, and left behind him a reputation which will not be forgotten as long as hunting is delighted in above all other sports by Englishmen.

I have a letter by me from Colonel Anstruther Thomson, in which he places Goodall first of all the huntsmen he has known in the kennel, and second only to James Walker of the Fife in the field, and to Tom Firr, late of the Quorn, in the saddle.

William Goodall was the grandson of old Stephen Goodall, the heaviest professional huntsman who ever sat on a horse. Even old Raymond, his favourite horse, on which the old huntsman is painted, would lie down at odd moments to relieve himself of the tremendous weight of his rider. But Stephen was, no doubt, a fine kennel huntsman, and he had hunted with Mr. Corbet, of Sundorne, and could remember old Trojan, for so long a toast with Warwickshire huntsmen. His kennel discipline was somewhat severe, as we gather by the well-known story of the buck rabbit which used to be turned into the kennels, while the whippers-in checked even so much as the winking of an eyelid towards it. One of Stephen's whippers-in at last represented to the huntsman the unfairness of thus bringing temptation to the hounds instead of waiting for them to go to it, and the feeder ate the rabbit and put an end to the system. Young William Goodall began life, as so many good huntsmen have done, in the stables. Mr. Drake, his first master, was member for

Amersham, and Will spent many weary hours outside the House of Commons while the great debates on the Reform Bill of 1832 were going on. But his heart was always in the kennel rather than the stable, though he did some good work as second horseman, a training which has often been of the greatest value to future huntsmen, giving them an eye to country, and teaching them to take care of a horse.

Will's career was nearly brought to an end at Shardeloes; Florence, a mare of much note afterwards, getting him down and dragging him across the stable-yard while he was schooling her. However, this early stable experience no doubt helped to make Will the horseman he afterwards became; for, although I have written of him above as second to Tom Firr in the saddle, yet that is to place him very high indeed in the ranks of the gallant band of horsemen who have crossed Leicestershire and Lincolnshire in the past.

When Will was still but a lad he was promoted to be second whipper-in under Tom Wingfield, the celebrated one-eyed huntsman, who had himself begun life with Mr. Meynell at ten years old, and who in later years was kennel huntsman to Mr. Assheton Smith, when that great rider was master of the Quorn. Tom had a liking for moderate-sized hounds, which he probably communicated to his young second whipper-in, who was noted for his bold riding, his high spirits, and his sense of humour. But the lad must have learned much in Mr. Drake's kennels, and, among other things, the mischief wrought to sport by a mute pack; for Lady, the favourite of Sir Thomas Mostyn, the former owner of the pack, to which she gave the shape and style her portrait tells us she possessed, transmitted her muteness also to her descendants. Her blood came into the Belvoir kennel through the famous Lexicon, but the muteness was not allowed to descend, since both Tom Goosey and Will Goodall turned at once on any sign of this great failing to Brocklesby or Badminton to correct it. Goodall's first great model in the hunting world was Jem Hills, who was at the Heythrop at the same time as young Will was with the Bicester. We are told that the latter wished to be under

Hills, but perhaps it was as well that this dream was never fulfilled, for the brilliant style of that famous huntsman was not suited for imitation, and least of all by a young beginner in the art. His father,[1] with perhaps a better idea of what would be best for the lad, wrote to Goosey, whom Goodall senior had known when he was in the stables at the foot of the Castle hill. No answer came to the letter, and it was a chance remark made in the hearing of Lord Forester's brother that led to Will being employed at Belvoir as second whipper-in. It is evident, though details are scarce and the materials for history are made up of hints and allusions, that William Goodall had already attracted attention. Wherever he went the natural sweetness of his disposition and his good character won him friends, many and faithful, of all classes, from his fellow-servants and the farm labourers, up to Sir Thomas Whichcote and "my kind Lord Duke" in after years. At all events, William Goodall was engaged in the year 1837, which was his first season with the Belvoir hounds. Goosey was already drawing near the close of his time, and he was an old man and somewhat testy with his whippers-in. The Druid tells us that his greeting to young Goodall was, "You must not mind if I give you a good blowing-up in the field; I am as likely to do so if you are right as wrong"; and we know from other sources that Will had something to bear from the old huntsman, and that he bore it well. On the other hand, he was from the first a favourite with Lord Forester, whose own enthusiasm for the sport made him a ready sympathiser with the keenness of his young servant.

On Goosey's retirement, the path was marked out for Will's promotion; his readiness in the kennel, his excellent judgment of a hound, and last, but not least, his bold riding across a difficult country, on horses which were not always of the very best, had attracted general attention. In addition to this, Tom Flint, the first whipper-in, was out of the question for the post. An excellent servant, a good sportsman, and a favourite with the field, poor Flint suffered with the same

[1] Stud groom to Mr. Drake.

failing which destroyed Tom Moody, and has hindered the career of many a good hunt-servant. Of his own weakness he was thoroughly conscious, and he was quite willing, and indeed anxious, to serve under Goodall when William was promoted from second whipper-in to huntsman over his head. But the Duke and Lord Forester both thought it would be hardly fair to place their young huntsman in so difficult a position, and the arrangement was not sanctioned. This was more particularly the case as for several seasons before Goosey's final retirement Flint had done most of the work in the field. The Duke, always full of kindness, and with the tenderness for an old and faithful servant which was not so much a personal trait as a characteristic of his family, was unwilling to relegate the old man to a retirement which he would feel deeply. Yet, when the time came, no one felt more keenly than Tom Flint himself that his promotion was out of the question, and so he passes out of the history of the Belvoir Hunt.

As soon as Goodall was fairly established in the post of huntsman, he turned his attention to the improvement of the pack. High as the standard already was, Lord Forester and Goodall were anxious to make it even better. They aimed not merely at a pack which should work hard and kill foxes, but at one which should be of unapproachable excellence, both in work and appearance.

Two such judges as Mr. Lambton and Sir Richard Sutton had declared that they always felt discontented with their own hounds after a visit to Goosey and his kennel at Belvoir, and Sir Richard, during the time he was at Cottesmore, was known to have sworn by Belvoir blood. The aim of Goodall was to preserve the rare quality of the pack, but to reduce the standard and increase the bone. His first entry, in 1843, consisted of twenty-two couples, all home-bred. In the following year he went to Brocklesby, and in 1845 to Sir Richard Sutton, which was merely another phase of Belvoir, and to his old master, Mr. Drake, whose hounds were Sir Thomas Mostyn's, only greatly improved. For Mr. Drake had gone to Brocklesby for tongue, and was diligently breed-

ing out the muteness from a pack which is well known to have attained the greatest excellence, the estimation in which these hounds were held being shown by the fact that, at Mr. Drake's sale, four couples fetched two hundred and twenty guineas. A kennel against which Goosey is said to have had a prejudice was the Grove, though why is not recorded, since from the facts which Mr. Foljambe collects in the following letter we should infer that his kennel was chiefly made up of strains of blood of which the origin was one of the tap roots of the Belvoir kennel, by Lord Monson's, through Mr. Osbaldeston's kennels. I give the letter in full:—

"OSBERTON, *April 11th*, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"In answer to your inquiries about the descent of my hounds, I beg to inform you that I purchased the pack of Richard, sixth Earl of Scarbrough, in 1822, when, by reason of his advancing years and infirmities, he found himself no longer able to devote his attention to the management of his hounds. At the time of the transfer of the pack to me they were kept at Sandbeck Park, and hunted the same country that is now in my occupation; but previous to Lord Scarbrough's succeeding to his title he had, as Mr. Lumley Savile, kept his hounds at Rufford Abbey, in Notts, and hunted what is called the Rufford country, which lies to the south and immediately joins this. But upon the death of his elder brother (the fifth Earl) he was obliged to give up Rufford and its accompanying estates to his next brother, the Honourable and Reverend John Lumley, and withdrew his pack to Sandbeck, having, previous to 1811, kept his hounds at Rufford many years; and I believe the pack were previously in the possession both of his father and of Sir George Savile (his maternal uncle). Upon Richard, Lord Scarbrough, removing his pack to Sandbeck, the successor to Rufford (his next brother above mentioned) established a pack at Rufford, which he also continued both as the Honourable and Reverend John Lumley Savile and *afterwards* as seventh *Earl Scarbrough*, when it was decided by law that *he* had a right to

THE EARL OF WILTON LORD GARDNER A FOOTMAN LORD FORESTER ROLAND ERRINGTON
MASSEY STANLEY COUNT MATUSCIEWITZ LYNE STEPHENS SIR FREDERICK JOHNSTON LORD KINNAIRD LORD MACDONALD
THE EARL OF EGLINTON. W LITTLE GILMOUR. LORD ROKEBY

The Milton Hunt Breakfast.

Painted about the year 1837 by Thomas Grant a Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy for
W. Little Gilmour Esq. now at Belcour.

keep possession of the Savile estates (contrary to the express intention of the will of his maternal uncle, the late Sir George Savile). Upon the decease of the said John, the seventh Earl, in 1835, his hounds were kept successively by Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Galway, and were sold by the latter to Sir Matthew W. Ridley, in 1837. I have been obliged to enter into these particulars to prevent the confusion which might naturally arise from the circumstance of there having been two Lord Scarbroughs and two Mr. Lumley Saviles, who respectively and separately kept two distinct packs in *adjoining* counties. I believe the pack I now possess were originally bred more from the old Monson pack,[1] and are in consequence, at this time, more closely and fully related to Mr. Osbaldeston's than any pack of hounds in England, a relationship which I think so highly of that I have returned to the Osbaldeston kennel, and crossed deeply with them during the last ten years, both with Ranter, and through the Duke of Rutland's kennel with the Chorister sort. Ranter, by the way, is as much of the Duke's blood as Osbaldeston's, being a son of Furrier, who was bred at Belvoir.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"O. S. FOLJAMBE.

"To Robert T. Vyner, Esq.,
"17, North Audley Street, London."

But the great hit of Goodall's career was made, as all the world knows, when he introduced Rallywood into the kennels from Brocklesby. In an appendix I have given the complete pedigree of this hound, as the influence he has had on the Belvoir kennel and through the Duke of Rutland's pack on nearly every kennel in England is incalculable. There are very few first-rate packs of hounds which have not some of

[1] The third Lord Monson, born in 1753, hunted what is now the Burton country till his death in 1806. He hunted the country for about twenty years, and was succeeded by his son. Mr. Osbaldeston gave 800 guineas for the pack on taking the Burton in 1810. *Notitia Venatica*, ed. 1892, pp. 41–43.

Rallywood's descendants in them through his famous son, the Belvoir Rallywood. If in any pack the observant man notes a hard-working hound probably of a rich black, tan and white, with a fine voice, and if further he sees the same hound trotting back to kennel at night with his stern up after a long day, it will be a fair guess to put him down as belonging to the first fox-hound family in the world. The story of the coming of this hound to Belvoir is an oft-told tale, yet must it once more be repeated here, nor can I improve on the story as the Druid tells it.

"Yarborough Rallywood, who has virtually made the Belvoir kennel what it now is, never ran to head, but always got to the end of great runs. He was very long and low, the exact image of the Ringwood that Stubbs painted for Brocklesby, and with somewhat round quarters, which made him rather a harrier, and although good twenty-three, he was mean to those who like a big hound. In fact, he was quite a *multum in parvo*, and Will thus summed up his merits in the last sentence of the last letter he ever wrote us: 'He was *the lowest* dog I ever saw in my life, with the largest fore rib, combined with a beautiful neck and shoulders, and a pleasing, intelligent countenance.' Old Will Smith wanted the Belvoir Grappler, and said, '*I'll give you anything in the kennel for him*,' and Will selected Rallywood, in spite of his broken thigh. This exchange was never made, owing to Smith's untimely death, and Grappler died at Belvoir; but the negotiations were renewed with young Will Smith, and he sent Rallywood, by whom he had at one time about fourteen couples of working hounds, and got Trouncer in exchange, and then Raglan by Rustic, whom he liked no better. Will was so fond of his prize, when he at last got hold of it, that fifty-three couples of his puppies, from ten couples of 'the very best stuff' in the kennel, were sent out in the second season. He came to Belvoir in 1851, at nine years old, and was worked a whole season, and when he died in 1853, he found a fitting necropolis in the centre of a flower plot in Will's garden, and a red-currant tree now blooms over his remains."[1]

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, pp. 373, 374.

RALLYWOOD.

From the Painting by Ferneley at Belvoir Castle.

[NOTE.—This painting is said not to do justice to this famous hound.]

Those of my readers who will look back over the pedigree will see that Rallywood's goes back to Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier, the famous hound which the squire got in a draft from Belvoir, so that we have yet another instance of the close and intimate relationship of these two most famous packs. Moreover, Will Smith had, when Rallywood started on his southward way, several couples of his descendants, which remained behind to carry on the family honours, and to bind more closely the tie between the two kennels.

If the reader glances at the stud book reprinted in the appendix, he will see two hounds, Clinker and Clasher (1851), which evidently found much favour with Will Goodall and the master. They had immense pace, which they inherited from a very remarkable mother, Caroline (1850), which goes back to the Belvoir Abelard (1813), and thence to Jerker (1790). She undoubtedly had in her veins a strain of the original Belvoir blood of the old racing grey-hound sort, and from which the speed of the pack is derived. Caroline is said to have found a fox by herself, and to have forced him away. Closely following her came the pack, but the pace was so quick that the fox could not turn, nor could the other hounds reach it before Caroline had caught and killed it alone.

The Belvoir Rallywood (1853) was the delight of Will's heart. No hound could beat him for pace in a morning scurry when the best of Melton were racing behind the pack, no hound could hunt more stoutly for an afternoon fox. His pluck and his constitution were wonderful. He was twenty-three inches in height, and his colour was a rich black, tan, and white. His head was a marvel of intelligence and character; like the Chancellor Thurlow, no one could be quite as wise as he looked. His neck was clean, and well set on good shoulders. Not even Lord Forester could find that he was not straight, and his back and loins were magnificent in their grace and strength. His thighs looked like galloping, and he stood on perfect feet. Nor must we forget his mother Speedwell (1849), by the Grove Singer, and going back through him to the lines of Osbaldeston, Monson, and old Belvoir. So that we see this great hound combined in himself all the best

working lines of fox-hound blood, the Belvoir, Badminton, Brocklesby, Monson, Osbaldeston, and the Grove being all united in him, and he illustrates in a remarkable way the transmission of mental as well as physical qualities.

In 1863 there were fourteen and a half couples of his descendants in the kennel. He transmitted his power and his substance as well to his daughters as to his sons, and two of the former are noted by a contemporary judge for their substance as well as their quality. There were also Render and Roman (1859), the sons of Rallywood; Destitute, the dam, being by Sir R. Sutton's Dryden, which brought, says Will Goodall, his rare intelligence into the kennel. We have all read in hunting history how Mr. Corbet, having taken a fancy to one line, spoilt his pack by adhering to it too closely, but Goodall, while the lines of Duster (Drake's) and Furrier were always the roots on which he grafted, was careful not to fall into this error, for Singer (1855) for example, another rich tan hound, did much service, and on his mother's side he went back to the same family as Rallywood.

Then, again, I have already spoken of Lord Yarborough's Rallywood's sons, Chaser and Clinker, and traced back their descent on the maternal side through Caroline to the earliest days of the kennel.

Chaser, in his turn, had a son Chanticleer (1857) by a bitch called Needless (1854), which goes back to a hound of the Duke of Grafton, and thence on the maternal side right back to a hound called Amadis (1792). Chanticleer's son Wonder (1864) was destined in after years to be chosen to restore to the pack the tongue, of which they were growing short, and we see how this could be done without departing so far from the Belvoir blood as to lose the characteristic type and family likeness of the breed. And though I anticipate somewhat, I may point out that this line is a marvellous result of judicious and thoughtful care in breeding. The line runs thus: Yarborough Rallywood, Chaser, Chanticleer, Wonder, Warrior (1870), and then the great Weathergage (1876), a name the praise of which is in every kennel in the land for the invaluable stoutness and working power of his descendants.

Thus, in ten years after he had come to be huntsman, Will Goodall had gathered up the various lines, with certain leading hounds combining the perfections of many races, and thus laid the foundation on which his successors were able to build.

It was Goodall's insight and judgment which thus gave the final touch to the distinction of the pack, and made the task of those who followed him easy. The most valuable strains in the kennel for appearance and working qualities were sufficiently far removed in relationship to permit of their being combined sufficiently to establish the characteristic type. The pack we see to-day, the sons and daughters of Nominal, of Gordon, of Donovan, of Dexter, is the result of the ability of William Goodall and Lord Forester.

It is the combination of Lord Forester's fastidious selection of make and shape, and Will Goodall's instinctive perception of the qualities of boldness, perseverance, and stoutness, so much needed in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, a combination so fortunate as to be wonderful in this somewhat contrary world, that made the Belvoir pack what it is to-day.

But we have been looking forward, and must now turn back to see what sport the master and huntsman were able to show with their hounds. "Good runs," says one who shared in the sport of those days, "were innumerable"; and Major Longstaffe, who has hunted with the Belvoir for very many years, has remarked to me that there never was a better master than Lord Forester, while I have already quoted Colonel Anstruther Thomson's words to the effect that there never was a better huntsman than Goodall. The latter was a most useful and painstaking man, and satisfied even so exacting a critic as the late Lord Henry Bentinck by his method of hunting hounds. We see in Goodall's treatment of his hounds not only the judicious huntsman, but also a man of insight and sympathy, and we can understand the affection he won from all classes, from the labourers who reckoned "this 'untsman was the best feller that had ever been at Belvoir," to the sixth Duke of Rutland and Sir Thomas Whichcote, who watched over his dying bed with the grief born of a life-long friendship. There is no doubt a personal charm based on sym-

pathy, insight and character, which levels all distinction of class, because it is in itself the greatest distinction of all by its very rarity. Perhaps indeed the best illustration of this is to be found in Belvoir at that time, when the two men who had the gift to the greatest extent were the Duke who was born at Belvoir, and the huntsman who was trained in the stable. Wherever charm is found, human nature will value it above what are sometimes called more solid qualities, because it brings more happiness to mankind in its train. But apart from the charm which can be felt but not described, Goodall was a man who took infinite pains in his vocation, and he gave himself the trouble to think. At Belvoir Castle among the most interesting of the books placed at my disposal by the Duke of Rutland was an oblong green volume containing Will Goodall's diaries, written when the great huntsman was at the height of his fame and pòpularity.

From the very first moment he handled the horn Goodall showed great sport. He had served in a good school in his youth, and for four years he had been with Goosey and Tom Flint. The first run worthy of record was one from Colston Bassett, on December the 8th, still a home of sport and of foxes, where Mr. R. M. Knowles and his son support with equal liberality the South Notts, the Quorn, and the Belvoir, at the meeting point of which hunts the Hall is situated. In Burton Sleigh Woods the Belvoir clashed with Sir R. Sutton's hounds (the Cottesmore), and hounds ran well together, packing as hounds of different kennels but similar race will often do, for two hours and forty minutes. The joint pack drew Burton Long Wood. They changed foxes often, but it was not till dark that they were stopped and each huntsman trotted away with his own pack.

There were, however, at this time some clouds over the prosperity of the hunt. The following is interesting, not only as telling us of this, but as giving a key to the cost of hunting a first-rate country, and also as showing that Lord Forester hunted five days a week, and giving us his views as to the number of hunting days required to do justice to the country.

July 1st, 1842.—Letter from Lord Forester to General Reeve, threatening his resignation for the following reasons: Lord Willoughby having withdrawn his subscription, and the Duke of Rutland having reduced his from £1,500 to £1,200. "The Duke proposes that I shall reduce the establishment, and drop one day a week. I am now only bound to hunt four days, having hunted the fifth as a volunteer, because I considered a fifth day necessary for the sport.

"This would reduce the hunting days from four to three days a week. This course I am not inclined to take, being firmly convinced that it would give satisfaction to no one—neither to those who have hitherto so kindly supported me, nor to myself. I do not feel prepared to increase my own expenditure.

"When I first took the hounds, I was told that the establishment would cost me £1,000 a year in addition to the subscription. It has, however, never cost me less than £2,000 a year, besides my own private stud. I have with the Duke's subscription and that of other kind subscribers received £2,500. This will now be reduced to £2,100. Under these circumstances I fear I must resign next first of January, after twelve years, unless some different arrangements are made with regard to finance. I am sorry to say this."

July 10th, 1842.—General Reeve's answer to the above letter:—

"I have received your letter conveying to me the very unpleasant news of your contemplated resignation. I agree with you, I do not at present see any prospect of raising funds to make up a loss so unexpected. I would suggest that Manners should call a meeting, and will call on him to-morrow and ask him to do so."

Willey, October 20th, 1842.—Letter from Lord Forester to General Reeve:—

"I have been in correspondence with the Duke and shall endeavour to go on, if the gentlemen of the hunt will kindly continue what they promised. I shall hunt four days a

week after Christmas. My own affairs not being in a very flourishing condition, I cannot spend more money on the hounds." [1]

A meeting was held, and for the time being the danger was averted.

[1] Mr. J. Sherard Reeve's Papers.

JOHN EARLE WELBY, ESQ.

From the Portrait by C. Lutyens at Allington Hall.

Chapter XI

THE GOLDEN AGE

II

1842–1859

THE next season, 1843–44, was an extraordinary one for sport, but the centre of interest changes from the kennel to the Castle, where the Duke with his usual magnificent hospitality was entertaining the Queen and the Prince Consort. This event reminds us that the period was not without its troubles for all classes, and the much-hated income tax was but the precursor of many other imposts, which have each had the effect of lessening and even crippling the spending power of the great noblemen. A still darker cloud was gathering over the landowners and farmers, for the Corn Laws were even now looked on as doomed. The Duke and Lord Granby both saw clearly the injury the repeal of these laws would do to the farming interests, of which they were the natural leaders, and we know that Lord Granby, afterwards the sixth Duke, never swerved in his opinion of the mischief that free trade in corn would do to English farming. Probably neither he nor his father foresaw the utter ruin and the national danger involved in the depths of agricultural depression. On this point I express no opinion, but the history of the Belvoir Hunt was destined to be greatly affected by these changes, which have in our time issued in the partial separation of the hunt from the house of Manners. The country too was unsettled, and Chartism was one result of the disappointment felt at the failure of reform to bring about the prosperity which some of its advocates had so

rashly promised. But we know that the social condition of the towns and the manufacturing districts was terribly bad, and that Lord Ashley had begun his great work, and that the burning social questions of the day had excited the interest and the sympathies of the younger men of all parties. The present (seventh) Duke, then Lord John Manners, was vividly sketched by Disraeli in *Coningsby*, as Lord Henry Sydney, and those who have met him will not fail to recognise the truth of the portrait. Just in the prime of life, Lord John was carrying on the family traditions of service, though at this time he was but on the threshold of his career as a statesman. Lord John loved hunting, and went well, when he could spare time for it; but his life was to be one of hard work and long service to a country which has not been ungrateful.

The members of the Belvoir Hunt mustered in great number when it was announced that the Prince Consort would hunt with the hounds at Croxton Park on the 5th of December, 1843. There seems to have been a kind of idea that the Prince, being a man of scholarly tastes, would not care for hunting, but as a matter of fact he was a fair horseman, and so far as we can pierce the veil that, even after reading Sir T. Martin's five volumes, hangs over the Prince's real tastes in these matters, he liked hunting with the stag-hounds and his own harriers. Probably the Prince enjoyed the sport, but disliked the bustle and crowd which the presence of Royalty at a meet always brings. The Prince had Lord Wilton as a pilot, and this is enough to tell us that he would see all that was to be seen. No man ever saw more sport than Lord Wilton, or made so little fuss about it. "Oh dear, oh dear, *where* do they find these terrible places? I never come across them," he is reported to have said after patiently listening to a party of Meltonians, fighting their battles over again across the mahogany, and living twice in the pleasure of hunting by recording their own "heroical" deeds. The Prince went well, though not we may be sure clearing "five-barred gates with utter indifference as to what might be on the other side," as a contemporary chronicler puts it. We

may hope the rest of the book from which this is taken displays more thought than is suggested by the fact that the writer evidently imagines five-barred gates to have yawning chasms beside them, as traps for the unwary. The fact is, the historian is in such a hurry to show that the Prince's hunting at all was a concession from lofty heights of intellectual and moral eminence, that like many other superior persons he forgets to be accurate or even to use his common sense. The Prince was much too good and wise a man to regard with scorn aught that interested the men of his time. Besides, not even the element of over-precision imported into his education by Stockmar could extinguish altogether the sporting instincts transmitted to him by his ancestors. As to the incidents of the day, let a less magnificent but better instructed historian, who was an eye-witness, tell us.

"The fixture on the fifth having been announced for Croxton Park, and a general opinion prevailing that her Majesty and the Queen Dowager would be present to see the hounds throw off, and that the Prince Consort would join the hunt, an immense concourse of gentry and yeomen assembled at the Castle, the hounds being under the command of Lord Forester. At eleven, her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Rutland entered a carriage-and-four, escorted by outriders in his Grace's livery, mounted on thorough-breds, and, followed by the ladies-in-waiting in another carriage-and-four, proceeded by the public road, the bulk of the equestrians taking the noble Duke's private road. As the cavalcade passed along the route, which was lined for nearly a quarter of a mile with carriages of every description, numerous horsemen joined it, and by the time Croxton Park was within sight, there were full three hundred persons present, which every moment increased, and by the time it reached the park, had swelled to eight hundred, including nearly all the members of the Melton Hunt, in hunting costume, and several ladies, among whom were Miss Manners, of Goadby Hall, a relative of the Rutland family; and Miss Charlesworth and Miss Doyle, both well known in Leicestershire. The crowd

of horsemen and the thousands on foot gave three cheers for the two Queens of England, which 'made the welkin ring.' On arriving at the park, Prince Albert left the carriage and mounted his favourite hunter (Emancipation), as did the Duke of Wellington, when the 'view-halloo' was given to these illustrious personages in true fox-hunting style. The Royal carriage moved on through Waltham village, keeping the road to the south of Melton, and took their station on the high ground opposite the Melton spinnies. Lord Forester brought the hounds to the window of the Royal carriage for her Majesty's inspection, and they were shortly after thrown into the spinnies, and immediately gave tongue. Three foxes were a-foot, and on settling to one, he went off to Clawson Thorns, where, being headed by some foot people, he turned back towards the spinnies, and was run in to within one field of the covert. Tried Freeby Wood, but did not find. Trotted on to Waltham pasture, and found immediately, but he was run to ground in three fields. Found a third in Newman's Gorse, near Waltham, and went away merrily for Sproxton Thorns; a gallant run of three-quarters of an hour, during the greater part of which the pace was very fast. Most of the horses were dead beat, and not more than a dozen up at the finish, among the foremost of whom was the Prince. Both equerries in attendance on his Royal Highness, Colonel Bouverie and Mr. G. E. Anson, had falls which produced some good-humoured jokes at their expense." [1]

We need not infer from the above that the Prince and the Duke both rode the same horse. The allusion to the fox reminds me of an incident to be found in a note in Mr. Vyner's *Notitia Venatica*, when the Duke of Cambridge was hunting with the hounds in 1842: the fox, having fallen into the canal at Redmile, was fished out, muzzled, and brought to the Royal carriages for the inspection of the ladies.

The Prince himself, in a letter to his mentor Stockmar,[2] tells of his visit to Belvoir, and his appearance in the hunting field. "At Belvoir," he says, "there was a large brilliant

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, January, 1844.

[2] *Life of the Prince Consort*, by Theodore Martin, 3rd ed., vol. i., p. 196.

assemblage of the fashionable hunting men of Melton and Leicester. Here I took part in a regular fox-hunt, had a capital run, and moreover distinguished myself by keeping well up with the hounds all through. Anson and Bouverie both fell on my left and right, whilst I came off with a whole skin." To this the good baron rejoined: "Your Royal Highness's rehabilitation in the good opinion of the fox-hunters is a thing to be viewed quite as you view it, and yet it is not without practical value so long as fox-hunting continues to be an English national pursuit." The Queen when writing to King Leopold refers to the same subject, with evident amusement at the respect shown for the Prince's performances across country. "One can scarcely credit the absurdity of people, but Albert's riding so boldly has made such a sensation that it has been written all over the country, and they make much more of it than if he had done some great act!"

To return, however, to the Castle. The Prince won golden opinions at Belvoir, not only by his riding in the field, but by the knowledge of and interest in agricultural matters which he displayed, and which we know was one of the many interests of his busy and useful life.

To the too short life work to which he devoted himself, the benefits of which we still feel, the Prince returned, and he, too, passes from our history.

The departure of the Royal party caused no cessation in the sport at Belvoir.

I find nothing of note to record except the death of the celebrated black fox from Clawson Thorns—probably a descendant of those turned down by the third Duke—which would not even then have fallen a victim to the hounds had he not been headed by some boys at Melton Lodge, when hounds caught him at Holwell Mouth. On February 2nd Lord Forester and Mr. John Woods were the only men with hounds in a great run from Freeby Wood into the Cottesmore country.

"Found at Freeby Wood, ran to Melton Spinny, back by Freeby to Stapleford Park, and by Wymondham to Woodwell Head; here most of the horses were dead beat. They

went away from Woodwell Head again, where, only one having been with hounds for three miles, Lord Forester, assisted by Mr. John Woods, stopped them at half-past five. Horses were left out in all parts." [1]

These hounds always had more than their share of sport, and the foxes were stout. One old fox on November 28th, 1847, beat hounds from Boothby to Grimsthorpe, after an hour and ten minutes, of which fifty minutes were at top speed.

In 1847 difficulties of finance increased, for we have a letter, dated March 16th, 1847, from Lord Forester to General Reeve, in which the former again threatens resignation, as the "subscription had fallen below low-water mark." On the following day there is a letter from General Reeve in answer to Lord Forester, expressing his regret, and saying that, as he, the General, is now getting old and infirm, Lord Forester should make his intention known "to some younger members of the hunt."

In 1847 we have a letter from T. Manners to General Reeve, enclosing subscription-list, which is as follows:—

	£		£
Earl of Brownlow ...	100	Rev. Basil Beridge ...	25
Thos. Gosling	25	A. Peacocke	25
Sir E. E. Welby ...	50	Sir T. Whichcote ...	100
R. A. Christopher ...	50	W. F. Norton	50
Major-General Reeve	80	Sir J. Thorold	50
John Litchford	50	Sir M. Cholmeley ...	50
Christopher Turnor ...	50	Colonel Fane's family	50 [2]

Once again, however, the danger was averted, and things went on as before, good sport characterising the successive seasons as they passed. In the season of 1849–50, on January 21st, hunting having been stopped by snow, the fifty-eight couples were out exercising when they viewed three foxes, one of which they ran and killed, a pleasant little interlude to the winter of their discontent. On February the 27th, the same year, when the frost had broken, they had a remarkable run.

"Found at Staunton; by Long Bennington, Shelton, to

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, p. 88. [2] Reeve Papers.

Cotham Thorns, thence straight to the River Trent at Farndon; here the hounds crossed the Newark branch of the Trent, and came to a long check. The huntsman at last got to them, and carried them over Muskham Bridge; they regained the scent, but the fox was too far ahead to be regained, and they gave up at Worney Wood, in the Rufford country; an eleven-mile point. This was the first time the Belvoir hounds ever crossed the Trent." [1]

The following year, January the 15th, 1851, there was a most remarkable run.

"Found in Melton Spinny, crossed the Grantham Road beyond Thorpe pasture, went between Stonesby Gorse and Stonesby, and over Croxton Park, to the grove of large trees on the Belvoir side of the park; here the hounds stopped and bayed at the foot of a large oak tree. After some time the fox was discovered fifty or sixty feet up in the tree, endeavouring to conceal himself; he would not move till the whipper-in climbed the tree and poked him from behind, when he came away leisurely down the stem, which grew in a slanting direction, and away he went. The hounds, which had been taken to a short distance off, set off within one hundred and fifty yards of him, and ran him at nose-end through Bescaby Oaks, away at the Saltby corner, and bearing to the right past Stonesby, left Sproxton Thorns to the left, and went by Saxby to Stapleford Park. This was six miles as the crow flies, up wind, and with the fox for the last mile and a half in the same field as the hounds; he here turned to the right, and coming out of the park, the hounds ran him at a decreased pace to Melton Spinny, whence they went away with a fresh fox, and this gallant fellow saved his life. Great distress among the horses. Sir T. Whichcote had about the best of it. The above scene of the fox in the tree was some years after modelled in silver, with equestrian figures of the present Duke of Rutland, Sir T. Whichcote, Mr. Litchford Goodall, and two hounds, and presented to Lord Forester by the gentlemen of the Belvoir Hunt on his marriage." [2]

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, p. 95. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

In 1852 the great speed of these hounds was shown by a marvellously straight and fast run, on February 8th.

"Found a second fox in the Rectory covert, ran by Redmile to Musson Gorse, Sedgebrook, and Barrowby to the left, and killed half a mile from Grantham, after a most terrific burst of exactly forty minutes; eight miles as the crow flies. The hounds beat the horses all the way, and appeared, when in sight, to fly every fence like a flock of pigeons." [1]

Of the early days of Will Goodall, and of the sport enjoyed, some delightful reminiscences will be found in a charming little book, *Random Recollections of the Belvoir Hunt*, by Mr. Pinder, of Barrowby, so long known to hunting men by his *nom de guerre* of "Phantom" in the *Field*. This gentleman speaks as an eye-witness, and recalls many interesting traits of Goodall's keen sportsmanship and cheery, joke-loving nature. On one occasion when Goodall was coming back from hunting, the sight of the meat on the boards of a butcher's shop was too much for the hungry hounds, and in a moment a raid was made and the plunder eaten up. The butcher's wife, though liberal payment was made for the theft, was very abusive, which called forth the remark from Goodall, "What a pity such a good-looking woman should have such a riotous tongue." The same amusing writer tells of a favourite horse of Goodall's named Crop, from his ears. "The partial loss of these gave the horse a somewhat wicked and sullen appearance, although he had a handsome head, and was supposed to be thoroughbred. From what I recollect, the reason of the horse's ears being rounded was on account of one of them having been torn by another horse whilst out at grass, but whether the attack was delivered in play or savagely I was unable to learn. After the jagged strips of the lacerated ear had been trimmed off, it gave the animal such a singular appearance that it was determined to shape the other to match. Notwithstanding this you could not fail to detect his high breeding, beautiful quality, and light action, which, combined

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, p. 98.

with a great turn of speed, made him one of Goodall's special favourites." [1]

We often have evidence that Goodall's interests were not confined within the walls of the kennel, for from time to time he makes allusion to passing events. We see that the Crimean war stirred him as it did most Englishmen at the time. War is after all the first and greatest of athletic sports. For this the others are but the preparation, and of it they are the image. How much simpler those days were than are ours may be gathered from the fact that few people thought much of the justice or the wisdom of the war ; they simply felt that England had been at peace a long time and wanted a fight. Goodall was touched with the patriotic enthusiasm of the time, and the earlier pages of his diary are covered with the songs which appeared in every paper, from the mighty *Times* down to the smallest local journal. The war was brought home to the huntsman by the absence from the hunting field of many familiar faces, some of which were not again to be seen. But so far the glory was more apparent than the danger. "Glory or Death" is the cry as war begins, "*Death* or Glory" the motto of the regiment that had seen much service in 1854. The diary of the year tells us that Goodall had George Shepherd and James Cooper, of whom we shall hear much more hereafter, as his whippers-in, while Thomas Thurlby was stud groom at Croxton Park, where Lord Forester's horses were kept.

In this year Goodall began cub-hunting in August, and he had a horse called The Nob, which was of a very stout sort, for he had him out with hounds on August 18th, 19th, 23rd, 28th, and September 2nd. There was a drought in this year —such as had not been known for twenty-two years, the diary tells us—but the Belvoir managed to get their cub-hunting all the same, with such work as gave the hounds the education and conditioning which cannot be dispensed with. Luckily there was some rain towards the end of September. As soon as the cubbing season was over the hounds were drafted, and how carefully this was done may be seen by the fact that

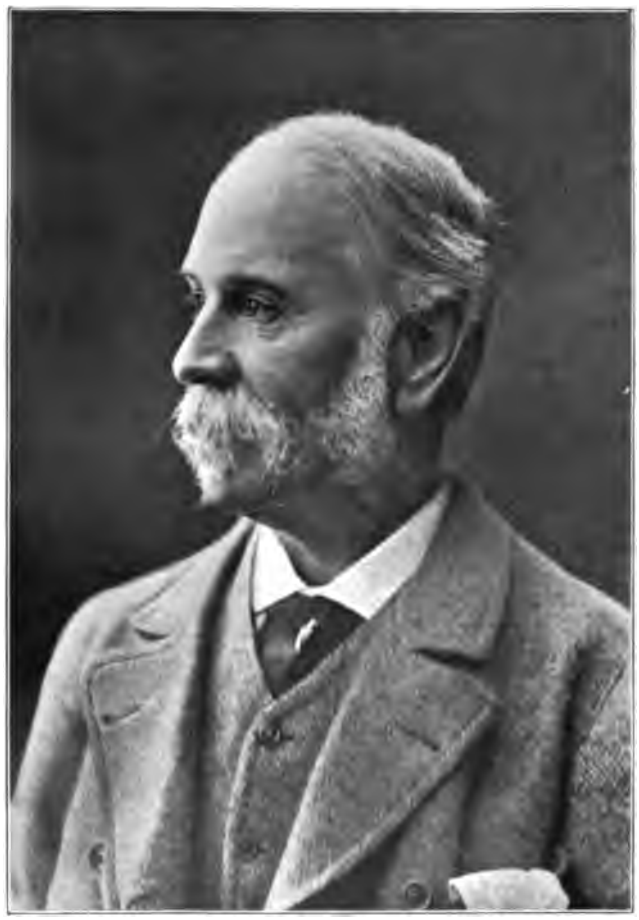
[1] *Random Recollections of the Belvoir Hunt*, p. 49.

often fifty couples would come in from their walk, while only some fourteen and a half couples would be considered worthy of the Belvoir benches. Accordingly we find that Goodall adopted a system of marking hounds according to their performances. The first day of the season 1854–55 was at Caythorpe, on the Lincolnshire side, and on the borders of the present Blankney country, then under the mastership of Lord Henry Bentinck, one of the very best and soundest judges of hounds or hunting that ever lived.

"*Friday, November 24th*, 1854.— Caythorpe. Find in General Reeve's Gorse; pointed for Wellingore; by the little covert in the bottom he turned short away to the left toward Brant, between Broughton and Brandon; bore to right as if for Bruton Bottom covert, still to the left, leaving Beckingham on his right, to Stapleford; ran rides from end to end without stopping; away once more for a quarter of an hour as hard as they could drive him; ran him into the open at Norton Disney after a most magnificent run of an hour and twenty minutes. This was a bitter cold morning with a north-east wind and rising glass, and heavy snowstorms falling very close upon each other all the morning; a most capital scent all through. I never followed a stouter fox; it's a fox Lord Henry Bentinck's hounds have found these last five years, but he always beat us. I rode Greathead all through; he carried me splendid. Hounds out [with Will Goodall's marks]: Solitude (xxx), Comus (did not get away), Fugleman (xx), Fortune, Falstaff (xx), Gamer, Gaylass, Destiny (xx), Dainty, Guider (xxx), Nabob (xxx), Notary (xxxx), Solon, Tuneful (x), Boaster (x), Blameless (x), Bachelor (x), Foiler (x), Lucifer (xxx), Lictor (xxxxxxxx), Bloomer (xxxxxx), Charity (x), Grappler (xx), Gambler (xx), Sultan (xxxx), Sepoy (xxxxxx), Sparkler, Factor (xxxx), Freeman, Nigel (x), Nathan (x), Needless (xxxxxx), Trimbush, Trusty (x)." [1]

If we take the names with the most marks we shall note a bitch, Needless, of that year's entry. This hound joined the ranks of the kennel matrons both on account of her pedigree and her performances. She goes right back to

[1] Goodall's Diary.



MAJOR LONGSTAFFE,
Of Little Ponton Hall.

Limner (1829), whose brothers Lexicon and Lucifer were of equal renown in 1825, and Layman by Leader, also a noted hound. Leader was by the Duke of Grafton's Labyrinth, and on his mother's side goes right back to Actor (1792), one of the older Belvoir sort. In due time Needless became, by alliance with the Yarborough Rallywood, mother of Chaser, from which we get the hound Wonder, and so to Weathergage. Another hound that distinguished itself in this run was Lictor, which has two more marks against his name than Needless. He was noted for his early love of hunting when he was at walk at Clawson, and would hunt with the Belvoir, the Cottesmore and the Quorn on his own account as the fancy took him. The Quorn once found a fox at Holwell Mouth and killed him at Belvoir. Near Clawson hounds were checked by some dry, dusty plough, and out dashed a black-and-tan hound with the Belvoir brand, and carrying the line right over the difficulty, set the pack going. This hound was Lictor. When Jack Morgan, then Sir Richard's huntsman, came to Belvoir, Will, with just pride, pointed him out. "There, my lad, that's the dog that killed your fox for you, but you won't get him. I'll keep him to show me the road into some of your country." A run into the Quorn country was always the desire of Will's heart.

This was a bad season for sport, we learn from the diary, and hounds were stopped for no less than fifty-one days by frost and snow. On January the 16th the frost set in with terrible severity, and hounds did not go out again till February the 28th. It was this year that the Thames was frozen over. Weary of the inaction, Lord Forester took out hounds in the snow. This winter belongs to history as the terrible one spent by our army in the Crimea, and the magnificent patience and courage with which our men bore their hardships spoke volumes for the training given them by English sports. It is not only the physical endurance taught by these sports, but the whole tradition of manly courage, which spreads throughout the whole of English society.

We are not as a nation braver, cleverer or better than others, but we have the advantage that hunting, shooting,

cricket, and other pastimes give us a Spartan tradition to begin with, whereas the associations of the Latin races predispose them to luxury.

An Italian diplomatist who was returning from Abyssinia once said to me, after he had been conducted round Aden, and had seen our officers playing polo and cricket: "Ah, I see, our officer in hot climate, he sit in the café, and he smoke cigarettes, and drink the absinth, and he die; your officer, he play polo and cricket, and he *live*."

But to return to Will Goodall and the Belvoir. On April the 11th he had a holiday, and he employed it as huntsmen generally do, in going to see how another of his craft worked in the field. Mr. Burrows had succeeded Mr. Henley Greaves, and had left rather suddenly, so Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds were invited to meet at Coles Lodge, in a wild and hilly but very beautiful hunting country, in the best of the Cottesmore Tuesday district, now probably the most fashionable in England. Goodall, speaking of this, says:—

"*Tuesday, April 11th.*—Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds met at Coles Lodge in the Cottesmore country, Mr. Burrows having given up the country. Mr. Sebright, the huntsman, was as fresh as ever; he brought a capital pack of hounds, which hunted beautifully and gave great satisfaction, but the wind was so high they could not do much. There was supposed to be one thousand people out. George Carter whipped in."[1]

Sebright's career was then drawing to its close. He had been the intimate friend of Goosey, and tradition has it that the two hard-headed old huntsmen had many a bout in the evening, when "they puzzled out the sort" together. At all events, Belvoir had some puppies by Shiner, a beautiful hound with the long Fitzwilliam head, one of the handsomest to be seen in a modern fox-hound. According to Goodall, Tom Sebright, as he called him, had not a very good day, and we can imagine the exclamation of "Od, rabbit it altogether" and the invocation of "Rags and garters" the old man would indulge in. Will Goodall seems, as I think the study of his pedigrees will show, to have subscribed to

[1] Goodall's Diary.

Sebright's kennel maxim, "The dam is the secret." The result of his observations of the Fitzwilliam on this occasion, led him to use Harbinger and Singer the next year, for three hounds were put on of this parentage, though I cannot find that these young hounds found especial favour in Will's eye.

At the close of the season he remarks, "This has been one of the most remarkable seasons." He also calls it the "most excellent on record. Out of the whole hundred and thirteen times out I have never had occasion to change my linen from getting wet through."

In 1855 the staff was unchanged, but in the middle of the season died one of the first sportsmen of his day, Sir Richard Sutton, who was a constant visitor at Belvoir Castle. This was a remarkable event in the history of the Quorn Hunt, as it was the last season of the undivided country. It was also a year to be recollected since it brought Mr. W. W. Tailby into the ranks of masters who have won fame, and gave an opportunity of distinction to another member of the Goodall family. Frank Goodall, Mr. Tailby writes, was much respected as a huntsman, and that he showed excellent sport the columns of the *Field* are a lasting witness.

The Belvoir Hunt had lost in Sir Richard a friend and sportsman, one who was eager and interested in kennel lore as in that of the field. With less striking qualities than Mr. Assheton Smith, he came near to him as a horseman, and was a far better judge of a hound and a superior huntsman.

Sir Richard loved nothing better than to take out ten couples of hounds and join with Will Goodall. "You shall be huntsman, Will, and I will whip-in to you," he would say. Goodall watched the sale of Sir Richard's pack with interest, for they were practically the same blood as the Belvoir. The pack brought £1,800, says the diary, and the horses went for enormous prices, Lord Euston buying Shangton for three hundred and sixty guineas, and Freeny and Freemason going to Mr. Richard Sutton for three hundred and forty guineas each. There was an interregnum in the

Quorn country after Sir Richard Sutton's death, and Lord Forester was invited to take his hounds there. Naturally such an event was recorded by Goodall. The diary runs as follows: "Wednesday, January 9th, was one of the finest days' sport I ever saw. Met at Old Dalby Wood; found the first fox in Monday's [*sic*] Gorse; went away very fast for Thrussington, bore away to the right between Burton and Walton Thorns, and away to Willoughby Gorse, which they reached after a tremendous burst of thirty-five minutes; then away again by Willoughby as hard as they could scream for eighty minutes longer, and they ran into him most handsomely in the open, a field before any horseman. Found the second fox in Lord Ailesford's [*sic*] Gorse, and went away by Schoby Scholes to the left very fast, by Ashfordby away between Welby fish-ponds and Goodricke's Gorse, away to the left, leaving Wartnaby and Kettleby on the right, Schoby on the right, and they ran into him most handsomely one field over the brook, after a splendid run of one hour and five minutes; a very old dog fox. I rode my good old horse Catch-me-who-can first. A cold, raw morning, west-north-west; falling glass, snow at intervals and country very deep and heavy. Layman, Charlotte, Sylvia, Phillis, Lenity, Redrose, Graceful all got good marks."

In the same year there is a very characteristic account of a run in the Lincolnshire country:—

"*Friday, February 8th*, 1855.—We met at Newton toll-bar; found the first fox in Newton Gorse; went away by Osbournby, taking a ring all round Aswarby and Swarby up to Tally-ho Gorse, and killed him after running fifty-five minutes. Second fox in Newton Wood; went away slowly close by Aunsby over the plough, crossing the road between Culversthorpe and Swarby and straight away over Tindall's farm to Broad Water; here we were holloaed to a fresh fox, which the hounds set to with a determined manner away through Rauceby Plantation, Bully Wells, over Sleaford Carr, and away close by Quarrington, pointing for Aswarby Thorns, close past Willoughby and away pointing straight

for Dembleby, but when in the valley he bore away to Patman's Wood, where he ran the rides; away again running the bridle road nearly to Heydour Hill, he turned away to the right over the Kelby fields straight away to the Ancaster Hills, Holes Plantation, where hounds gave him one turn, and away over the gorse, where he crept into a rabbit hole after a tremendous run of two hours and forty-five minutes, one hour and twenty minutes to change; the first forty-five minutes without more than a momentary check, the latter the same. We dug him out and killed him. A tremendous large old dog fox. A real out and out good day's sport. George the first whipper-in's horse died, and so did Mr. Bellamy's, of Sleaford. Banker, Layman, Barbara (twelve good marks), Scornful, Sailor, Sempstress, Phillis, and Charlotte all distinguished themselves.

"A most beautiful hunting morning, west-south-west and a rising glass. I rode my good old horse Catch-me-who-can first, Prince second.

"Those who rode well to the hounds at the finish were Sir Thomas Whichcote, who had three horses out, Mr. Welby, of Allington, Lord Granby, who pulled through on one horse, Mr. Newcome, Mr. Houson, Colonel Reeve, Mr. Litchford, of Boothby, having attained his seventy-second year this day and as cheery as a youth. Mr. Young, of Wilsford, also was there, myself, with Jem and George, my whips, and Mr. Garner, of Willoughby Heath Farm.

"I never saw hounds work more beautiful and struggle through the ploughs, which were for them knee deep all day; every hound struggled through very stout indeed."

This was a season of good sport, for on February the 18th hounds "got away from everybody except Lord Forester and Mr. Hardy, the banker; the fox was eaten before any one else could get there. Thus ended, on April the 24th, the best season's sport I ever saw in my life. The most good runs with kills at the finish"—Will thought nothing of a run unless his whipper-in brought home the mask at his saddle—"and performed in the most scientific manner

by hounds." The blood of Rallywood and the descendants of Amadis were beginning to tell.

Of the keenness and stoutness of the hounds at this time there are many instances. Let one merely be given. The death of old Clamorous (1848), a celebrated bitch, is at once pathetic, and it might almost be said noble. She had been taken out for a treat after the days of her hunting were over, and it so chanced that hounds had a most severe run from Cottam Thorns, in the middle of the Vale country.

No hound worked harder than old Clamorous, and so fast was the pace that the Duke and Will Goodall were alone with hounds when they killed in the dusk. The old bitch trotted home with her stern up, but the next morning was found stiff and stark on the benches. Clamorous (1848) was by Craftsman—Promise, and goes back on her dam's side through Pedlar to Mr. Lambton's celebrated pack, which was largely infused with Belvoir blood. At this time the Belvoir Hunt was at its very best, the sport was good, foxes plentiful, and the kennel full of Rallywood blood. Lord Forester was extraordinarily keen, and would often go on so late as to draw from Will a hint as to the state of the horses. The only possible suggestion of a fault I can find is that Lord Forester and his men were somewhat underhorsed. But the ideas of those days were not so magnificent as ours, and horses were expected to do a good deal more than they are now, and they did it. I am inclined to think, too, that for sport and safety underhorsing, strange as it may seem at first sight, is better than overhorsing. From the time of Mr. Perceval, when hounds and horses were worked so hard that the former had, according to Fryatt, Beau Brummell's stud groom, to be whipped off their benches to go out hunting, the Belvoir has always been a hard-working pack, nor was it till Gillard's time that the hound van was brought into use, which in its turn has been displaced by the present master's (Sir Gilbert Greenall) well-known hunting special. Hounds have so thoroughly entered into the spirit of modern luxury that if lost or left behind in the course of the day's hunting

they will now make their way back to the train. Unfortunately they have not yet learned that the railroad, though the most direct, is not the safest way to reach the station, and some valuable hounds have been run over and killed in consequence. But in Lord Forester's day all this was unthought of, and second horses were by no means so universal as now, though they are no doubt an economy rather than otherwise.

It says something for Lord Forester's powers of endurance that in his undergraduate days he has, after hunting all day with the Bicester and dining at Swift's house with Sir Thomas Mostyn, been known to ride back to Christ Church ere Tom had struck 101, in time to save his gates.

Having taken his degree with the Bicester and at Christ Church, which were equally necessary to the "Tufts" of the period, it was natural Lord Forester should go to Melton. He thus finished his riding education in a hard school, for Maher, Moore, Maxse and Musgrave were riding against each other, and the world-renowned Assheton Smith was then at his best, and the young sportsman must often have met the latter at Belvoir, for Smith was a constant visitor at the Castle. Lord Plymouth, too, was then buying expensive horses he could not ride, and Dick Christian was going over the "stitchers" with Captain White, and Sir John Musgrave shouting behind him to "hearten him on." I think the reader of old hunting lore cannot fail to have noted how often "George Forester," and his father before him, were with hounds at the end of a long run. "Mr. Cecil Forester stopped the hounds," "Lord Forester was alone with them, and stopped them," are phrases which occur frequently; and which indicate not only that the two riders were well mounted, but that they must have had fine gifts of patience, horsemanship and judgment. For though it is possible to go for twenty minutes or so brilliantly on a good horse, if you will only sit still and leave matters to your partner in the chase, yet to reach the end of a long hunt without overtasking your horse, and to see what hounds are doing, means a very high level of horsemanship indeed.

Lord Forester, we know, from the letters quoted above, hunted five days a week, which is not one too many for the Belvoir country. For the work sixty couples of hounds were kept in kennel. This might seem to have been a little short, had they not been the Belvoir, and gifted with the extraordinary stoutness of which already so many striking instances have been given. Will Goodall used to tell how he had jumped over the moon (reflected in the Melton brook), and was wont to declare that he never carried a watch, as "my Lord always drew till it was dark." Under this *régime* men, horses and hounds were as hard as possible, though the tax on Goodall's strength proved to be greater than his constitution could stand, and, in addition to a bad habit he had of never taking any food with him out hunting, undoubtedly shortened his life, as it did that of his successor, the brilliant Jem Cooper. But Goodall would never have allowed that hunting could hurt any one, and was always ready to draw on as long as he thought his horses and hounds would stand it. Of course, Lord Forester and Will must have had long distances to ride home at night. The kennels at Ropsley relieved hounds somewhat, as they were sent there the day before they hunted in that country. If they left off on the western side of Grantham they went home, if not then they went back to Ropsley; but the men appear to have returned to Belvoir, as the following anecdote shows: "One cold night in December, as Will and his whips set out for Belvoir, it came on very dark, and on striking into the Bridge-end road, near Ropsley Rise, they espied a baker with lamps on his cart jogging along in front. Thinking to make use of his lights, they gave two or three sharp cracks with their whips in order to crave companionship, upon which the terrified driver, concluding that shots had been fired by highwaymen secreted in the wood which ran alongside the road, and that it was a demand upon him to 'bale up' with his loaves and money, frantically applying his whip, drove as hard as the tit could lay legs to the ground into Grantham and told his doleful story to the police. Needless to say the unfortunate wight got unmercifully chaffed by his companions

of the craft, nobody enjoying the nocturnal hunt more than Goodall himself."[1]

Blank days were few,[2] though the sport had its ups and downs there as elsewhere. Will, however, was of the same opinion as Mr. Meynell, when, after a smart twenty minutes with hare, the great master blandly remarked that "there are days when high-bred hounds will hunt anything." So Will is reported to have said when, after a bad day, hounds changed from a scentless fox to a hare, "Well, it is about time we ran *something*."

Lord Forester was a very popular man with the landowners and farmers. The latter admired his boldness as a horseman, and his handsome face and figure; and they respected his excellent judgment of live stock, for Lord Forester was a born judge, not only of horses and hounds, but of stock of all kinds. He had that natural eye for form which, when cultivated, makes a man a judge of power and speed in horse or hound, and which probably cannot altogether be acquired.

But with the closing of the fifties, the golden age was drawing to an end. Lord Forester married in 1856; and this event, and the presentation of a splendid testimonial, foreshadowed his approaching retirement. He had been master for twenty-eight seasons, and had made the very most of them. It was natural that men's minds should now turn to the Marquis of Granby, one of the hardest riders in a hard-riding age. When the good old Duke, full of years and honours, passed away, it was felt that the time had come for a Duke of Rutland once more to be master of his own hounds. That Lord Forester felt this himself we know by the following letter, which he wrote to General Reeve:—

"KNIPTON LODGE, *March* 22, 1857.

"I write to you thinking that you might expect from me some communication about the lamented death of the Duke of Rutland, and also thinking that if a change be made in

[1] *Random Recollections of the Belvoir Hunt*, p. 28.

[2] Mr. John Welby writes, "In fifty years' hunting with the Belvoir I never saw a blank day."

the management, now would be the time. I wrote to the present Duke immediately after the funeral. He replied that he would rather I should give him a little time to consider the matter; at all events, until his return to Belvoir. He also asked me, as a kindness, to continue the management until he had time to look about him, after settling matters of any pressing importance. I at once acceded to his request, but now write to you to know yours and others' views on the matter, and whether or not you are willing to continue your support."[1]

Thus the golden age passed away, though men did not know it. For though the succession of the sixth Duke to the mastership seemed to promise a glorious time—and had his health been spared no doubt this would have been the case—there never could be again a combination of circumstances such as raised the Belvoir Hunt to the height of fashion and indirectly affected the whole sport of fox-hunting between the years 1830–55.

The fifth Duke himself was a remarkable figure, the very type of our English nobleman. Splendid but not vulgarly lavish, friendly and kind but not familiar, he was a good landlord: a man of cultivated tastes, who loved society greatly, and took advantage of his power to have the best. The life of this Duke was singularly fortunate in the period it covered. He had felt the strange sense of promise an opening century brings with it; and the ward of Pitt, he had detached himself from the Whig principles of his family, and been one of the creators of the present Conservative party. He had seen the Peninsular War, and the long peace closed by the Crimean campaign. But more important still, from the point of view of this book, he had lived through the greatest changes in social life. Can any contrast be imagined greater than those which the Castle he himself built has seen? There Brummell smiled and bowed, with his hand where his heart ought to have been; there George IV. smirked and snivelled in the gallery called by his name; there the elaborate manners of the best of the old dandies—of Lord Robert

[1] Reeve Papers.

Manners, of Lord Alvanley, Lord Jersey, Chig Chester, and the rest of that gay throng—only served as a background to a keen wit; for in the early part of the nineteenth century conversation had not yet descended to the level of altercation.

There never would be again such a combination as Lord Forester, William Goodall, and James Cooper (the last-named one of the best and hardest of riders), at a time when the race of Belvoir and the nose of Yarborough had culminated in a pack which contained such hounds as Clinker, Chaser, Caroline, Rallywood, Singer, Trimmer, and others, whose notes made the Belvoir woods ring with their melody. With the close of the Duke's busy and interesting life there came to an end the golden age of the Belvoir Hunt.

Chapter XII

THE SQUIRE OF ASWARBY AND THE GREAT HUNTSMAN

AMONG those who followed the Belvoir hounds there was no more prominent or characteristic figure than Sir Thomas Whichcote. For half a century he saw all the sport which could be seen by a man who had knowledge of hunting and a fine aptitude for horsemanship to help him. Unlike some good riders, he had no liking for a bad horse, and he invariably rode the best that money could buy or judgment select. Round the walls of the dining-room at Aswarby Hall are a series of portraits by Ferneley of Sir Thomas's favourite hunters. A very grand lot of horses they must have been. Indeed, as I looked round the pictures in the waning light of a November afternoon I was tempted to wonder if any man had ever been so fortunate in his horses. Certainly no one ever made better use of them. Sir Thomas Whichcote was the seventh baronet, and was born on May 23rd, 1813, at Stapleford Park. His mother was Lady Sophia, third daughter of the fifth Earl of Harborough, and the sixth and last earl, of whom I have already had occasion to make mention, was his uncle. Sir Thomas was educated at Eton, and when he left school obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. After five years' soldiering he left the service, and settled down to a country gentleman's life on his estates at Aswarby, near Folkingham. He was an excellent landlord—so good that he never had a farm vacant even in the worst years of depression—a firm friend, a helpful neighbour, and his life was a useful and a happy

SIR THOMAS WHICHCOTE AND MR. BROKE TURNOR.

From the Painting by Ferneley at Aswarby Hall.

one. Sir Thomas Whichcote always seems to me to have been the embodiment of the kindly spirit of the Belvoir Hunt. It was this spirit of courtesy, mingled with the desire to give pleasure to others, which caused the Dukes of Rutland to struggle hard to keep on the hounds long after they themselves could hope to obtain but little pleasure from the pack other than that which the knowledge of the enjoyment felt by others gave them. This spirit was spread among their neighbours, and gave a kindly charm to the society of the country-side, to be traced in the records of the hunt and of the families which have made their homes in "the Duke's" country.

Aswarby Park is the picture of a comfortable and unpretentious English country gentleman's home. It had, however, one fault in the eyes of its owner—it lay somewhat wide of the best country of the hunt. Indeed, on one side of Aswarby stretches away the Lincolnshire fen-land, a country not without its own beauty, as of the sea, but in no way suited for horse and hound.

Sir Thomas generally kept some of his horses at Grantham, and if the distance he had to go were long he generally had three horses out. The Squire of Aswarby always wished to be, and very often was, at the top of the hunt. So great was his fame as a rider that men would journey from Melton to the wilds of Lincolnshire to take on the famous owner of King Charming and other celebrated horses over that stiff country.

But such a horseman and such cattle were hard to beat. Each year he set apart a sum to be devoted to keeping up his stud to the high standard he had set before him. This was necessarily a high one, for the Belvoir requires a good horse everywhere to carry a man at the top of the hunt, and that was where Sir Thomas loved to be. For many years when hounds ran hard Sir Thomas Whichcote, on one of his priceless horses, King Charming or another, could be seen riding well up to the motto, "Be with them I will." From Dick Christian we know that Sir Thomas's riding excited his warmest admiration, and that the hard-riding

baronet "pounded" Jem Mason when riding Kegworth, a horse that had come from Sir Richard Sutton's stables. Sir Thomas himself, when speaking of Kegworth, is reported by the same authority to have said, "Precious hard if 320 guineas can't pound somebody."[1] Nor was he merely a hard rider; he understood hounds, and cared to see them work out the line. It is not therefore surprising that there grew up between Sir Thomas and Will Goodall, the great huntsman, a feeling of respect which eventually ripened into affection. Each kept to his own place with the ease of those days when people were not in such desperate fear of compromising a position which they never had as they do now, and it was just this that made such friendships possible, as the following letters show. Goodall was, of course, a very uncommon character, and he rose to be great as a huntsman as he would have come to the front in any other calling. His education had not been of books, for after the manner of his class he began life early, and was but eleven years old when he discussed politics and horses outside the House of Commons in the stirring times of 1832 with the other lads, some of whom became huntsmen, too, in their time. But he had undoubtedly the gift of expression and a keen sense of beauty, and his letters are full of genuine enthusiasm for his work, mingled with kindly and tender feeling. It was evidently his practice to consult with Sir Thomas Whichcote on almost every difficulty that arose in his life. The latter, indeed, from his connection with the country and his knowledge of its affairs and people, was well able to advise in the delicate questions of coverts and foxes, and Goodall drew largely and with perfect confidence on him for guidance and help. Dates are occasionally absent from the letters that passed between the two, but all, I think, belong to the latter part of Will Goodall's career.

The letters which follow are very rich in characteristic expressions, and are marked by Goodall's kindly endeavour to tell Sir Thomas of the sport which that keen sportsman was unable for one reason or another to share at the time.

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 11.

The runs mentioned in the following must have taken place in the season 1856–57. Although the first letter is not dated, it must have been before November 27th, as from that date to December 6th hounds were stopped by frost.

VI [1]

"BELVOIR KENNELS,

"*Monday Morning.*

"HONOURED SIR,— [N.D.]

"I am very sorry I did not get your letter early enough yesterday to answer it by return of post.

"Our run from Sproxton Thorns was really very first rate, just what you would have enjoyed, hounds going out of the field as horses were going in, notwithstanding a large field bestrided with fast men. I do think myself if Mr. Thursby had been there he would have been alone in his glory: it's really wonderful to see a body of old fox-hunters, when hounds start off with their heads up and sterns down, telling them over the very first field that there's no time to lose to see them following one another over a weak place to avoid a rasper, and thereby losing that portion of precious time which is gone for ever, thus verifying the old proverb that time and fox-hounds wait for no man. My Lord would tell you how unpolite the pack was in eating their fox before I could get near them, the only piece left being his nose. We had a very hard woodland day on Friday, stopping the hounds in Brown Wood between six and seven o'clock. Such a good day's sport, killing a fox in Ponton Park Wood in twenty-five minutes. Second we found in Boothby Great Wood, where, after two or three rings, we raced him over to Ponton Park and killed him; third from Harlaxton, which gave us an hour's most beautiful hunting, and we stopped them at the railroad near Stoke Park Wood.

"My Lord would tell you of our very good day from Wiverton last Wednesday, killing at Plumtree, near Nottingham.

[1] The numbers refer to the order of the correspondence as placed in my hands.

"Thursday we meet at Croxton Park; Friday, Byard's Leap.

"I beg to remain,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WM. GOODALL."

After this came the spell of frost, but Goodall's mind is full of the hounds. In this year he went back to Badminton for an outcross, and the Rufus of which he speaks was evidently a favourite with him. Five couple out of an entry of thirteen and a half couple of young Rufuses were put forward.

VII

BELVOIR KENNELS,

"*Saturday Morning.*

[N.D.]

"HONOURED SIR,—

"As hunting appears to be quite out of the question this morning, I am devoting a small portion of my time to the study of fox-hounds; and, whilst doing so, I enclose you a book of the Belvoir hounds, with a few remarks therein which, in this slack hunting weather, will, I think, be as amusing to you to look over as it is to me in sending.

"You will therein see a goodly number of well-bred and good-looking dogs which have been used by many of our neighbouring and distant packs. Our young team, which chiefly consist of Beaufort Rufuses and Guiders, are doing remarkably well. I have been watching them very closely this late trying, bad scenting weather, and, although they have not been able to do any good, I have been much gratified with the sensible and quiet manner in which they have conducted themselves, and which some days I have thought would have been a good lesson for me; but really that unruly member will never crowd the storehouse of the mind, and, had I been a hound, would have drafted me long since to the fountains of intelligence to learn the words of wisdom.

"I hope and trust, however, that this beautiful frost will clear and purify the atmosphere and improve the scents,

cheering on the small portion of time allotted to us inhabitants of the earth.

"I beg to remain,
"Honoured Sir,
"Your most humble and obedient servant,
"WM. GOODALL."

The young Rufuses and Guiders entered were of a most exemplary character, which did not fail to extract a moral from Will's pen. The next letter of the series is dated from Ropsley Kennels, to which hounds were taken for the fox-hunts east of Grantham, and contains a spirited account of cub-hunting prospects.

VIII

"ROPSLEY KENNELS,
"*Thursday Morning.*
[N.D.]

"HONOURED SIR,—

"Thinking you will like to hear a little of our proceedings, I take the liberty of sending you a short account of them. You will be glad to hear we have had, so far, a very satisfactory season, though the foxes, since our first visitation, and the daily noise of the nutters and acorn getters have made them get into some more quiet abode; for yesterday I could not get up to a fox either in Dunsby, Kirkby, or Aslackby Woods, although there were lines through each of them, and I have been once to each before, and found a litter of cubs in each; after heavy mornings, with moderate luck, succeeded in killing one out of each. After drawing through these woods yesterday, we got up to two or three foxes directly in Keisby Wood; they settled beautifully to one, running him through Aslackby and Bulby Hall, a ring round by Kirkby, through Aslackby Wood again, and pulled him down at the Keisby end after a splitting twenty-five minutes—'a cubb.'

"On Tuesday I was much disappointed not seeing you out. I went to Newton Gorse to oblige Mr. Turnor, and found directly, but there was an earth open, and they soon got to

ground. One fox, 'a cubb,' went away, which we did not follow; we then went to the Nightingale Gorse and the Southerns, where we found a good [one], and after stopping the hounds twice off of old foxes (one of which came direct for you), we got settled to two or three cubs in Dembleby Thorns, in which they ran hard for an hour, and killed one. We have no cubs in Sapperton or Newton, but I hope there will be some good old foxes get there before we commence public hunting.

"Ponton Park Wood, Boothby, Humby, Ingoldsby, Ropsley Rise have had these usual guests, and we found in each a good litter, and have taken a brace out of each, bar Boothby, where we only killed one, after good work indeed for hounds. Belvoir, as usual, has been surrounded with foxes, and we have had there wonderful sport, and killed from them ten brace.

"In Leadenham Hill plantations we found a good litter last week and killed a brace; Sparrow Gorse also we found a famous litter in, and, after running in the gorse an hour without one single fox making an attempt to move away, we killed one; on to Byard's Leap, where we found nothing but old foxes, which we stopped the hounds from. In Ancaster Gorse the next day we found, I think, two litters, and, after running in the covert for an hour, we went away with a brace to the quarrys, where the hounds divided, one racing back and into a cub near . . .[1] the other ringing round Welby Hazles, and back for the gorse, where the other hounds, unfortunately, in coming to the cry, met the fox, and killed him. There are, however, an abundance of foxes here—the best show I have seen for years. I have now cub-hunted all this side that requires it: unless you have anything at Aswarby you would like disturbing before I return home to Belvoir, where we have lots of work wants doing. On Saturday I have fixed to be at Humby Wood at 9.30, and shall take the hounds home afterwards. I shall still have a pack here for Monday, which I will leave open till I hear from you. If you have any cubs you would like to have disturbed, I will be with you any hour you please to fix on Monday.

[1] This name illegible.

"You will be pleased to hear Sir John Trollope has got a very good lot of hounds together, and will, I think, show more sport in the Woodlands than has been for some years. I have had one good satisfactory day with him, although very much the reverse as regards finding plenty. Irnham Park Wood, I am sorry to say, they drew blank, and only found one fox in Osgodby Coppice, which is a terrible state of affairs, as I fear many of our old foxes have paid their last debt here.

"Stoke Park Wood, Burton Slate, and Long Wood with Easton Wood, are all, too, without cubs again; but I intend going to these places next week to see what there are. Our open country and south of the Grantham road abounds with foxes, which I hope will be disturbed the next fortnight.

"I am truly very sorry to hear through Mr. Turnor of Lady Whichcote being so poorly, but who, I sincerely hope, will soon be restored to health again. Hoping you are quite well, and with a good stud of horses to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, which I hope the ensuing season will prove to be as cheering and animating as in days of yore,

"I beg to remain,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WM. GOODALL."

The next letter is of great interest. It was written in the cub-hunting season of 1854, and describes the drought which marked the close of a hot and dry summer. There is also a reference to Will's habit of not taking out food into the hunting field, a custom which, with the long hours of a Belvoir hunting day, and the weary homeward rides, would have taxed severely even a stronger constitution. Will goes on to tell of a remarkable run, nor does he forget his friends in the Crimea. There is also a pleasant touch about the playfulness of the young hounds, which is an illustration of Will's method with them. This was to make every use of a hound's natural intelligence, high spirit, and affection to improve him in his work.

IX

"BELVOIR KENNELS,
"*November 3rd*, 1854.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"Thank you very much for your note of this morning's post, and right glad I am to find you are safely landed in old England again,[1] and I sincerely hope in good health and strength for the ensuing season, which at present is not very inviting. Mother Earth does not receive us in the soft, kind, and welcome manner she ought to do in the fox-hunting season, but bounces us up again, leaving us at least a fortnight to suffer for her reproof. She has broken two of George's ribs (but he is better), and has given me some severe shakings; neither is there any chance of becoming at all friendly with her till rain falls to soften her hard heart. According to what I hear, I think there has been more rain everywhere else than in this country. But I won't repine, for I never had the pack better, and, on the whole, we have had a real good cubbing season, and, with the exception of about thirty hours' violent constipation of the bowels, which nearly cost me my life, I never was better myself, brought on entirely by my own foolishness going too long without food, and taking too strong exercise at the same time; but, thank God! I am quite well now, and ready for as much hunting as ever we can get.

"You would hear at Willey of the blazing forty-five minutes we had from Ropsley Rise last Wednesday, a half-moon ring round by Welby, Oasby, Southerns, Newton; then the middle Sapperton Wood, and pulled him down going away for the village, the most tremendous burst I ever saw. At Leadenham we also had a most extraordinary twenty-five minutes, which perhaps can't be found in the annals of fox-hunting. We found in the becks in the park, and went away in view with a brace of foxes, and, after running the above time, each

[1] This refers to Sir Thomas's visit to the Crimea in his yacht the *Enchantress*, of which some interesting details may be found in the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel's Diary, published while this book was going through the press.

party killed their fox within ten yards of each other. I enclose you a sketch of the run.

"I was delighted to hear from General Reeve that they had that morning heard from the Colonel,[1] and that he was much better. I have also taken the liberty of writing to him, giving him a little of our fox-hunting proceedings. I shall indeed be well pleased to hear of his return, but not before the battle's won, for it's a most glorious fight; it seems to blunt everything else in the papers. But to return to sport. I have for the ensuing week made the following fixtures:—

"Monday, Croxton Park;

"Tuesday, Barkston in the Willows;

"Thursday, Keisby Village;

and I shall, if agreeable to you, be pleased to rouse your cubs the following week, but not unless you are there, or you wish it. Should you not be at home, we have plenty of other places to go to as yet undisturbed. If no more rain falls, I think it will be almost impossible to come, as we can't stop at Ropsley for want of water. I shall be obliged to go home after hunting at Keisby, which cuts the hounds all to pieces trailing home so far after a hard day.

"Our young hounds please me very much, full of mischief in Charley's absence, but particularly attentive to that gentleman when at home.

"Trusting we may get some moisture before long,

"I beg to remain,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WM. GOODALL."

The letter referred to above was preserved and valued through the Crimean campaign by Colonel Reeve, and is now at Leadenham House. It runs as follows:—

"Satisfactory cubbing, considering very dry season; oldest man can't remember so long drought. Country hard as iron, and full of immense cracks. Can't get to

[1] Then in the Crimea.

Ropsley with hounds till rain falls. Been out thirty-two times, and killed thirty-six foxes, which are, as usual, very plentiful. September 22, from Denton Park, twenty-five minutes, and killed Woolsthorpe Cliff. October 17, another clipper from Belvoir, twenty-three minutes, and killed Denton Park. October 24, best forty-five minutes from Ropsley Rise I ever remember. I hope you are able to cheer on your men with the same energy and spirit as I've seen you do the hounds at the close of a real good and glorious run. . . . Indeed, in spite of all hardships, I often wish I was with you myself. Killed brace in Casthorpe Hill on the day of the Alma, the brush of which I shall keep in remembrance of that memorable day. I hope Captain Allix is well."

The next letter of this series carries us on two years, though we would fain have told the whole story in Goodall's own bright and homely style. This letter, dated 1856, was written at the close of Lord Forester's mastership, and when Goodall's own career was drawing to an end. It tells of cubbing operations, and ends with a most characteristic touch in the mention of a "screaming volley" which preceded the death of the fox.

XI

"BELVOIR KENNELS,
"*October 3rd*, 1856.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"I beg to thank you very much for your note and game, though I regret exceedingly not being able to give you a day this week, as I have just arranged with his Lordship the Marquis of Granby to hunt (after to-morrow, Tuesday) a week within reach of Belvoir; consequently, shall take the hounds all home to-morrow and Wednesday for that purpose. I will, however, if possible, get as near to Aswarby on Monday next as I can; and, if I can, have a pack at Ropsley again for Aswarby at the end of the week. I am delighted to hear of your good sport. I hope my old friend Harrison is leaving plenty of his own stock behind, for he is a real good sort.

THE EAST VIEW OF BELVOIR CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF LEICESTER.

To the most Noble, IOHN, Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Granby, Earl of Rutland; Baron Roos of Hamlake, Trusbut, & Belvoir, and Baron Mannors of Haddon, Lord Liev.t & Custos Rotulorum of y.e County of Leicester; Chancell.r of the Dutchy of Lancaster, one of the L.ds of his M.AJ.rus most Hon.ble Privy Council, & K.t of y.e most Noble Order of the Garter.

This Prospect is humbly Inscrib'd by,
May it please Y.r Grace Y.r Graces most Dutifull & Obed.t Serv.ts
Sam.l & Nath.l Buck.

THE Hill on which this Castle Stands is suppos'd to be Artificial; or a great part of it. And is generally taken to have been a Roman Station, known by y.e Name Margidunum; as well y.e Soil of the Country, as y.e Situation agreeing to y.e Etimology of y.e Name; as also other circumstances which concur & strongly support this Opinion: but y.e Castle was at y.e Conquest built by Robertus de Tedenejo, a Norman Nobleman; to bridle the Saxons; who made it y.e Seat of his Barony. His posterity either chang'd their Name to that of Albini or Married into a family of that Name of Bretagne; from whom it descended to the Rouses, Barons, &c. from them devolv'd to y.e Family of Manners Earls of Rutland.

1. The remains of Belvoir Ch. 2. Clifton Hall. 3. Wellaton Hall. 4. Nottingham. 5. The Castles belonging to the Castle. 6. Belvoir Ham. 7. Southwell Minster. 8. Arnham. 9. The place where Belvoir Priory stood. 10. Bottesford. 11. Hamilton. 12. Holham. 13. Newark upon Trent. 14. Long Billington. 15. Kneet Green. 16. Mavern. 17. Lincoln. 18. Dock delin. 19. Sandy. 20. Sandy.

Jean Beatrix Engraving &c.

"We have had a most delightful week's sport in the Dunsby, Kirkby, Aslackby Woodlands; I think I never enjoyed a whole week's sport so much. On Monday last we went to Aslackby Wood, where we found a very great show of foxes, and, although raining in torrents the whole day, they ran as if they were tied to those foxes, and killed a brace after running three hours.

"On Tuesday I went to Dunsby, which we drew blank, owing to a great party of nutters daily frequenting the wood. On to Kirkby, where we found as many as we knew how to deal with. We soon had a division of hounds, one lot going to Aslackby, the other running in Kirkby, running in this way hard for an hour and a half, passing each other several times as they returned. We, however, got all together at last, and succeeded in killing a cub most handsomely in the Bulby corner of Kirkby Wood, after two hours and a half hard running.

"On Friday we went to Kirkby Wood again, where we found after drawing a short time. Away we were directly over to Aslackby Wood, back again at Kirkby, where we were running hard with two or three foxes for some time. They, however, broke away at the Grimsthorpe end, away over Bulby Park, through Bulby Hall Wood, back again over the grass fields by Aslackby, and they pulled him down at the corner of Kirkby Wood, after a most brilliant morning's sport of three hours and ten minutes' hard running.

"On Saturday we went to Aslackby Wood, where we found a beautiful fine old fox with a stiff knee, which they killed in ten minutes. On to Kirkby Wood, where we soon got on a stale scent, which we hunted over to Elsthorpe Springs, where we immediately got up to a real good one, which seemed so much disgusted with my impertinent visit without an invitation that he started off up wind, leaving Bourne Wood on his left, over the Bourne road nearly to Dunsby Wood. Here he unfortunately ran into a field full of ploughmen, which turned him short back down one field as the hounds were going at the other; back again nearly as fast, leaving Grimsthorpe Park all to the left at the Edenham Bottoms, into Elsthorpe Springs again, where

they poured into him a regular screaming volley once round it, and killed him most handsomely.

"I beg to remain, Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WM. GOODALL."

The next letter tells its own story.

XII

"BELVOIR KENNELS,

"*April 20th*, 1857.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"Having got a very decent entry of young dog-hounds, and being obliged to pull down our old pack to a certain number, I think I shall be able to select a very good dog-hound as a stallion for Mr. Errington, who, I am delighted to hear, is again about establishing a pack of fox-hounds. May he do so, and quickly, and a good one is my sincere wish, and may they rouse up the old blood which flowed through his veins some twenty years ago, employing all the muscles and nerves both in heart and head, which so soon become inanimate when retiring from fox-hunting, making our lives (in this most beautiful world Providence has placed us in) a burthen to us. Depend there is nothing like fox-hunting for health and strength when rightly carried out—cheering without inebriating. There we all meet together, high and low, rich and poor, all English hearts throbbing like a maiden's at the letter for the sound gone away. But I must stop, or I shall be gone too, and to business. I need not tell you I shall be very happy indeed to show you our pack any day next week most convenient to yourself to come, and I think Mr. Litchford, who has not seen them, would have great pleasure in meeting you here if you will please give me one line to say what day and what hour, and I will be in readiness for you, and shall have great pleasure in having a chop for you, too, at two o'clock.

"I beg to remain, Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WM. GOODALL."

The Mr. Errington referred to was master of the Quorn from 1835–38, and his portrait will be found in the Melton Hunt breakfast picture.

Then comes one of the most charming of the whole series. Sir Richard Sutton was one of the best sportsmen who ever lived, and a firm believer in the Belvoir huntsman and the Belvoir blood.

XIII

"BELVOIR KENNELS,

"*July 8th*, 1857.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"I beg to thank you very much for your kind letter of this morning's post, reminding me of many, many good men and true who have left the field since we first met there; to return, alas! no more. In casting a retrospective glance upon the past, how many names I find struck off our true fox-hunters' list, our late good Duke for one, but whose age we could not expect would allow him to remain any longer. But then come the names of Halford and Sutton, just in their prime, and real supporters of the noble science—*heavy losses these*, which is already beginning to tell, with many others that are gone, when we live to see that beautiful old Cottesmore country deserted. Oh, that they were all deposited in our churchyard, that we might, in these beautiful, though solitary summer evenings, meditate among their tombs. Thankful shall I feel when I hear the joyful cheer from the peasantry proclaiming harvest home. Then will I, too, most heartily shout and proclaim the first hunting morning, which I hope and trust will be followed up as in days of yore; for there is no sport so conducive to health, so bracing to the nerves, and that gives such good tone to the stomach, as fox-hunting; and I think, if nothing unforeseen occurs, I shall have sixty couples for the first of November, that will tune up our hearts and fill us as full of joy and gladness as they used to do to our forefathers some fifty years ago 'in the Belvoir Hunt.'

"I am very pleased to hear of the capture of the two New-

ton Gorse gentry, who no doubt was there for the first living creature that presented itself.

"I am very sorry to hear that poor old Aswarby Thorns is not this year entertaining its usual Royal guests, which I know is very annoying to the owner; but that villain that last left you give the land such a draining that it will be some time before the pride of the ark will rest there again.

"I am very happy indeed to hear of the forthcoming event, which is to take place between the house of Leadenham and Denton. Most sincerely do I hope that years of health, happiness, and prosperity is before them, and as a husband and father I trust he will stick more to the line than I have seen him occasionally do when you and I have been riding side by side after a severe fifty minutes. But he is a capital sportsman withal, and I am truly happy to hear of the excellent choice he has made.

"I am very thankful indeed to say our hounds and myself are all quite well, and I am looking forward with much pleasure and anxiety for the ensuing season.

"Sincerely hoping you are seeming well, with your honourable lady, and that we may be permitted to meet for many years yet to come, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, cheering without inebriating. 'Forward's the cry'; the world's all our own when we are after the hounds.

"I beg to remain,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"WM. GOODALL.

"N.B.—I beg to thank you very much for the offer of the book called *The Post and the Paddock*, which I have already got; it was sent to me by the author, who I do not know. The very flattering and honourable mention he has made of my name through my career in my life calls to mind many pleasing recollections of the past. When I read of Dick Christian riding a bull, I could tell him of a much greater feat I once did (though perfectly innocent) at thirteen years of age. I once took Mr. Dorrien's horse to meet the Heythrop Hounds at Yackby; when there he said, 'Bill, should

you like to see them find?' Of course I said *yes*. Old Jim Hill, knowing me, said, 'Come along with me,' and I did. They found a fox, and had twenty-five minutes nearly, in view all the way, and killed him. I got either seven or eight regular spinners, and got up nearly as soon as any of them, much to Mr. Dorrien's horror, when he came up and saw me covered in dirt, and told me the horse was *stone-blind*, and I ought to have gone home immediately they found. The same year I rode a mare called Flirt over the *moon*, while she was resting in the brook of Grendon, and stopped the hounds myself as they was rising Pounden Hill at eight o'clock at night, every horse dead beat. I was riding second horse for Ben Foot, and a precious good blowing up I got."

In the letter dated January 21st, 1858, Goodall condoles with Sir Thomas Whichcote on a nasty fall which had laid him by, a fate which must sometimes befall those who ride as straight and as hard as did the Squire of Aswarby.

XIV

"BELVOIR KENNELS,

"*January 21st*, 1858.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"I beg to return you my warmest thanks for your very kind letter, couched in terms so expressive of your heart, when you lay with your broken bone in the grass field near Folkingham, and which will for ever be remembered with gratitude by me. I only wish I could have placed another individual in your melancholy situation at the time, I don't remember exactly when it was; I only go by losing you all at once, when they set to racing for Walcot.

"Fox-hunting, as you very truly say, is very vexatious; and so is every other amusement, if we do give way to our tempers. I often wish I could conquer mine; it would indeed be a victory. It often causes me much pain when I reflect how the beautiful day hath been passed. But when rightly carried out, there is no sport or pastime so conducive to health, nor gives more tone to both body and soul, and although you have been denied the pleasures of the chase so

long, it must be a very pleasing sensation to you to feel your spirit continually hovering over the Belvoir pack in full cry, and where I sincerely hope the body will soon be, too, for many, many years to come.

"On December the 26th I wish with all my heart you could have joined me and Thomas up to the Southerns; had the hounds gone on there it would have been a dead heat with us two. There are, however, a real good lot of foxes left in our woodlands, to give us, I hope, many such days, when I trust you will be there. We have not had anything very first-rate since the frost, though the hounds have killed a few foxes through difficulties and bad scents handsomely. We had a good day's sport yesterday, with a bad scent, 'but no kill'; found him in the school plots, and went away through Ponton Park Wood and Boothby Great Wood, and away straight to Westby, which he left on his left, and away to Burton Lawn Wood; here he turned short to the right, leaving Basingthorpe on his left, and we lost him going to Boothby Great Wood again: a terrible windy, bad day, and it was quite wonderful the hounds got as far as they did. I fear snow will put in his appearance before morning, and prevent us hunting at Caythorpe Common.

"Hoping soon to see you again in the hunting field,

"I beg to remain,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"WM. GOODALL."

In the same year Goodall wrote to General Reeve, "We have had capital sport indeed, killing ONE fox each morning, after real good work," showing that the huntsman was not one of those who advocate by example or precept the indiscriminate murder of the innocents in the autumn.

In another letter Sir Thomas is congratulated on the birth of a son, and this gives occasion to Goodall to express that anxiety which his own large family made him feel. The postscript overleaf tells that the old feud between foxes and pheasants, huntsman and keeper, broke out from time to time

even in such a favoured country as the Belvoir in its golden age.

Then we have a most spirited account of cub-hunting, for the benefit of Sir Thomas Whichcote, whose house lay somewhat wide for the early morning hunting.

XVI

"BELVOIR KENNELS,
"*October 8th*, 1858.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"As I flatter myself you will be pleased to hear from me, to know a little of our proceedings this cubbing season of 1858, I have much pleasure in sending you a short account of our operations. This has indeed been a long summer, and it seems years since we met in the field; and yet, alas! how fast the time flies, and how fast the seasons pass away! But to hunting, the good old sport of our ancestors, which gives us health to enjoy the pleasures of this world and helpeth the seasons to pass joyfully away, without being forgetful from whence those blessings flow.

"We commenced our cubbing operations on the 19th of August under most favourable auspices, finding a great show of foxes in Woolsthorpe Cliff, and killing a brace after an hour's good work.

"*August 20th.*—We went to Croxton Lings and Croxton Park, where we found a good litter, and killed a cub after an hour and five minutes' good work.

"*August 23rd.*—We found a litter of cubs in Belvoir Plantation, and killed a brace after an hour and a quarter hard running.

"*August 24th.*—We went to Barkstone Wood and found cubs, and killed one after a tremendous hour and thirty-five minutes.

"P.S.—Sir John Trollope found one old fox in Osgodby Coppice; give him two or three rings round Irnham Park Wood and then went away to the Moor Woods, where they got into cubs, and killed one. Five times out, and five heads.

A scratch pack; but he has about twenty couple which has been given him by friends (not drafts), very good hounds.

"If you do not want any cubs disturbing I shall go to Irnham on Monday, as I think that will tell Mr. Woodhouse his keepers are not so trustworthy as he gives them credit for. He (Mr. Woodhouse) told me in the summer he was determined to have foxes or no keepers, but at this time it is the very reverse."

As a horseman Goodall was, possibly, not equal to his immediate successors, Cooper and Gillard, for I have been told by good judges that Jem Cooper at his best was one of the finest as well as one of the boldest horsemen who ever came to Lincolnshire. Goodall was not very well mounted, though he made the best of his horses, as of everything else, with that courageous spirit of his. He was bold as a lion, fearing nothing, and though when coming over a big fence he might not always land in an orthodox position, he generally got to the far side and was seldom far from his hounds. Indeed he had that tact and judgment which enables a huntsman to be always near the hounds without appearing actually to lead the field, and enables him to save his horse. Goodall had this gift of making the most of his horse, and a very great one it is. In his early school, as second horseman to Mr. T. Drake and Ben Foot, he had learned to get across country with the least possible exertion to the horse, yet at times he was very bold. Once the field came up to a very stiff gate, hounds were on the other side, Will's place was with them, so wheeling his horse round he flew the gate and was alone with the pack for twenty minutes.

"Will Goodall was a wonderful sportsman," writes Mr. Pinder, of Barrowby, than whom few men know more about the Belvoir hounds and country, and to whose delightful little book I have more than once referred. "Will Goodall's heart and soul were in his work, and it was seldom that a tired fox escaped him. When the quarry was sinking it frequently happened that some of those who were near enough would vociferate, 'There he goes, dead beaten,' upon which Will would exclaim, 'For goodness' sake hold

your tongue and let hounds kill him.' He had for second horseman a quaint character in Tom Chambers, a man with dried-up skin, looking like leather, and immobile countenance, whom Will used jocosely to designate as the Egyptian mummy. Tom had very slender legs, of the same thickness from knee to ankle and guiltless of calves. On one occasion when hounds were breaking up their fox, Tom had dismounted and was holding both horses whilst Goodall performed the obsequies. During the struggle, hounds ran against Tom, nearly knocking him off his pins, on which a bystander exclaimed, 'Take care, Tom, or they'll be tasting your calves,' upon which Tom quietly muttered, 'Humph, they'll have a job to find 'em, I think.' Goodall had the saving gift of a sense of humour, and was full of keen observation of the incidents and characters of the hunting field. There was in his day a fashion of having the throat latch of the bridle very loose. On one occasion a well-known Meltonian, who had come to take down the numbers of the Belvoir men in their own country, rode up with his throat bridle as loose as fashion prescribed. Hounds started in due course to run from Colman Hill, so did the visitor. Very early in the run one of the big fences caused his horse to peck, and the rider flew over his head holding on to the bridle in accordance with Assheton Smith's precept. But when he gained his feet, though he held the reins, his horse was galloping off homeward, whither the disappointed sportsman had to follow on foot."

The same writer tells of a man who created some amusement by appearing in boots and breeches mounted on a donkey. However, this sportsman had the best of the joke, for to every one's surprise when hounds began to run there were rider and Neddy cantering gaily in their wake, and not only that, but feeling their way through the fences so cleverly that many of the laughers were pounded.

Another of Mr. Pinder's good stories is that of the fox which attended the meet, and which that gentleman must be allowed to tell in his own words :—

"Again surprise was manifested one day when hounds met

at Croxton Park on seeing two young fellows looking like butchers, seated in a high trap, unconcernedly drive up with a fine fox seated between them. The trio appeared all of one mind—interested in the scene, reynard not in the least disconcerted, but rather blinking one eye as he sat on the safe perch between his friends."

But no incident amused Goodall more than the story of the hare and the quarryman at Slight's Gorse, the recital of which, like the more celebrated "grouse in the gun-room," never failed to bring back the laughter it caused when it happened. Mr. Pinder again shall tell the story :—

"A ludicrous incident happened whilst Lord Forester was master, at Slight's Gorse. Whilst hounds were drawing the furze, a number of men from the neighbouring quarries assembled in a field close by, and as one of them spied a bewildered hare running down a furrow towards him he dropped on one knee with his hands out ready for a capture. And singularly enough, just as the hare reached him, with an eye back upon the hounds, she made a sudden spring into his arms, and he succeeded in catching hold of one of the hind legs. The hare screamed and struggled frantically, her captor tumbling over backwards with puss scoring his face sadly with the loose claw until it was streaming with blood. But the hewer of stone never let go, and at length, catching hold of the hare by the neck, the struggle was soon over, with anticipation of the enjoyment of 'matching her agin' a bit o' bacon,' as he called it. The effect was so ridiculous that the field roared with laughter, Lord Forester tipping the quarryman with the price of a few gallons of October wherewith to celebrate the occasion with his comrades at the Fox's Brush in the evening.

It was this joyous, laughter-loving nature that made Will so popular with the farmers and with his brother huntsmen, who loved to spend a day or two with him and share the hospitality he was always ready to give.

By this time any slight jealousy of the Belvoir huntsman had died away, and he was recognised as one of the heads of his profession in the kennel. But of this I have already

LENTON BROOK.

WILL GOODALL, ON "CROP."

From the Picture at Belvoir Castle by J. E. Ferneley.

spoken, and I must draw now to the close of the happy and beautiful life, which came so quickly and so suddenly one bright May morning, in 1859.

In his recollections of Goodall, the Druid tells us how, in the Exhibition year, he started to see the great show of which every one was talking, but he visited sixteen kennels of hounds and never got to the Crystal Palace at all. He had a great love of his beautiful little home at Belvoir, and of those sturdy boys of his with whom he loved to play cricket, although he confessed that anxiety as to their future was such that it would make him "sweat in an ice house." He watched, too, with great interest his colony of bees. His diary, like his letters, is full of character, as the Druid, a friendly soul who loved the kindly Will, and whose reminiscences of Goodall have an accent of regretful tenderness, points out :—

"His phraseology was very unique and expressive; and 'screamed over the fallows,' 'raced into him and eat him,' 'a blazing hour,' 'blew him up in the open,' etc., were great expressions with him, and very characteristic of the ceaseless energy of the man."

His diary, which will, we trust, be printed, is a very remarkable work—quite as much for the little comments on man, horse, and hound throughout it as for its vivid description of the sport itself. Passing events are interspersed here and there. We find the death of "my much-respected friend John Ashbourn" chronicled near Mr. Assheton Smith's; and the marriage of a first-flight Meltonian is not forgotten. He never failed to see what every hound was doing, and at night a little cross was put above each of their names for every good hit they had made. When it was something out of the common they had a note as well. For instance, "Lucy made a famous hit at Wilsford, and won her fox"; "Bell showed great superiority of nose, and caught the fox." Wishful, however, catches it herself in a widely different sense from his pen that self-same season, and we find against her in black and white that she "and Willing behaved very ill, running hare most obstinately in Easton Wood." There is also

a word of condolence for poor old Trusty, which "never got away from Irnham Wood and missed it altogether." He tells, too, how on one occasion he "had eleven and a half couple of stallions out"; how "George and Jem both got into Lenton Brook"; how "Knipton gave me a terrible fall, jumping into a blind grip (no fault of his)"; and how he had to whip off at night, "leaving him to give us another good run, and die, I hope, honourably in the open."[1]

For some time before his death Will showed signs of the coming trouble. He had a chronic cold, and his voice became strained and hoarse.

Some of his later seasons were good, and, though quoted before, I cannot resist giving the characteristic extracts from his diary relating to the sport, among the last he was ever to see. To the end he was cheery, as he had been in the days when he used to take no more notice of old Goosey's querulous nagging than "nothing at all." With the same courage he never relaxed his energy or his enthusiasm in the field. Twice in 1857 he killed his fox in frost. Once, as an ardent sportsman relates, to show how his hounds trusted him, he stopped them just as they were running hackles up into a wood, took them through at full gallop and laid them on the far side—the fox had gone right through—and killed his fox. No doubt he remembered the sage remark of his old master, Goosey, "I beg leave to say, sir, that a fox is a toddling animal." In 1857 he declared he had never had a cub-hunting season more to his wishes, nor enjoyed one more. In 1858 an incident as interesting as it is remarkable occurred, and is related in the *Sporting Magazine*:—

"The second fox gave them twenty minutes to ground in a drain, racing pace all the way. A couple of bitches were missing at this point—Clara, a daughter of Comus, and Careful, a daughter of Chaser—and a whip was sent back while Will went on to draw for another fox, which gave him a capital fifty minutes over a very severe country to ground again. The whip reached home without either of the bitches, but Will was so sure they were there that the boiler was

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 379.

despatched next morning, and after digging a long time he found them both on their backs in sludge and dirt, and unable to move. He got them out alive at the end of twenty-six hours, but the fox had bolted. Will had once a black-hole business of this kind on a more extended scale. The first year he was huntsman he sent his whip to stop a large head of earths in Woolsthorpe Cliff Wood. He took a pet terrier with him, which got into the earth unseen by him. After stopping all up he went home, thinking the terrier had gone too. No notice was taken till next day, when Will had the holes opened, and so on for several days, but no terrier forthcoming they were all well stopped up again. After *three weeks and three days* the terrier was seen scratching and squeezing himself out of one of them, which he succeeded in doing, and staggered away home and scratched at the door for admittance. When Mrs. Robinson (the whip's wife) let him in, he was nothing but skin and bones, such a spectacle as a man has never beheld. However, he took no harm and was quite well in a week. There was no doubt a very bountiful larder in the earths in the shape of bones, which he lived on all the time. Less luck befell two of the best and handsomest fox-terriers that ever graced the Belvoir kennels, so good that they might have been easily sold for their weight in silver. Will took them out one day in October (a very wet one), when they had an extraordinary run of at least sixteen miles, point to point, and of course the two terriers were absent, although he saw them within a short distance of the finish. The poor creatures were out five very wet days after that, and came home both together. They looked quite pitifully up in his face and then died both together in less than half an hour from sheer exhaustion."[1]

The following extract was evidently inspired by Will Goodall himself, and showed that his last season, though a bad one, as indeed we have evidence from the *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds* and other contemporary sources, had some redeeming points:—

"Two runs on February 15th and 21st of his last season

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, December, 1858, p. 380.

pleased him, so he wrote us, more than any he had ever known. In the first they were holloaed forward to a fresh fox, when their old one had crept in somewhere near Culverthorpe after 'one hour fifty minutes of regular blazing.' 'From Dembleby Thorns,' he adds, 'they went away like pigeons in flight, the horses and even many of our good men melting away like snow in summer. They ran from scent to view, and killed him by themselves (with the exception of fifteen minutes from Culverthorpe), as hard as ever they could split for three hours twenty-two minutes. I was first into the last field, and the only person who saw them course him, and his Grace was in the field when they caught him. We were the only two, but Mr. Frank Gordon, Mr. Hardy of Grantham, and Mr. Houson, Mr. Bruxner, and Jem, came up to see them eat him. Sir Thomas Whichcote's horse stood stock still, one field away.' We have no further particulars of the run of the 21st than, 'We had a regular trimmer! Oh! such a trimmer! which few men lived to see. The hounds did not get home till one o'clock the next morning. With their first fox they had two hours and ten minutes to ground nearly in view, and with their second one hour fifty minutes. They tired every one out and ran into him by themselves charmingly; it was all over our best country with both foxes.'" [1]

In the *Sporting Magazine* we read :—

"The following is our final report of the Belvoir, whose entry is said to be superb. With a west wind which has been prevailing nearly the whole of the blessed season, we have never had a week's good scenting weather, consequently we are a few foxes below our average number, owing to some parts of our country, which used to abound with foxes, being so very scarce of that animal that they could not afford to kill so many in the cubbing season as we generally do. They hunted, Will Goodall tells me, only thirty-six days in the cubbing season, and killed every day with three foxes, making a total number of thirty-nine cubs. Since then they have hunted one hundred and one days and killed fifty-eight foxes." [2]

A bad fall and the encroachments of the lung trouble,

[1] Scott and Sebright, p. 410. [2] *Sporting Magazine*, May, 1859, p. 320.

which he would never admit, at last laid the Belvoir huntsman on the bed of sickness from which he never recovered. The last entry in Goodall's diary has an interest all its own!

"On Wednesday, April 6th, we met at Belvoir. Found our first fox in Barkston Wood; ran ringing about the hills with a very bad scent for two hours, when the hounds began to improve, getting off a vixen, which had laid up her cubs, on to an old dog-fox. They set to like business, and after running him hard for an hour and half, they forced him out of the Doghorse pasture—a ring over Musson's farm, and back to the wood. Away again the same ring in view of the hounds to cover in a large drain, which Comely was soon in and drove him out; and they killed him most handsomely in the open, after being engaged from first finding in the morning for four hours—thus ending one of the worst seasons on record. A hot, sunny day like June, wind south, glass very low, and the ploughs as dry and hard as iron, the hedges and trees all as green as in the middle of summer, and a great many nests of young birds already hatched. Leverets and cubs are very forward indeed; such a forward spring has never been known by the oldest inhabitant. Hounds out *this* (the last) day—

Barbara	Racket	Caroline	Captive	Charlotte
Duchess	Redrose	Rival	Careless	Hostess
Lenity	Rally	Redwing	Dulcet	Ruin
Lively	Comely	Sempstress	Gertrude	Bonnylass
Furious	Famous	Chorus	Gracious	Norah
Wanton	Rachel	Comedy	Clara	Novelty
Willing	Destitute	Waspish	(16½ couple)	

I rode a horse of Markwell's on trial, but did not like him. Second, Knipton; third, Tom Chambers on Staunton's horse. Times out, 101; foxes killed, 56."[1]

The story of his death and funeral is told by a writer in the *Omnibus* (the ancestor of Baily's *Our Van*), and it would be impossible to improve on the sympathetic rendering of the story, coming from the pen of the Druid, whose tender

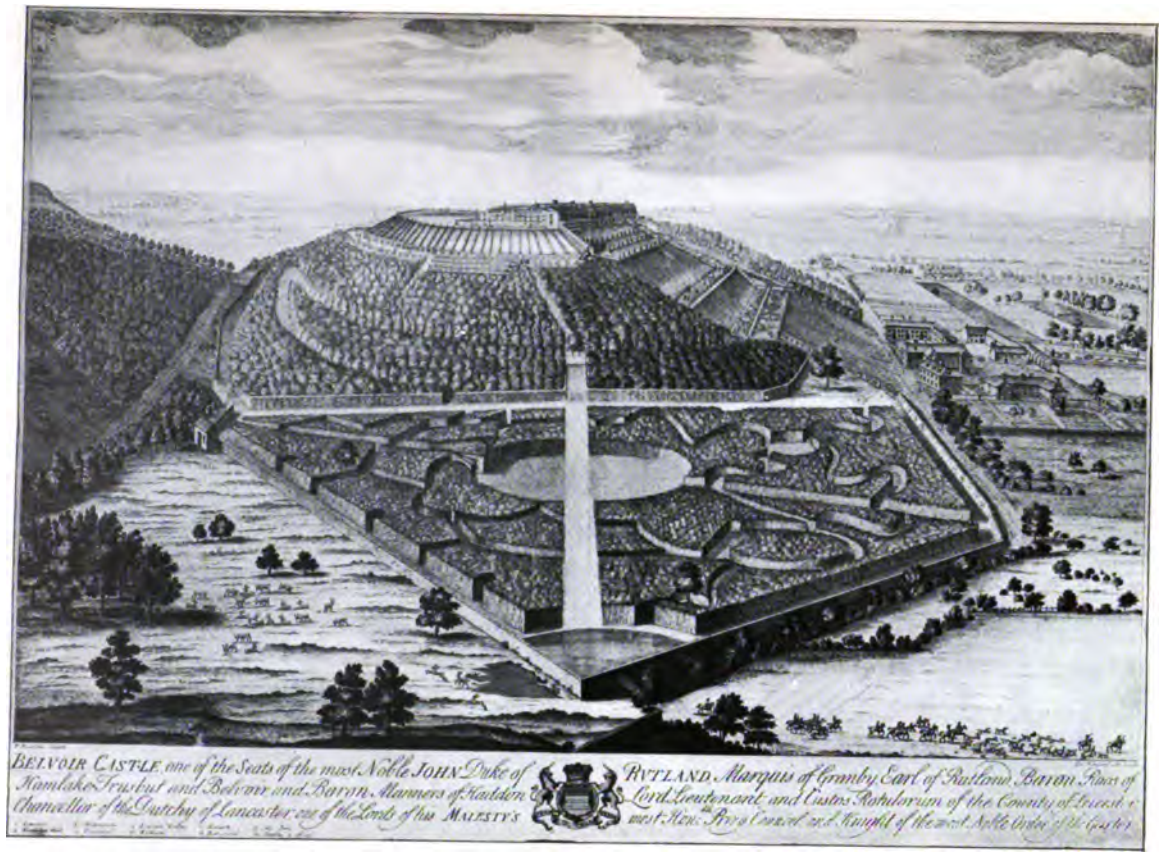
[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 380.

garrulousness on sporting subjects will live as long as hunting itself:—

"Death has been rife among sportsmen. Now poor Will Goodall has joined the number. It has been well said—

> 'The image of a man who died
> In his heyday of renown
> Has a fearful power, into which the pride
> Of fiery life bows down';

and truly the news of his death brought tears to many a brother huntsman's eyes (for he had lived down all jealousy) and fairly thrilled through Leicestershire. There is hardly a man for miles round Belvoir but feels he has lost a friend and dreads the return of the season and no Will at the cover side on Knipton or 'my good little Emperor.' He was as cheery and energetic as ever to the last, but he had for some time past been labouring under a slight cold, and his doctor used to tell him that he could never get well till the hunting was over. Croxton Races he enjoyed amazingly, and as usual he came to his wife for a handful of silver for his friends among the yokels, who generally expected a glass of ale if he had not caught them heading foxes or giving false halloos during the season. They used always to be on the look-out for him as he kept the course with his whips, and many a joke passed between them. There was a great joke against one of them for his avarice. Will had marked him down during the year for something, but as he was one of the good boys that day and kept behind the cords so well he was honoured with half a crown. He positively grumbled, and Will in his pleasant way said, '*Well, give it me back,*' and the man, thinking from the tone that it was to be exchanged for a crown, did so, and Will rode off with it, and taught him a lesson which his comrades did not forget to keep alive. He was rather amused this year with five of the farmers' Plate horses getting distanced, and made a note of it in his Hunting Diary along with Zuyder Zee's victory. Two or three more hunting days followed, and the last one when they met at Belvoir. We gave it last month in Will's own words, for nearly every account of the Belvoir sport for the last season



BELVOIR CASTLE one of the Seats of the most Noble JOHN Duke of RVTLAND Marquis of Granby Earl of Rutland Baron Ross of Hamlake Trusbut and Belvoir and Baron Manners of Haddon Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Leicest
Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster one of the Lords of his MAJESTYS most Hon. Priv Council and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter

was written by him (though we made a few alterations to disguise the authorship), and the twenty-fifth of the month never came round without the welcome report on two foolscap sheets. They were always expressed in a kind of vivid style of his own.

" . . . His fall from a horse he was riding on trial that day near the Reeded House was a very severe one, and Cooper saw him on the ground for at least a minute by the side of his horse, and was going to help him when he got up. He had a habit of carrying his horn in his breast to get easier at it, and whether he injured himself or not by falling on it could never be ascertained. They took it to his bedside some days before he died, and he showed them exactly how he fell, and half sitting up in bed took it with all the animation of health, as if it revived him to lay hold of it again. The fall must have pained him, as when his wife heard him sound his horn for the last time on coming back to the kennels, and went out to greet him with, 'Thank God, Will, I have you safe from another season,' he replied, 'Yes, but mind you I've had a rum un to-day,' and so it is feared he had. The cold seemed to increase upon him when hunting was over, and his throat as usual was rather relaxed, but he thought little of it, and striking his chest as was his wont, he used to assure his wife he was all right there. Still with all his wife's tenderness for such a husband, it could not escape her that he was slightly failing. It gave her no delight to hear when he came back from the Castle (for he would perpetually slip up there to weigh when no one saw him) that he was 2 lb. lighter, and that he had lost 7 lb. that season, which would leave him about 12 stone 5 lb. or so. On horseback, and especially on so small a horse as the Emperor, he looked a large man, and his weight, contrary to what we generally see with all splendid horsemen, lay in his legs. The draft had been sent off to Lord Ducie's, and he had intended to set off and see his old friend John Walker and attend the Wynnstay sale, and come round by Joe Maiden's, the very Friday before he died. His cold increased and it was diffi-

cult to persuade him to have a blister on, but he had one at last and went to bed and stayed there all day. He was in bed the next day when Lord Henry Bentinck called to see the young entry, but he jumped up and putting on three flannel waistcoats went down to meet him and was on the flags four hours. This was Wednesday (April 19th), and he then took to his bed and never left it alive. Merry Ben Morgan and some other hunting friends called at the kennel and saw him, and the latter especially left with a very sad presentiment on his mind. Will did not tell him, but from the time he felt too ill to stay up he had the firmest belief he could never rally, and tried to break it to his wife. Once only when he felt a little better he remarked that he was going to be spared, and what a happy summer they would have when the boys came home from school, but this idea soon passed away. The sure trust which had always supported him and coloured his whole life and conversation was not found failing then, and days before he died he could calmly assure those he loved best that the last struggle was over and that he had no fear or even a wish to come back. It was not until the Tuesday before his death that the most fatal symptoms set in, and a gush of pure blood from his lungs told that some vessel had been suddenly ruptured. From that hour he sank very rapidly. His Grace twice came to see him—once from Sandbeck, in the early part of his illness, and again on the Friday before he died, and 'My kind Lord Duke' was Will's last farewell to him, as he gave him his parting assurance that his wife and family would be duly cared for by him. The change was so rapid from Saturday afternoon that he hardly spoke, but he was sensible to the last and could speak an hour before his death, so as to give his wife and children his blessing, and died just at daybreak on May morning. A post-mortem examination was made upon him by two out of the three doctors at the Duke's request, and the state of one lung, from what cause we know not, was said to be far from satisfactory, so much so that he might perhaps not have hunted another season.

"Owing to the early day fixed for the funeral, Charles

Treadwell was the only huntsman who attended; and, as the hearse moved off, the hounds set up that sort of deep wailing sound, not singing and not chiming, which quite went through the followers and the crowd who stood at the distance to see the last of their old friend, and seemed, even to the whips, like a sound they had never heard before. It was no unfitting requiem for him. He is buried at Knipton, about a mile from the kennels, and just under Granby Wood, the end of that unbroken woodland chain which he has made ring again so often in cub-hunting time. His grave is just on the left as you enter the gate, and at the end of the fortnight it seemed quite green, and daisies were growing; in fact, we did not even see that it was a new one, and when we had gone round and found Tom Goosey's at the end of the chancel, we were obliged to ask a little girl where it was. Many besides ourselves will visit that spot, and although the name of Will Goodall is not likely to be preserved in that strange song and funeral picture which have made Tom Moody's so historical, it will sink into the heart of every sportsman, present and to come, with a far deeper and more enduring significance. He leaves eleven children behind—eight sons and three daughters. The eldest son is with a veterinary surgeon at Tuxford; the second, Stephen, has just gone into his Grace's stables; the third, Will, is destined for the hunting saddle, and so is most probably the fifth; while the fourth, a boy of nine, is at the Blue-coat School. The others are quite young, one of them only a baby fourteen weeks old. Mrs. Goodall is going to live at Croxton Park, in a house which has been kindly placed at her disposal by the Duke."[1]

The hunt got up a subscription for the widow and children, and friendship did the rest. It is said by an old and leading member of the Belvoir Hunt that during his last illness Goodall was frequently visited by his master the Duke, and his friend Sir Thomas Whichcote, and they asked the dying man, for such they knew he was, if anything troubled him. Then Goodall unburdened to them his dread of leaving his large family but ill provided for. The Duke said he would

[1] *Sporting Magazine*, June, 1859, p. 398.

look after Mrs. Goodall, while Sir Thomas Whichcote promised to be responsible for the fortunes of young Will. This promise, too, was well fulfilled, and the boy was educated at Sir Thomas's expense, and afterwards trained in his stables, till in time he rose, like his father, to be one of the finest huntsmen of his day. Will the younger prospered exceedingly in his calling, and on his death left behind him a good competence. To the end of Sir Thomas's life the younger Will was in the habit of writing to the master and friend to whom he owed so much.

This chapter may close fittingly with the graceful lines which Mr. John Welby has written to the memory of the great huntsman :—

THE FIRST OF MAY, 1859.

Here let me rest awhile, my steed,
  Awhile review the past;
And thoughts recall which in our need
  We find too seldom last.

To-day again a lesson's taught
  Alike to grave and gay,
That earthly hopes are things of nought—
  It is not always May.

How soft the air! How shines around
  Nature in best array!
The scene with opening beauties crown'd,
  For 'tis the first of May.

The first of May!—a name which brings
  A freshness and a joy,
Recalling dreamy shades of things
  Untrammelled by alloy.

Upon the neck I drop the rein:
  Blithe is the first of May;
Alas! how bitter is the pain
  That dims this genial day.

Listen! from Knipton's ivied fane,
  Low issuing thro' the dell;
With measured toll again—again
  Sounds the sad passing bell.

THE SQUIRE OF ASWARBY

Dead! and on this fair first of May,
  How sad does it appear
To us who hoped for many a day
  To listen to his cheer.

Before me rise fair Belvoir's towers,
  Beneath me spreads the vale,
Now glistening bright with April showers
  And May's refreshing gale.

On such a morn from worldly strife
  He's gone—beloved by all—
As tho' a good and cheery life
  Merits such funeral pall.

He's gone whilst birds a requiem sang
  And Nature's face was gay,
Followed by many a heartfelt pang,
  In life's meridian day.

How often in November morn,
  From out the portals grey,
We've seen the hounds, his ringing horn
  With lashing sterns obey.

His cheer, too, as with eager strife
  They joyful went their way—
'Twas worth ten years of quiet life
  One glance at their array.

Little we dreamed that April eve
  (Warm as an eve in June)
'Twas doomed that spirit bold should leave
  Its tenement so soon.

As dashing Barkston glades along,
  His spirit knew no bounds,
We heard him keenly cheer along
  Last time his favourite hounds.

And whilst we sighed the season past,
  The last eve drawing nigh,
And lingering on to make it last
  Could hardly say good-bye,

Did hope not tell a flattering tale
  That we might meet again,
And o'er our well-known Belvoir vale
  Fresh laurels strive to gain?

And tho' awhile to rest be laid
The hunter, horn, and hound,
How little were we then afraid
Of cruel fate's rebound.

Could we his bygone pages read—
His feats by flood and field—
The varied narrative indeed
An Iliad might yield.

And many a pleasant day that's past,
And many a name forgot,
In memory's page might chance to last—
A bright memorial spot.

Linked with the past is Goodall's day,
Long will survive his name;
His earnest heart and spirit gay
Lived in the lists of fame.

For who of any doubt had need,
That did his features scan,
That he was born to take a lead—
Nature's true gentleman?

FREDERICK SLOANE STANLEY, ESQ.

Chapter XIII

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BELVOIR HUNT AND OF THE SIXTH DUKE OF RUTLAND

By Frederick Sloane Stanley

1858–1888

SOON after he succeeded to the title, the Duke of Rutland took the mastership of the Belvoir hounds, Lord Forester, the former master, having volunteered to retire in his favour. The Duke most generously undertook to hunt them at his own expense as long as he was able, and did so for over twenty years. After that time, owing principally to the agricultural distress, which more or less crippled, and in many cases ruined, the landlords of England, he felt himself compelled either to give up the hounds altogether or to take a subscription. The gentlemen of Lincolnshire, however, willingly subscribed the amount required, and he then consented to carry on the hunt as before.

The Duke of Rutland's first season as master was the season of 1859–60. He was then a fine, tall, handsome man of middle age, and a hard and determined rider. His hunting costume was usually a high hat very much curled up at the brim, a blue and white bird's-eye tie, a buff waistcoat and scarlet coat with Belvoir Hunt buttons on it, generally white buckskin gloves and always high black Napoleon boots, and as master he carried a silver horn on his saddle.

I believe he was one of the most popular masters of hounds that ever existed, and was generally beloved by his

field, which consisted of lords, ladies and gentlemen, and many tenant farmers and others.

He was rather a reserved and silent man while hunting but not so on his return to the Castle, as he had a large fund of amusing stories which he was very fond of relating either at dinner or afterwards to his numerous guests. The Duke was, unfortunately, a terrible sufferer from gout, which would be brought on by a fall out hunting, and often prevented his enjoying his favourite sport. The Duke had several bad falls in the course of his mastership, and one particularly bad one near Great Gonerby, in which he injured the muscles of his neck and he also had a slight concussion of the spine. After this fall he was taken in a carriage to the George Hotel at Grantham, and was laid up there for some time until he was well enough to return to Belvoir, and although he was well taken care of by his medical advisers, I do not think he ever quite recovered from the effects of this really bad accident. When he became convalescent he was recommended by his doctors to go abroad for a winter, and to obtain, if possible, perfect rest and quiet. This he consented to do, and he took a boat on the Nile, which proved to be most beneficial to him. He was able to return to England in the spring of the following year, and was received with quite an ovation on his return to Belvoir Castle, many of the tenantry and the gentlemen and ladies of the hunt residing in the neighbourhood meeting him on horseback at the entrance gate on the Grantham side of the Castle, and afterwards riding alongside of his carriage up to the front doors of the Castle, which would be about two miles. The Duke stood up in his carriage and made them a kind and feeling speech. Then, after giving three cheers for his Grace, they dispersed, all delighted to see him looking so well, and hoping to meet him again in the hunting field in the coming season.

The Duke of Rutland was a great smoker, and some amusement was caused by the great length of the cigars he smoked, which Lord Wilton christened "bowsprits," and it was pleasant to hear the friendly chaff which used to take

place between them. When Lord Wilton met the Duke at the commencement of a season he would almost invariably say to him, "Good-morning, Granby; I see you stick to the same length of bowsprit." On asking the Duke who he considered to have the best cigars of the numerous cigar merchants he employed, his answer was, "On the whole I have always found Thompson's cigars to suit me the best."

I will now mention some of the Duke of Rutland's sensational performances in the hunting field. During his younger days he jumped the Croxton Park wall on the south side of the Park, not far from the race-stand, the wall being over five feet high, with a considerable drop. He also jumped the river Witham between Great Ponton and Grantham at a very wide place, and Lord Forester, seeing him do it, shouted to his brother, Henry Forester, "Now then, lad, why don't you follow him?" The Duke also swam the Nottingham and Grantham canal on horseback, and had great difficulty in getting his horse out, the banks being boggy and rotten; and once while hunting in Lincolnshire he had the misfortune to jump a fence near a pond on a hard-pulling horse, which, before he could stop him, rushed madly into the pond; both horse and rider were nearly drowned, and were extricated with much difficulty, covered with black mud. One of the reasons of the Duke's great popularity as a master of hounds was that he never swore at his field or used any bad language to them, but if he called them to order he did so in a determined manner, and on some occasions, when he was not listened to, he threatened to take the hounds home, which always had the desired effect. The Duke had a very smart second horseman in William Skillington, afterwards promoted to be stud groom at Belvoir, and he would send him galloping off after any offending gentleman with orders to stop him or bring him back.

Among the numerous anecdotes which the Duke was fond of relating to his friends was one of his being taken in by a clever horsedealer and farmer, Mr. Tomlin by name, well known in the hunting field by the name of Cap Tomlin, because he always wore a huntsman's cap. At the time of

the story he must have been an oldish man, but was still a fine rider, and he delighted in making what he considered to be a good deal with the gentlemen of the hunt. Now the Marquis of Granby (as he then was) was riding to the meet at Croxton Park from Belvoir, and had arrived within a field or two of the Park, when he saw Cap Tomlin galloping down the hill in front of him and making straight for a deep and wide brook which runs on the left-hand side of the hunting ride, and when he got within a few yards of the brook he shouted out, "Forrard away, hark forrard, yoicks over," at the same time waving about his right arm; the horse took a magnificent leap and cleared the brook in fine style. Lord Granby, being short of horses at that time, naturally thought this horse would be exactly what he wanted. He therefore rode up to Tomlin on arriving at the meet, and said to him, "You seem to have a fine hunter there, Mr. Tomlin." His answer was, "Yes, my Lord; and he is as good as he looks. *Just* the horse for you, my Lord; he can jump anything you like to put him at." So then and there they came to a deal, Mr. Tomlin, of course, asking and obtaining a large price for the horse. Shortly afterwards Lord Granby gave the horse a trial with the hounds, and he soon found that no power on earth could hold the animal, and he ran clean away with him, and had to gallop him round and round a deep ploughed field before he could stop him. He afterwards tried him with all the strongest bits and bridles in the Belvoir stables without any effect. Of course he had to get rid of him as soon as possible for a mere song, and he soon afterwards found out that Mr. Tomlin was being run away with when he saw him jump the brook on the riding-way to Croxton Park, and cleverly pretended that he was making the horse do it on purpose. Many other good stories are told of this celebrated horsedealer. On one occasion he followed George, Lord Forester, at that time M.F.H., all the way from Melton Spinney, where the hounds had left off hunting, to Knipton Lodge, near Belvoir, in his anxiety to sell him the horse he was riding, although Lord Forester repeatedly told him he would not buy the horse at the price

he asked for him. Now, as Mr. Tomlin resided in Rutlandshire, not far from Oakham, he must have had to ride home at least twenty miles, and had gone almost that distance out of his way in trying to make a deal.

During the early part of the period at which the Duke of Rutland took the mastership of his hounds he appointed James Cooper, who had acted for some time as first whipper-in to Goodall, to be his huntsman, and he could not have selected a better man for the place. Cooper was a lightweight, a strong, wiry man, and a splendid horseman; indeed, I believe that nobody ever rode over a hunting country with greater ease and with fewer falls than Cooper did during the many years he hunted the Belvoir hounds.

Jem Cooper, as he was usually called, was a Scotchman by birth, and came from Fife. He was a very quiet man in the hunting field, and was not given to holloaing, and he made very little noise while drawing the coverts, but he was very good with his horn, and if he viewed a fox away it was quite a treat to hear the cheering and inspiriting notes he could produce on it. During this period the Duke of Rutland entertained numerous guests at Belvoir Castle. Among others his two brothers, Lord John Manners, M.P., and Lord George Manners, M.P., were frequently there, and they were both very fond of hunting; and Mr. Andrew Drummond, of Cadland, the Duke's brother-in-law, usually came to Belvoir every season and brought a stud of hunters with him. Mr. Busfield Ferrand, M.P., was also a frequent guest, and had a considerable stud of hunters, which were stabled at the Peacock Inn at Belvoir; and Mr. George Drummond was also a constant guest at the Castle; his large stud of hunters were stabled at the George Hotel, Grantham. On this gentleman's first day with the Belvoir he is said to have had six or seven falls, but afterwards he became a very fairly good horseman, and rode hard and saw many good runs, and was a good supporter of the Belvoir Hunt.

I will now endeavour to give a list of those who regularly hunted with the Belvoir during the time that Cooper was huntsman, commencing with those who resided in the imme-

diate neighbourhood of Belvoir Castle: Mr. William Welby, M.P., eldest son of Sir Glynne Earl Welby, Bart., of Denton, and his two brothers, Captain Glynne Welby and Mr. Alfred Welby; the Rev. G. Sloane Stanley and his two sons, Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley and Mr. Francis Sloane Stanley, and occasionally the Misses Sloane Stanley; the Rev. T. Bullen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hampden Wigram, Mr. George Gillett, the Rev. P. Mules, Mr. George Gordon, and Mr. John Welby.

The principal sportsmen who hunted from Grantham were Mr. John Hardy (the banker) and his son, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Henry Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. James Hornsby, Mr. Bruxner, Captain T. Boyce, Captain Riddell, both of the 16th Lancers, and Mons. Roy and Mons. Couturie, two French gentlemen, both fine riders and well known as gentlemen riders on the French turf. A few years later Captain Micklethwaite, R.N., arrived at Grantham. He hunted from that town for many years, lodging over the saddler's shop. The captain was a very hard and somewhat dangerous rider and usually rode roarers.

Major Longstaffe also hunted for many years from the George Hotel, Grantham, and if in want of a horse was mounted by Mr. George Drummond, who often put his large stud of horses at his disposal when unable to hunt himself. Mr. Burbidge and Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Gray, the Grantham tailor, and Mr. W. Manners, solicitor, also hunted regularly, while Barrowby and Casthorpe were represented by the Marquis of Queensberry, Mr. William Pinder, Mr. William Sills, Mr. Downing and his son, and occasionally by Mr. George Welby. Lord Doneraile hunted a season or two from Barrowby, bringing a large stud of horses with him from Ireland. The Vale of Belvoir was represented by Mr. Fletcher Norton of Elton, Captain Cecil Hall and Mrs. Cecil Hall of Whatton, Mr. Talbot and his son Mr. Bower Talbot, the Rev. J. Banks Wright, Mr. Vere Wright, Mr. Staunton of Staunton Hall, the Rev. G. Staunton and Mrs. Staunton, Mr. Sherbrooke of Oxton Hall, Captain Sherbrooke and Miss Sherbrooke, Mr. George Fillingham of Syerston Hall, Mr. H. Milward of Thurgarton Priory, and his niece

Miss Simpson, who rode a splendid pony called Little Miss, one of the best I ever saw. At this period many farmers hunted in the neighbourhood of Belvoir. Among others Mr. Wilders and his son Mr. J. Wilders, and Mr. Tipping and Mr. William Hind, all of Croxton, also Mr. Edward Guy, and Mr. Joseph Johnson of Branstone, Mr. Andrew Guy and his sons from Eaton, and Mr. Burbidge of Thorpe Arnold, a very celebrated old sportsman.

The field from the Lincolnshire side of the country was also a very large one, including the Earl of Brownlow, Sir John Thorold, Captain Cecil Thorold, Mr. Montague Thorold, Mr. Beaumont (who rented Boothby Hall for some years), Mr. Commissioner Fane, Colonel Fane, Colonel Walter Fane, Mr. Shewin Gregory, Mr. Edward Fane, the Rev. J. Croft, the Rev. H. Houson, Colonel John Reeve, Colonel Dundas, Mr. Ellis Reeve, the Rev. J. Parkinson Younge, Mr. Christopher Turnor, Miss Turnor, Mr. Hatton Turnor, Mr. Algernon Turnor, Mr. Peacock Wilson and his son and daughter, Mr. Broke Turnor, Mrs. Broke Turnor,[1] the Rev. T. Heathcote, the Rev. W. Newcome, Sir Montague Cholmeley, Mr. Hugh Cholmeley, the Rev. J. Mirehouse and several others. And the principal farmers were Mr. J. Hoyes, Mr. Sampie, Mr. Hand, Mr. Brewster, Mr. Bland, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Rudkin, Mr. Garner, a celebrated local horsedealer, Mr. Minta, Mr. T. Hack, and many more.

The Melton contingent who usually hunted with the Belvoir on Wednesdays and Saturdays consisted of the Earl of Wilton, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lady Grey de Wilton, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, the Earl of Hardwicke, Ladies Katherine and Alice Egerton, Mr. W. Little Gilmour, Mr. Stirling Crawford, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Captain George Johnstone, Colonel the Hon. Henry Forester, Viscount Newport, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., and Miss Grant, Mr. William Craven, Lady Mary Craven, Sir Henry Edwards, Sir Henry des Vœux, Mr. Lloyd, Major Paynter, Lord Berkeley Paget, Mr. Gilbert Stirling, Captain King, the Hon. H. Molyneux, the Hon. Mrs. Molyneux, Mr. J. Behrens, Mr.

[1] Now Mrs. Longstaffe.

H. Behrens, Captain Smith, Major Turner Farley, the Hon. Alan Pennington, Lord Carrington, the Hon. H. Coventry, Mr. B. Coventry, Mr. Arthur Coventry, Mr. Gilbert Stirling, the Hon. W. Hill Trevor, Colonel Markham, Mr. W. Markham and the Misses Markham, and others.

About the time the Duke of Rutland took the mastership of the Belvoir hounds he had three favourite hunters, whose portraits he had painted by Mr. Ferneley, the celebrated sporting artist—a fine roan horse and a bay horse called The Earl and a black mare called Black Bess. The picture may now be seen in the small dining-room at Belvoir Castle, together with a portrait of his retriever Bess.

In after years he had many nice horses, among others a chestnut mare called Beauty, and a very nice bay horse which he called Chapman; this horse was latterly his favourite mount when he hunted. He also had some nice horses called Hornsby and Laurel and March; the two last, being good ladies' horses, were often lent by him to ladies who wanted a mount. A horse called Shipman was his favourite hack. This horse lived to a great age and was ridden occasionally by the present Duke of Rutland, and lived for two or three years after his brother the late Duke's death. The old horse has a tombstone put up to his memory near the stables at Belvoir.

No very remarkably good runs occurred for a season or two after the Duke became master, but in January, 1862, two famous runs took place, both of which were subjects of much conversation in the hunting field for some time afterwards.

The first of these was from Scalford Bog on January the 4th. On the morning of that day we had a fair hunting run from Melton Spinney, crossing the brook twice, eventually losing our fox near that covert. Mr. Bower Talbot the son of the veterinary surgeon of that name, had a fall at the Melton brook the second time of crossing, and his horse remained for some time in the brook before he could be got out, but he was none the worse and he rode him again in the second run. We drew Scalford Bog about three o'clock on that afternoon. A fine fox went away towards Goadby Gorse,

FAVOURITE HUNTERS OF THE SIXTH DUKE OF RUTLAND, WITH HIS RETRIEVER "HERO."

From the Picture by J. E. Ferneley at Belvoir Castle.

but leaving that covert one field to his left, made as if for Waltham, but bearing to the left again, he passed over Mr. Rippin's large grass fields, which were strongly fenced with ox-rails. The huntsman's horse, after clearing the fence, lit with his hind legs on an oxer, smashing it to pieces and making it an easier place for the rest of the field who followed him. Those who were well to the front at this time were Mr. Bruxner, Mr. Henry Partridge, myself and my brother Mr. Francis Sloane Stanley, Captain Owen Williams, Mr. John Welby, Mr. Bower Talbot and one or two farmers. Shortly afterwards we crossed the Melton and Grantham turnpike road at the little dip in the road to the north of the site of the old toll-bar. The pace was a regular cracker as we passed Stonesby Gorse, leaving that covert on our right until we got to Garthorpe Moor. Over the plough they went at a steadier pace, which enabled the Duke of Rutland and others to catch us up near Coston. The huntsman, the whipper-in and I all fell together at a very blind ditch on the taking-off side of a fence out of a deep ploughed field, and the three horses got away and mine followed on with the hunt for half a mile or more, and I saw him jumping the fences until he was out of sight, and I had to follow on the line on foot until I found my horse, which had been caught and kindly tied up to a gatepost by Mr. John Welby. The huntsman's horse did not go very far and was soon caught and remounted by him. They then ran past Coston and made as if for Woodwell Head, but did not go into the covert, and there was no check until they ran into a small plantation not far from Barrow Gorse. Unfortunately a fresh fox jumped up here; the hounds divided, and some time was lost in getting them together again. They then ran through Barrow Gorse, and as it was becoming very dark and all the horses were beat, the huntsman was obliged to whip off, so this good fox saved his life. Very few got to the end of this grand run, the distance of which from point to point must have been at least fourteen or fifteen miles. The run was too much for Mr. Bower Talbot's fine hunter, and he died in some farm buildings near the spot where the hounds were stopped, and though the horse

which Mr. Francis Sloane Stanley rode got to the end of the run, it never came out again that season. Two or three of the hunt servants' horses were also done up for the season. Among the few who got to the end of this famous run were the Duke of Rutland, Mr. John Welby, Mr. Partridge, Mr. Bruxner, Captain Owen Williams, Mr. Francis Sloane Stanley, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Bower Talbot, and the huntsman and first whip, and perhaps one or two more.

This run is well described in a short poem by Mr. John Welby, entitled "The Scalford Run," and will be found in the *Lays on the Belvoir Hunt*, p. 18. The last verse, which I quote by kind permission of Mr. Welby, very well describes the loss Mr. Bower Talbot sustained in his valuable horse.

"To those who rode thro' the whole run I can swear
The Duke and his huntsman were certainly there.
I can tell you, my lad, too, that I did not lag;
I got to the end, but I finished my nag."

Another famous run took place on January the 17th, 1863: from Coston covert fifty minutes without check, the hounds killing the fox in a stackyard in Waltham village. In the commencement of the run the fox went in the direction of Garthorpe and pointed for Saxby Spinney, but turning right-handed, made as if for Brentingby Spinney, but leaving that covert on the right, he crossed the Melton turnpike road, pointing for a field or two towards Melton Spinney, but the wind being against him, he could face it no longer; he therefore turned right-handed again and made for Waltham and was fairly hunted down in a farmyard at the entrance of that village. After some delay, as none of the second horsemen had put in an appearance, the Duke settled to take the hounds home. In this remarkably fast fifty minutes, Mr. Hatton Turnor, of the Rifle Brigade, had by far the best of it; he was riding a thoroughbred-looking hack, and the huntsman and he fairly led the field the whole time, the Duke of Rutland also being well to the front.

In February, 1863, an unpleasant incident occurred. After meeting at Croxton Park on a fine hunting morning, the Duke of Rutland gave the order to the huntsman to draw

Coston covert, at which covert we shortly found a fine fox, which went away in the direction of Buckminster, closely pursued by the hounds. The pack got away with a good start from the covert, but when they had gone about two fields, they suddenly ceased to give tongue, and threw up their heads, and began casting about. A labourer then informed the huntsman that he had seen a tall man, who was standing about with a gun close by, shoot the fox just in front of the pack, and that he had concealed the carcase in a hovel hard by. The Duke, who was close up at the time, was informed of this, and immediately rode up to the man with the gun, and accused him of having shot his fox, and demanded that the dead animal should be given up to him at once. On the man's declining to do so, and at the same time placing his back against the door of the hovel, the Duke signalled to his second horseman to come and hold his horse, and got off him and went up to the offender, and again asked him to give him his fox. On his again declining to do so, he seized him round the waist, and tried to remove him from the door of the hovel, and a short struggle took place between the two, which ended in both rolling over, with the Duke on the top. In the meantime, a Spanish count, who was a spectator of the struggle, seeing that the farmer still retained his gun, jumped off his horse and snatched the gun away from him, for which he got some kudos, as the gun might have gone off and caused an accident. The Duke, having got the better of the tussle, jumped up quickly and opened the door of the building, and took out the dead body of the fox, which he handed over at once to the huntsman, and told him to give it to the hounds, which was done immediately, nearly the whole field being present by that time. The count then came up to his Grace with the gun, and said to him, "What shall I do with the gun, my Lord? shall we shoot him?" (meaning the offender). This, of course, caused much amusement, and shouts of "No! no! put the gun into a wet ditch." The count seemed to have been much disappointed at this, and remarked, "We should have made away with him in my country." So ended the fox tragedy, and the hounds

were taken off to draw another covert. I may as well mention that on inquiry afterwards it was discovered that this man was not tenant of the field in which he shot the fox, but was a near relation to the actual tenant, and no doubt he placed himself in the field with the idea of heading or shooting any fox that might wish to pass over it, probably out of spite to the hunt. Now, if he had let the fox alone, hardly a soul would have ridden over the small field the event occurred in, as it was within one field of the usual riding way to and from Coston covert, and the majority of the hunting field would certainly have gone that way and through the usual line of gates; but as it was, of course, the whole hunting field rode up to see what was taking place, and, in consequence, the field must have been well ridden over and trampled by the numerous horsemen.

Some time after this event, an address, which was signed by nearly every farmer in the Belvoir Hunt, expressing their regret and indignation at such unsportsmanlike conduct in shooting a fox which was being pursued by the Duke of Rutland's hounds, was presented to the Duke at a meet at Croxton Park, which was largely attended; Mr. Bland, of Flawborough, a sporting heavy-weight farmer, being selected to make the presentation. After a few words of thanks from the Duke, Mr. Bland called for three cheers for the Duke of Rutland and fox-hunting. Immediately a scene of wild confusion took place, as many of the horses being over fresh, and also unaccustomed to cheering, and waving of hats, kicked, jumped, and bounded about all over the place, and several of their riders were deposited upon their backs on the grass, causing much amusement to the spectators. There were many good runs in those days, but I cannot attempt to record them all.

I remember a particularly good hunting run from Normanton Great Thorns to Grantham, the fox being hunted by the hounds through the market-place, and after that all trace of him was lost, and they had to give him up, but the next day he was found by one of the inhabitants of Grantham quite dead in an outbuilding not far from the spot where he was

THE SIXTH DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.

From a Water-Colour Sketch at Belvoir Castle.

lost. It was, therefore, a pity the hounds did not get hold of the fox, as they richly deserved him. This run must have been quite nine miles from point to point, and they went a very fair pace the greater part of the time. We also used to have many fast gallops on Croxton Heath, but of late years this part of the Belvoir country has produced very little sport. It is possible that the belts of fir trees, etc., which were planted some twenty-five years ago for partridge driving, have rather spoilt that country for hunting purposes, and the number of hares has certainly increased. This may in some way account for the lack of sport in that district.

The next event of importance which I have to record was the visit to Belvoir of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales in February, 1866. Unfortunately, the weather was very wet, and the country terribly deep. The Prince attended a huge meet of the hounds at Piper Hole, and in order to shake off the crowd of footpeople, who would have spoilt the sport, the order was given to draw Hose Gorse in the Vale of Belvoir. A fox was soon found there, and he gave a very fair twisting kind of run, eventually being killed after about thirty-five minutes in the road not far from Clawson Thorns, the brush being presented to the Prince of Wales. Harby Covert was afterwards drawn, and produced another good fox, which went in the direction of Plungar, over a very deep and somewhat stiff line of country. The Prince of Wales rode both runs very well indeed; in fact, saw as much as anybody, and strange to say, notwithstanding the rain, it was a wonderfully good scenting day. This run took place on a Wednesday. The next meet the Prince of Wales attended was at Weaver's Lodge, about five miles to the east of the town of Grantham. This meet was also very largely attended. The first fox was found at Sapperton Wood, and gave a fair run, but the hailstorms which came on at intervals spoilt the scent, and he was soon lost.

The Duke of Rutland had a fall in this run just in front of me, but not being hurt, soon remounted. After a short interval, in which the Prince of Wales and others had their

luncheon under the shelter of some stacks, the order was given to draw Ingoldsby Wood, and a good fox was found there, which gave them a capital run of about thirty-five minutes, in which the Prince went exceedingly well, his horse being quite beat at the end. On his way back to the Castle the Prince of Wales stopped at the Angel Hotel at Grantham, and partook of a little refreshment, while the omnibus, which was waiting for him there to convey him and some of the party to Belvoir Castle, was being got ready. Mr. Boyall, the landlord, informed his Royal Highness that King John was said to have stayed at the Angel Hotel just before all his baggage, etc., was lost in the Wash on the Lincolnshire coast, and that since that time George IV. had honoured the hotel with his presence on more than one occasion, and with his Royal Highness's permission, in the future he would call the hotel the Angel and Royal, by which name it is now designated.

There were many other good runs on the Lincolnshire side of the country during the time that Cooper was huntsman. One particular fine afternoon run may be noted here. The hounds had met at Newton toll-bar, and had a fair ringing kind of run in the morning, killing their fox in the open, the country being very deep for the time of the year, as it was the first week in March. A very large field of horsemen was out, including Mr. W. W. Tailby, M.F.H. We found our second fox at Ingoldsby Wood, and ran fast through Boothby little wood, passing close to Boothby Hall, near which place Mr. Frank Gordon got his horse wedged in between an ox-rail and a largish fence, which he was attempting to negotiate, and was regularly trapped for some little time, as he could not prevail upon the animal to go one way or the other. Eventually, somebody got off and broke the ox-rail, and let him out. Mr. Frank Gordon and his brother, Mr. George Gordon, were certainly two of the most brilliant performers over a country I ever saw—"rum uns to follow, and bad uns to beat" (as Whyte Melville would have described them to be). We then ran over a fine country, passing Basingthorpe and Corby, and the run terminated at Mr. Birch Reynardson's

place, Hollywell. It was then getting dark ; a fresh fox had jumped up and interfered with the sport by dividing the pack, so it was considered necessary to stop the hounds. It was a splendid scenting day, and there was no check whatever in this fine run, which was rather over an hour, and I consider it to have been one of the best runs I ever saw ; Mr. Tailby observed that it was the best run he had seen during that season. I also recollect a particularly good gallop from Burbidge's covert, the fox crossing the river at once and passing near Berry Gorse without going into the covert; leaving Stapleford Park on the left, he went within a field or two of Ranksboro Gorse; here he made a sudden turn back and made for Whissendine, in which village the hounds fairly ran into him in a farmyard. I believe this run to have been about forty minutes, and it was much talked about afterwards as being one of the best things of that season.

I will just mention one more fine run, which took place towards the end of Cooper's career as Belvoir huntsman. The fox was found in a covert called the Thirteen Acres, which I believe to be on Sir John Thorold's estates, and made his point straight for Barkston Gorse, and going through that covert at once, he made off in the direction of Caythorpe; passing close to that village, he then went down into the vale below Leadenham and took us over a fine grass country, rather strongly fenced, well into Mr. Chaplin's country, and he was pulled down in the open, close to Wellingore. This splendid run lasted a little over an hour. At the commencement of the run, Sir Hugh Cholmeley's horse crossed his legs in rather a deep sandy kind of ploughed field, and rolled over with him without hurting him in any way. But at first he could not imagine why the horse did not get up, but on looking at him carefully he found that the calkin at the back of the hind shoe had managed to get through the small ring at the bottom end of the curb bit, and so completely tied his head up to his heels ; so, of course, the bridle had to be pulled off before the horse could get up. This was soon done, and he was none the worse for the mishap, and Sir Hugh rode him through

the run. When we turned down into the vale below Fulbeck and Leadenham, Cooper came galloping past me and observed as he passed, "Why, what a pity we have not got the Meltonians with us to compete over this country; they would soon find out that it takes some doing." Soon after Sir Hugh Cholmeley's fall I came to grief myself, by a stirrup-leather breaking as my horse landed me over rather a bushy kind of fence. However, this did not delay me more than a minute or two, as, when I had picked myself up and discovered the broken stirrup-leather, I found by riding a hole or two shorter I could make it do very well. Fortunately, there was nothing very big to jump until quite the end of the run, when we came to rather a large fence with a ditch on the taking-off side. I had turned my horse's head, and was in the act of riding it, when I heard a voice behind hallooing out, "Don't have it, there is a double ditch, it is a nasty place." This turned out to be Mons. Roy, who evidently knew the fence well, as he rode off into the corner of the field, jumped off his horse, and commenced preparing a place by pulling out the thorns to enable a horse to see the ditch on the far side. He was not long in doing this, so the huntsman and all those who were up followed though the gap he had made, with the exception of the Rev. J. Parkinson Younge, who rode boldly at the fence and cleared the whole thing in fine style, and went on alone with the hounds for two fields. At the end of the second field the hounds pulled the fox down in the open, and, when the huntsman and the rest of the hunting field came up, the rev. gentleman had already secured the fox, and was surrounded by the baying pack; of course he afterwards received the fox's brush, as well as numerous congratulations from his friends, and went home rejoicing.

Although I have no intention of describing at length any more of the runs in Cooper's time, I must not pass over without mention his celebrated run from a covert near Gipple, called Ancaster Gorse. On this occasion the hounds ran far into the fen country, killing their fox near Haconby. The latter part of the country they ran over was perfectly unrideable, owing to the magnitude of the fen dykes, also the

heavy soil which the horses had to contend with, so the huntsman finished on foot, and Mr. John Welby and Mr. Hardy watched the termination of this wonderful run from the top of a stack, the distance of which from point to point was said to have been nearly twenty miles.

Cooper had the assistance of several good whippers-in during his term of office, among others George Shepherd, Nimrod Long, Frank Gillard; the latter afterwards became huntsman to the South Notts, Quorn, and Belvoir, in the order named. Owing to failing health and various other reasons, Cooper retired from his situation as huntsman in 1870, and the Duke of Rutland offered the post to Frank Gillard, who was at that time huntsman to the Quorn hounds. With Mr. Coupland's kind consent he was enabled to accept the offer. During the long period that Gillard was huntsman, of course there were many good runs. He was also fortunate in having several very good whippers-in under him, among others Goodall, Wells, and Arthur Wilson, and his own son, young Frank Gillard, R. Cotesworth, and others. Gillard had a cordial welcome on his return to Belvoir as huntsman by all those who knew him in the hunting field as the first whipper-in to the Belvoir pack some years previously, and everything connected with the hunt went on smoothly for many years. On the fifteenth of March, 1871, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was staying at Melton, re-appeared again with the Belvoir hounds at a meet at Stonesby, about one mile and a half from Croxton Park. It was a beautiful morning, and a large field was out both on horseback and on wheels. This meet and the subsequent run are so cleverly described in an unpublished poem by Mr. John Welby that I venture to quote a few verses, with a slight alteration and addition of my own:—

"At Stonesby in the morning there met a motley crowd,
For all the country side had been a holiday allowed,
To see the Prince of Wales a-mounted on his steed,
With a flower in his button-hole and in his mouth a weed.
There were shandry dans and go-carts, and phaetons and gigs,
And jolly-looking farmers, and pretty girls and prigs.
The county squires of Leicestershire were in the crowd we see,

And many belles from Lincolnshire, and more than one M.P.
The Duke and all his followers came trooping to the meet,
And farmers, butchers, bakers too, as well as the *élite*—
Mrs. Stanley on her chestnut, and the well-poised Lady Grey,
And the ladies who from Rauceby show potterers the way;
Well mounted are Sir Frederick and the sporting Blankney squire,
Who keeps his field in order, as they oftentimes require;
And all the fast Meltonians, the Belvoir ploughmen too,
And Quornites and the Cottesmore in succession pass in view.
Will such a sight as this fail Radicals convince,
Where nobles ride with yeomen and the people with the Prince,
That bad will be the day when we ape the ways of France
And let the red Republicans in front of us advance?
How can I duly chronicle the story of the run,
The tumbles and the jumbles, the funking and the fun:
How some went well and some went ill, and not a few, of course,
Laid all their sad disasters to their silent slave their horse?
For long had been the chase since at Newman's Gorse they found him,
And on by Freeby Wood and by Saxby Spinney wound him;
And many a gallant sportsman, and many a rider keen,
Before the run had ended had kissed the earth, I ween.
Now the night is fast approaching, and lights are burning bright,
For the guests at Belvoir Castle are assembled for the night.
The hounds are in their kennel, the horses in their stall,
For long had been that chase which ended at nightfall."

This long hunting run ended in our losing the fox between Whissendine and Edmondthorpe. Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, on her way back to Belvoir, where she was staying, took a wrong turn and was lost for some time in the Belvoir woods, and might have spent the night there, but, fortunately, she found the head gamekeeper's (Mr. Sharpe's) cottage, and he directed her on the way to the Castle, where she arrived very late.[1] The numerous good runs in Gillard's time have been so well described by the sporting correspondents that I think it unnecessary to mention many of them. I can recollect, however, a capital run of about forty minutes, from Normanton Great Thorns, killing in the open close to the house at Balderton, near Newark, the fox being viewed for some time in front of the hounds before he was killed. I

[1] I was staying at Belvoir on this occasion, and well remember the daughter's (Lady Sykes') concern at the loss of her mother.

THE BELVOIR HOUNDS.

can also recollect several good runs from Burbidge's covert, notably the one on the day of Mr. Samuda's wedding to Miss Cecile Markham, on December 12, 1877. On this occasion the Duke of Rutland, Sir Philip and Lady Miles, Miss Mabel Miles, and myself, drove over to Melton in the Duke's omnibus, and arrived just in time for the wedding, which was known as the pink wedding, as members of the different hunts were asked to come in hunting costume. Very few, however, did so; and, in fact, with the exception of the Duke of Rutland and myself, and perhaps one more, I saw no red coats in the church. The wedding breakfast, however, was well attended; as also the meet, which took place outside the house in a small grass field, at about one o'clock. After drinking the health to the bride and bridegroom, the order was given to draw Burbidge's covert. A fox went away immediately across the river, and gave us a fine hunting run, making first of all for Berry Gorse, and from thence nearly to Ranksboro; turning back by Pickwell and Leesthorpe, he passed near Wild's Lodge, and from thence nearly straight for Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray, near which house he was marked to ground. The Duke of Rutland had kindly mounted me on one of the best horses in the stables, called Hornsby, so I saw the whole of the run very well indeed. He had also mounted Miss Miles on a good horse, called Laurel, and she was also in the first flight through the run, which lasted rather over an hour.

This same year (namely, 1877) a hunt testimonial was presented to the Duke of Rutland. The ceremony took place at the Castle, on the morning of April 10, and Sir William Welby Gregory, on account of the absence from England of Lord Brownlow, was deputed by the Hunt Committee to be their spokesman and to make the presentation. The testimonial took the form of a splendid set of silver candelabra, which were presented to the Duke at a luncheon given by him in the guard-room at Belvoir Castle, the candelabra being placed upon the table, several gentlemen and members of the Belvoir hunt being present, also numerous tenant farmers from Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Nottingham. Many ladies were also present as spectators, and they listened to

the speeches from the staircase and anteroom above. Sir William Welby Gregory made a very able speech on behalf of the hunt, in presenting the plate to the Duke of Rutland; which the Duke responded to, speaking with great feeling and emotion. Soon after this the hounds met near the front door of the Castle, and they shortly adjourned to the Belvoir woodlands, and remained there the rest of the day, as it turned out to be a bad scenting day.

Before I conclude my history of famous runs, I must mention a very remarkable one which took place from the Belvoir woods. We found the fox in Barkston wood, and after rattling him about for a quarter of an hour he went away over the vale and pointed straight for Barkston village, going over a nice piece of grass country. Hounds then crossed the canal and ran fast down to Jericho covert, but we soon got him away again, and he made back towards the Belvoir woodlands, but turning right-handed when he got to the canal he kept along the towing path for nearly a mile in the direction of Harby; he then crossed the canal and turned in the direction of Stathern, but when within a quarter of a mile of the village he turned right-handed and went up the steep hill towards Goadby, and crossing the next field at Piper Hole ran through Mr. George Norman's plantation at Goadby Hall, and we took a line from this plantation in the direction of Croxton Park, but as it was then becoming very dark the hounds were obliged to be whipped off. Very few people saw this capital hunting run, which lasted the best part of two hours, as the majority of the hunting field were left behind in Barkston wood, not knowing that the hounds had slipped away. Among those who had the pleasure of seeing this run were Mr. Henley Greaves and his son (who were then hunting from Grantham), Mr. John Welby, Captain Glynne E. Welby, and myself, and perhaps two or three more, and the huntsman and whips. On this occasion I rode a beautiful dark chestnut Irish pony (Kathleen by name) which had been imported from Ireland by my father. She was a splendid fencer, and no place was too big for her when hounds were running, but being only 14½ hands high, of

course I avoided riding her at high rails; and in this run I might have been in difficulties more than once had it not been for young Mr. Henry Greaves, who was in the habit, if he came to any unusually high place, to jump quickly off his horse and take down the top bar. He was an extremely strong and active young man, and lost very little time over this proceeding; he was also useful in helping his father, who was a very stout big man, to get over the country. Captain Glynne Welby, who had consulted the ordnance map on his return to Denton, afterwards informed me that we had run through no less than seventeen different parishes in the course of this long hunting run.

Early in Gillard's time I recollect a capital gallop from Sherbrook's Gorse. The fox went away as if he was making for Hose Gorse, but, taking a sudden right-handed turn, he went through part of the village of Long Clawson and ascended the hill, leaving Piper Hole Gorse to the left, and made straight for Goadby Park plantation, near which place we lost him after a very fast thirty-five minutes. In this run Mr. Hardy, the banker at Grantham, went as well as anybody. I was well mounted, on a brown mare I had purchased of Mr. Tipping, of Croxton, and she carried me brilliantly. Captain "Bay" Middleton and myself both jumped the wall out of Piper Hole field (a few stones had been knocked off before), but it was a high and rather wide place, and took some doing. Afterwards, as I was the sole representative of Belvoir who was out, Captain Middleton came and congratulated me on hunting with such a fine pack of hounds, and remarked it was indeed a first-rate gallop, and how wonderfully well the hounds worked out the line of the fox, even over the cold and deep-ploughed fields under Piper Hole Gorse.

The Duke of Rutland's infirmities prevented his being able to ride to hounds during the last five or six years of his life, but he sometimes went out to the meets which were close at hand, on wheels, as he much enjoyed having a talk to his old friends, and also, if possible, to see something of the sport. The last occasion that he attempted to ride up to hounds was after a meet at Allington Hall, and, unfortunately, he

got a nasty fall, from his horse swerving at a wide and wet ditch on the take-off side of a small fence and pitching him over his shoulder into the ditch. He got very wet; and although he was not otherwise much the worse, still he thought it was as well to go home, as his carriage was quite close at the time, in the Sedgebrook and Allington road. After this event the Duke almost entirely gave up hunting, and when he did go out it was only in his carriage. The Duke was very fond of shooting, and this sport he was able to enjoy up to within a few weeks of his death. There were many great changes both in Melton and in Grantham during the time that Gillard was huntsman. At Grantham we lost that celebrated old sportsman, Mr. John Hardy, the banker; also his son, and Mr. Manners, the solicitor, and other sportsmen. Colonel Parker, the late Mr. Hardy's son-in-law, came to reside in Grantham about this time, with his family, and they have hunted for some years with the Belvoir. Mr. Cross and Mr. Crawley, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lubbock and Captain Tennant, also had studs of hunters there; and Lord Petre and his brother, and many more. At Melton there were many changes. The Messrs. Behrens rented Newport Lodge for a term of some years. Mr. E. Baldock bought Craven Lodge. Mr. Younger also appeared at Melton with a large stud of horses, and after his death was succeeded by his son, Mr. W. Younger, M.P. Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Candy, and Count Zbrowski, also hunted from there. In March, 1882, Thomas, Earl of Wilton, died at Melton after a long illness. He certainly was one of the best riders over a country that I ever saw; even in his old age he could easily beat many of the young men of the day. He is well described in Sheridan's verses, which I quote—

"Next on his switch-tailed bay, with wandering eye,
Attenuated Wilton canters by.
His character how different to know—
A compound of psalm-tunes and Tally-ho,
A forward rider half disposed to preach,
Though less inclined to practise than to teach;
An amorous lover with a saintly twist,
And now a jockey, now an organist."

Lord Wilton was succeeded by his son, Lord Grey de Wilton, who was well known in the hunting field as a very good man to hounds, although perhaps not quite such an accomplished rider as his father. Still he was bad to beat; and Lady Grey de Wilton was a most accomplished lady rider, with a beautiful seat on horseback, and good hands. She had a very good idea of taking a line of her own while riding over a country. Other good lady riders from Melton were Mrs. Younger, Mrs. Francis Sloane Stanley, Lady Violet Greville, Lady Augusta Fane, and many more.

In September, 1887, the death was recorded of Mr. Walter J. Little Gilmour, who used to be called the father of the Melton Hunt. I believe he hunted at Melton for fifty seasons in succession, and was a very good heavy-weight rider, and very popular with all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, especially with the Duke of Rutland, who was much attached to him, and frequently went to see him during his long illness. I once asked Mr. Gilmour who he considered to be the best rider he had ever seen at Melton in his long experience, and after a little thought he said Mr. W. H. Foster, of Apley, as he had seen him take the most wonderful and sensational leaps on horseback, and he always seemed at home on his horse. Mr. Foster once jumped the wall out of the meet field at Kirby Gate, a strongly built wall, not less than six or seven feet high.

Before concluding I will mention a few curious incidents that have occurred in the hunting field while I have myself been present. On one occasion when we had found a fox at the School Platt Gorse, and had just got him away in the direction of Harlaxton, there happened to be a man ploughing with a team of three horses, which of course would cover a considerable space of ground. A young man, who was, I conclude, unable in the crowd of horses to steer clear of the ploughman, rode his horse at full gallop between two of the horses that were attached to the plough, jumping the chains and fortunately doing no harm. On the day that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales hunted with the Belvoir hounds at Weaver's Lodge a hound was killed in a very curious way by a plough

which was lying under a hedge; running with his head down he never saw it, and ran his chest into the sharp part of the ploughshare, and rolled over dead on the spot. On another occasion I was riding from Belvoir Castle to a meet at Allington, and while approaching one of the gateways in the small grass fields near Woolsthorpe I saw a kestrel hawk seated on the top of the gate. To my surprise, he would not move when I rode up, neither would he do so until I had made a great clatter with my whip in opening and lifting up the latch of the gate. He then flew leisurely away; I conclude he was asleep. And once when I was riding near the racecourse at Croxton Park, I saw one of the fallow deer hung up in mid air by the horns to the hay bands which were raised on high posts to prevent people riding over the racecourse. On my drawing the attention of a gentleman who was riding with me to this extraordinary coincidence, he galloped off to try and release the stag, but when he got close to him his horse put his foot in a hole and rolled over with him, and so frightened the unfortunate stag that he managed to shake himself clear from his uncomfortable position and galloped off.

While hunting near Barrowby Thorns, my horse put his foot on a hare in her form without hurting her, but she jumped up into the air higher than I could have believed it possible for so small an animal to do, quite high enough to clear my horse. On another occasion I was galloping down a large grass field near Saxby, and a large field from Melton was out, and there was no room to pull off to the right or the left, when suddenly a large flock of sheep crossed us and came immediately in front of me. My horse, with apparently no difficulty, galloped right over them, touching them lightly on their woolly backs, and doing no harm whatever.

At this period the Belvoir Hunt had very few difficulties to contend with, as all the large landowners were most friendly and kind, and although the Duke of Rutland was unable to hunt himself, all the hunt correspondence that was of any importance passed through his hands, and the answers were either sent by himself or by his private secretary at his dicta-

tion, and only small matters of little importance were left to the huntsman to settle, such as the hunting appointments, when the Duke was absent from Belvoir, and small claims for hunt damages. The Poultry Fund was managed by a committee of gentlemen, who settled all such claims. The Duke of Rutland was well known in the political world as a strong protectionist, and some of his speeches and letters on the subject were proved by events to have been prophetic. The importation of foreign corn and foreign goods without even a small duty upon them has utterly ruined the English landlords and the old-fashioned country gentlemen to the benefit of "God knows who"—certainly not the farmers, who can obtain no prices worth mentioning.

On March the 4th, 1888, the Duke of Rutland died after a long and painful illness, deeply lamented by all who knew him well as a kind friend, a cheerful companion, and a good landlord. Few, if any, will be found to equal him. Before concluding my short history of the Belvoir Hunt, I may mention that my hunting days began in Will Goodall's time, and the first fox's brush that was given me was by him after a fast run from the School Platts, killing our fox near Barrowby Thorns. I was a boy of about fourteen or fifteen at that time, and I rode a very good chestnut pony, bought at Waltham Fair, which carried me wonderfully well, as I followed Lord Forester, who was then the master, over every fence until the finish. I have seen many good runs with other packs of hounds in Leicestershire, especially with the Cottesmore and Quorn hounds, and also one splendid run with Mr. Tailby's hounds from Oweston Wood to Slawston Thorns, near Market Harborough, a ten-mile point.

The Belvoir hunting country has been very much spoilt and altered since I have known it by railways and ironstone tramways, and I think the same remark would apply to a large portion of the Quorn country, and as far as I can see I must own that I think the Cottesmore to be the best hunting country that I know of in the shires; they can also boast of having an excellent pack of hounds, which pack together and hunt well. The late Duke of Rutland was not

what would be called a hound man, but he was fond of paying an occasional visit to the kennels to hear about the sport, and also in the spring of the year to look at the young hounds which the huntsman proposed to draft, and at the entries for the ensuing season. Every huntsman has his particular pet hounds, Cooper's favourite being Senator, and Gillard's Gambler, Gordon, Fallible, Brusher, Donovan, and others, and Capell, the present Belvoir huntsman, has a magnificent hound called Dexter, which he is very proud of. In concluding my little account of the hunt in times past, I must wish it every possible prosperity in the future.

Chapter XIV

THE DUKE AS MASTER

1858-1888

THUS at the close of his first season the Duke had to provide himself with a huntsman. By this time the position of huntsman at Belvoir was looked upon as the blue ribbon of the profession, and there were many applications for the post. But the Duke was not a man to pass over those who had served him well, and James Cooper, first whipper-in, had proved himself to be good both in kennel and field. He was one of the boldest of horsemen. With fine hands and a nerve of iron, he could make any horse carry him. He was a light weight, nine stone seven, no small advantage to a man who was always to be near hounds. The following sketch of his career before his appointment as huntsman was given to me by his widow, Mrs. Cooper, from whom I have received much kind assistance. She says:—

"My late husband was born at Portsoy, near Banff, on March 31st, 1822. When he was two years old his father left to take the Fife Arms Hotel, Turriff, Aberdeenshire. He was intended for the ministry by his parents, and a house was bought for his future manse when quite young. He was educated for ten years at the Commercial School, Turriff. But having a pony of his own, called Donald, he hunted regularly with Lord Kintore, who named him the Varmint. He has told me many times how his pony swam three rivers with him, all beginning with D. I believe his father, Richard Cooper, once hunted Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds, but what date I cannot tell. My husband left home at fourteen years

of age to whip-in to harriers at Meldrum House, belonging to Mr. George Urquhart, where he remained five years; from there to the Fife, under John Wacker; from there to the Burton, when Lord Henry Bentinck was master; from thence to the Brocklesby, where he stayed three years; from there to the Belvoir, where he remained eighteen years."

It will thus be seen that Cooper had had a first-rate training, and though not perhaps the equal of Will Goodall, he was both in field and kennel one of the best huntsmen of his day, and left a very magnificent pack to his successor Gillard. Cooper himself took over a very fine pack of sixty-nine couples of hounds. The renown of Belvoir blood was very great, and Trusty, Rallywood, Fairplay, Singer, Gameston and Lexicon were the favourite hounds with other huntsmen.

No hound exceeded twenty-three inches, the standard to which Will Goodall had reduced the pack. The matrons of the pack were Destitute, Nightshade and Dowager. Destitute was a daughter of Sir Richard Sutton's Dryden, a very favourite hound with Will Goodall. The entry of this season, which was probably the best ever put in by any kennel of hounds, is due to Goodall, who had looked forward to it with peculiar interest. Rasselas, Raglan, of which more hereafter, and Roman, all sons of Rallywood and Destitute, were looked upon by Goodall as founding a new branch of the great Rallywood Clan. In 1859 Nimrod Long, who was later to make a name for himself, came as second whipper-in from the Kildare. He was a son of that Will Long of whom the Duke of Beaufort writes so pleasantly in the Badminton Library.[1] The story of Cooper's period of office and the early years of the Duke's mastership shall be told in their own letters. The Duke, when he took the hounds, was in the prime of life. He had that great love of painting and pictures which is almost as hereditary in his family as the love of sport, and he was an amateur artist of no mean skill. As member for Stamford he had proved himself a man of no slight courage and perseverance. Deeply attached to the agricultural party in the

[1] *Hunting*, p. 151 *et seq.*

THE SIXTH DUKE OF RUTLAND AND HIS SISTER,
LADY ADELIZA NORMAN.

From an original Drawing in the possession of J. E. Welby, Esq.,
Allington Hall.

House, no defeats could shake his views of what was best. Yet, though conservative, he was never reactionary, for he saw the value of a widespread education, and endeavoured to foster its cause in every way. Schools, built with his help, sprang up all over his property, and were always a source of the greatest interest to him throughout his long life. He had all the kindness, the shrinking from giving pain, of his father, with an even greater firmness of principle and purpose.

His character was shown by the resolute manner in which he crossed a country mounted on horses which other men found difficult to ride—as a young man he loved four-year-olds—and he was always near hounds as long as they were running. If in the dusk a crash was heard, his field knew at once where the master was.

Hunting was his favourite sport, for though elected by acclamation a member of the Jockey Club, he took no great interest in racing. Of shooting he was very fond, and the moors at Longshawe and the coverts at Cheveley became an unceasing source of delight to him when gout, the injuries occasioned by falls, and the infirmities of age made his appearance in the field less and less frequent.

Belvoir was still the scene of much splendid hospitality, and distinguished parties of guests met the hounds. Lord Beaconsfield, who had won the respect and liking of the Duke and his now distinguished brother, Lord John Manners, was a frequent visitor, and hunted at times clad, it is said, in a velvet coat and grey trousers. The sketch which I reproduce shows Mr. Disraeli as he then was, under the guidance of Lord Wilton. The intimacy of Disraeli at Belvoir came about through the friendship of Lord George Bentinck, the common friend of Lord Granby and the rising Conservative leader. The expediency which must rule the actions of all public men separated Lord Granby from Mr. Disraeli in some degree, but did not impair the friendliness and general support given by the Manners family to the Conservative party. The Duke of Rutland, when he became master of the hounds, had completely won the confidence of

the farmers by the courageous and unwavering championship of the agricultural interest he had given, and his hounds met with a warm welcome wherever they went.

Mr. Sloane Stanley has, from his intimate personal knowledge, given so good a sketch of the Duke that I prefer, in doing my part, simply to let the following letters tell the story for themselves, only adding such comments and explanations as may serve to make them useful and interesting to the reader.

The first letters to Cooper which came to hand were those of Lord Henry Bentinck, with whom Cooper had learned much. There was no one who taught his servants more than Lord Henry, for he was accustomed to have them in after the day's hunting and point out what had been amiss with their proceedings. Scarcely anything escaped his eye. Cooper had evidently pleased this severe critic, for we find Lord Henry consulting him on the hounds to be used. Lord Henry also valued Goodall's judgment highly, as we know, and from Belvoir he laid the foundations of that Blankney kennel of which, when I saw them, the old Berkeley kennels were full, Mr. Harding Cox, when master, having introduced it largely and with great judgment.

"LINCOLN,

"*December 26th*, 1859.

"COOPER,—

"The foxes have been killed down so dead at Leadenham and Beckingham that it is scarcely probable that your hounds should run into the Stapleford Moor country, but, as it is not impossible that they might do so from Statton, it is as well to warn you that it will not be prudent to suffer them to cross the road into Norton Disney. Lord ——'s woods are full of traps and *poison*.

"I return you a list of my hounds, and have marked with a cross (X) those stallions whose blood is quite removed from your own.

"I should be much obliged to you if you would send me a second list of your own hounds, marking for me the two-year-

olds and also one-year-olds that show any promise of becoming stallion hounds, and giving me the character of the three-year-old and two-year-old stallion hounds, whether hard runners or line hunters; especially of Alfred—Stormer, and Trusty dogs, and Ruby's and Nightshade's puppies. Should there be a puppy of the Nightshade litter of great promise, I should be inclined to try him with an old bitch. I am in possession of Goodall's opinion of all your hounds also three years old.

"I am, etc.,
"H. BENTINCK."

The next letter is from the Speaker in the House of Commons, and has the Speaker's stamp on the envelope. The letter tells its own story, and reminds us how many distinguished statesmen and men of office have loved hunting. The reference to the "father of the pack" must mean Rallywood (1853).

"OSSINGTON, NEWARK,
"*April 3rd.*

"SIR,—

"I was sorry I did not see you before the end of the day on Monday to tell you how much pleased I was with the hounds and with the dogs' sport. I will thank you to remind me of the name of the hound—a seven or eight-season hunter, and sire of several hounds—out that day, whom you called 'father of the pack.' I admired him very much, and should like to send to him from Rufford Kennel.

"I am, ever yours,
"J. EVELYN DENISON."

The next letter is from the Duke, and is dated from Cromwell Road. It is of no particular interest, except the last sentence, which runs, "I don't think a man who has hunted hounds would be desirable as a whipper-in."

In July, 1861, the Duke was evidently on a visit to Mr.

Monkton Milnes, who, in politics, had a sentimental rather than a very serious attachment to the young England party, of which Lord John Manners, the Duke's brother, was one of the leaders.

"FRYSTON HALL,
"*July 16th*, 1861.

"COOPER,—

"I shall be very glad to hear that you have gone to see Lord Middleton's hounds, and I hope you will find a hound to suit. I go to-morrow to Sandbeck, and return to London on Friday.

"I am glad to hear of three more litters of foxes.

"I am told Mr. George Norman complains of losing a hundred fowls. I hope, therefore, that we shall find plenty of foxes at Goadby; the loss must be owing to the want of rabbits.

"I remain, yours, etc.,
"RUTLAND."

Cooper's visit to Lord Middleton's kennels, to which the Duke alludes, was not without results, for I find among the Belvoir entry of 1863 Harpy and Heroine, by Lord Middleton's Corporal.

The next letter is of interest as showing that Lord Forester still took a considerable part in the management of the pack. He was, in fact, constantly referred to in kennel matters, as the Duke was not, nor did he profess to be, a great judge of hounds, though his interest in the pack was great. As a subsequent letter will show, Lord Forester occasionally acted as master during the Duke's absence. This letter refers to the question of Holwell Mouth, which had always been a bone of contention between the Quorn and the Belvoir.

Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley, who conducted the correspondence with Lord Stamford, tells me that the matter was eventually settled by the Quorn resigning their claim to draw Holwell Mouth, and the Belvoir giving up Grimston Gorse.

This letter was evidently written soon after Cooper's appointment, though Lord Forester seldom dates his letters.

"6, AUDLEY SQUARE, LONDON,
"*June 16th.*

"JEM,—

"I should like to know, when you have been out a bit, what cubs you have in the different coverts. I hope there are cubs in Coston Gorse.

"I trust that you will endeavour by all means in your power to merit the confidence the Duke has placed in you. Few men of your age have such an opportunity as you will now have, and I have myself a confident expectation that with steadiness and good conduct you will fulfil the arduous task before you. The most difficult task will be that of the management and breeding of hounds, which will require all your attention.

"Wishing you well,
"I remain, etc., etc.,
"FORESTER."

With regard to the next letter, the hound referred to was probably Lord Yarborough's Nathan, from which no less than three couples of puppies were put in 1863, and proved more than useful.

"BROCKLESBY PARK,
"*November 25th*, 1862.

"MR. COOPER,—

"When Tocock showed me your letter to him the other day asking for a stallion hound, I told him that I could not let any go this season, as I am so very short of hounds, but I was not aware at the time that Mr. Smith had promised you one this season in return for your Lexicon that we had here last season; so, under the circumstances, I shall be very glad to let you have any stallion you like from my kennel.

"Will you have the goodness to send me a list of your hounds with the stallions marked?

"Yours faithfully,

"YARBOROUGH.

"MR. COOPER,

"Belvoir Kennels, Grantham."

In 1863 we have a letter from Mr. Roberts, of Sleaford, which shows the good feeling and kindness of the Lincolnshire farmers.

"SLEAFORD,

"*May 14th*, 1863.

"DEAR COOPER,—

"I need no thanks for what little I have done towards preserving the foxes in this neighbourhood. I have, and always shall have, great pleasure in doing anything I can towards promoting the sport, and hope we may live to enjoy some good runs after these.

"RD. ROBERTS."

The following letters from the Duke speak for themselves, and were written chiefly from Egypt, where he had been ordered to recruit after his fall. The first two show how unwilling he was to leave the country just as the hunting season was beginning, and from the next we see that Coston Gorse was again the scene of trouble, while the strong interest the Duke took in everything connected with his hounds is shown in that dated from Cairo.

"LONGSHAWE LODGE, SHEFFIELD,

"*September 27th*, 1863.

"COOPER,—

"As November draws near, I am getting very low at having to go abroad, but I have no doubt it is the right thing for me. I am gradually recovering my leg power, and hope eventually to be quite right again."

"CLEOPATRA,
"Approaching THEBES, about 100 miles from,
"*December 6th*, 1863.

"COOPER,—

"I have received and am much obliged to you for your letter of the 9th. The thermometer is now 107 in the sun and 84 in the shade; too hot for anything! How much I wish I was back in Leicestershire, though I could not hunt, which partly reconciles me. I am not worse, but I do not think I am any better. If heat would cure one, I should be.

"You seem to have had very bad weather, and to have found plenty of foxes, but not to have had much sport.

"Yesterday I saw a crocodile, and tracked an hyena on the sand.

"I hope when we get to Thebes I may find another letter from you, giving a good account of yourself and the hounds.

"I remain, yours, etc.,
"RUTLAND."

"CLEOPATRA, BENI HASSAN,
"*January 16th*, 1864.

"COOPER,—

"I have received your letter of the 29th of November, for which I am much obliged to you. On the 16th at Harlaxton you must have had a good day's sport; the fine run from Tipping's Gorse must have been very good, and the fifty minutes afterwards also very brilliant. On the 17th the thirty-five minutes from Folkingham must have been very good. I have also heard from Mr. G. Drummond, describing a run from Granby Gap, in which you probably killed a fox we hunted late in the evening last season. I am sorry to hear of the fox being found dead near Coston Gorse. I should think M—— is the culprit.

"I think I am rather stronger, and walk better, but the twitchings still continue. Till you hear to the contrary, will you address your letters to 'Poste Restante, Naples'?

"I shall hope, when I get back to Cairo, to hear that you continue well, and have been having good sport. I had an opportunity of giving a view holloa the other day; a fine fox was cantering along the bank of the Nile at sunset.

"I remain, yours, etc.,

"RUTLAND."

"CAIRO,

"*January 23rd.*

"I have on arriving here received your letter of December 28th, and I think you seem to have had good sport—a good run from Sproxton Thorns on the 30th November; but you have omitted to tell me anything of the 1st of December, the 2nd, or the 4th, or where you were; and you do not say there was any frost. I like to compare your sport with what I am doing here, and the weather; for instance, on the 5th, the day of your run from Bescaby Oaks, we had rain, the only rain I have seen.

"Again, the 8th you don't mention, or the 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 22nd.

"I am very grieved to hear of the death of poor Barbara and Lady, and to think so great a scoundrel should exist. I hope it may turn out to be M——, for the sake of Englishmen, that there are not two such to be found. I think Lord Forester has done the best thing to offer £50 reward; it is an indictable offence, and I hope the rascal may be found and punished.

"You seem to have had good sport, and wishing you a continuance when the frost gives,

"I remain, yours, etc.,

"RUTLAND.

"The night before last 20° here!"

In December, 1864, the Duke was in Paris, and by a letter which I quote he shows that his heart was with the Belvoir and the hounds, and that he looked for a full account of the sport from his huntsman.

"GRAND HOTEL, PARIS,
"*December 18th*, 1864.

"COOPER,—

"The run from Coston Gorse must have been very good and over such a fine country. I wish you had had more hounds. I am very sorry about poor Wildboy, but it was one of those things which cannot be helped, and it is satisfactory that it was in such a good run.

"I hear there [were] very few in at the death. I am sorry to hear of Frank, but I hope, excepting the teeth, he was not seriously injured. I return to London on Thursday.

"I remain, yours, etc.,
"RUTLAND.

"There has been a sharp frost here, but it is thawing now."

As the letter is dated December 18th, this run cannot have been the memorable gallop from Coston, for that took place a month later from the covert which was the scene of the dastardly action of the man who shot the fox before hounds, a full account of which is given in Mr. Sloane Stanley's chapter.

It is not unsatisfactory to learn that the culprit was sent to Coventry by his neighbours. Wildboy, whose death took place on the railway,[1] was a valuable hound by Trusty, out of Trinket, the former being by Mr. Folljambe's Forester.

The following letters show the varying fortunes of Coston Gorse, which was now free from poison, and Cooper is congratulated by the Duke and by Lord and Lady Forester on the excellent sport seen from that covert. Lady Forester (*née* Countess Alexandra von Maltzan) had taken kindly to the sport of her adopted country, and took great interest in the pack, as the accompanying letter shows. She evidently made friends among the hounds, and Raglan, son of Rallywood, which had evidently been returned to the kennel for Cooper's treatment—possibly the luxuries of Knipton Lodge had not agreed with him—was her especial favourite and companion.

[1] *Vide* p. 270.

"WILLEY PARK,
"*December 17th.*

"COOPER,—

"I congratulate you on your capital run from Coston Gorse. I heard the account of it from two sources before I got your letter this morning, and it appears to have been a real clipper. My lady also begs to congratulate you, and she wishes much to know the names of the eight and a half couples of hounds that were in the run.

"I remain, yours truly,
"FORESTER."

"WILLEY PARK,
"*December 23rd.*

"COOPER,—

"My lady is much pleased at finding several of her favourites amongst the eight couples and a half that killed the fox from Coston.

"I remain, yours truly,
"FORESTER."

"KNIPTON LODGE,
"*Tuesday.*

"MR. COOPER,—

"I do not go to see Raglan, as I fear it gives him more pain than pleasure, but I venture to write a line to tell you that we intend going to London to-morrow until next Saturday's hunting, if all is well.

"I have no doubt you will be so kind as to keep him until we return, as he is safer with you and will have time to get well cured.

"I have directed Evans, the gardener, to take some meat every day to the kennel, and to leave it with Pacey, as he will be able to judge how much he ought to have, and add some kennel food to it according to your instructions.

"I am extremely obliged to you for all your kindness, and shall come to you as soon as we return, to hear what your opinion is about Raglan.

"I remain, yours truly,
"A. FORESTER."

The next letter tells its own tale, and was written from Cadland, a name that recalls the winner of the Derby in 1828. It was the home of Mr. G. Drummond.

"CADLAND,
"*November 25th*, 1865.

"COOPER,—

"I have to thank you for your letters of 9th, 13th, 20th and 23rd, and I return Mr. Heathcote's letters.

"I don't think I shall be at Belvoir before the middle of December, and even then, owing to Mr. Perceval's selling me some horses that were not hunters, I shall have nothing to ride.

"The run from Granby Gap must have been very good; what a pity it was not straight. Of course you will meet Mr. Heathcote's wishes, but ten days seems an unnecessary long time, and Keisby Wood is the second time, making a period of twenty-six days!

"I am very sorry to hear you have been so unlucky as to lose Singer and Rockwood; Singer was very old. I hope Royal is recovered. Who rode over him? What horse were you riding from Granby Gap?

"I have been but poorly, but am better again, though full of aches and pains. I am glad to hear the Bescaby Oaks foxes have re-appeared.

"*Croxton Lings*—I think the grass last cut must be ploughed up and re-sown.

"I remain, yours, etc.,
"RUTLAND.

"I go to 'Enville Stourbridge' on Monday next."

The next letter is from Sir Thomas Whichcote, who was always interested in the hounds and their doings. The reference to Will Goodall shows that Sir Thomas's *protégé* had by this time gone to the Pytchley. He was serving under Mr. Anstruther Thompson, and had Roake and Firr for colleagues. That he had inherited his father's good qualities may be gathered from the fact that later he earned Lord Spencer's trust and esteem, and in some measure took the

place of Charles with that great master and statesman. Goodall, however, belonged to a later period, and his boyish enjoyment of the "jolly big fences" over which he was to win a renown only second to that of his father, is recorded by his lifelong friend and patron in the following letter.

"ASWARBY PARK,

"*August 9th*, 1866.

"COOPER,—

"I am much obliged to you for your letter just received. I will thank you to reserve two of the terrier puppies for me. I shall trust to you to select them. I cannot understand how it is you have not met with any cubs in those large woodlands. We all know there were plenty of old foxes in Dunsby and Aslackby woods at the end of last season.

"I met the Duke of Rutland at Goodwood and was charmed to see him looking so well. Cruising seems to agree with him. He told me he had ridden both poor Mr. Willson's horses and that he liked them very much. I trust they will do him good service and not put him down. To-day I am going to join Lady Whichcote at Harrogate, so that I think I shall go over to York to-morrow and see the caged dogs at the show.

"I have only purchased one new horse this summer; he is tall enough to see over any fence in the country.

"Will Goodall wrote to me a few days since, giving me a description of his new place and also an outline of the country. He says there are some 'jolly big fences' in it. I hope he will learn something under Captain Thompson; probably it is just as well for him to have left Melton.

"I expect to be at home again the beginning of September.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

In the autumn of the same year, 1866, the Duke gives some sound advice to Cooper about cub-hunting.

"LONGSHAWE LODGE, SHEFFIELD,

"*September 2nd*, 1866.

"COOPER,—

"I am glad to hear that you have begun cub-hunting,

and are pleased with the young hounds, but six cubs is too many to kill in one morning, is too great a waste of the raw material, and does the hounds no good. I should generally, if I could, after killing one, take the hounds to another covert. The ground must be in capital order, we have had so much rain."

Then comes an invitation from Sir Thomas Whichcote to come to Aswarby and stir up the cubs.

"ASWARBY PARK,

"*September 21st*, 1866.

"COOPER,—

"I am much obliged to you for sending me your movements for this day. Had you let me know about Ropsley Rise I might have struggled thus far. By all means have those strong earths broken up. If you do not, they will be a bother to your pack all the season. When are you coming to Aswarby to enliven my cubs? They ought soon to be put on to their pins, or they will have no action whatever, and become a prey to the Belvoir hounds without making a struggle. I was very sorry to hear of the Duke being knocked up by three days' shooting in succession. I heard he had to take to his bed and call in medical aid. All these drawbacks do not sound well at the commencement of a winter campaign. This weather must be very suitable for your operations. Last night it poured down with rain. I should fancy the ground was in first-rate order. Partridges here are a complete failure; very few of them and very small birds. Hares numerous, and rabbits a common nuisance. On the 1st of October I go into the north of Lincolnshire for a week's shooting.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

Again Sir Thomas writes about cub-hunting, and refers to a visit he had paid to Mr. Fox and the Bramham Moor kennels. This and the next letter show Sir Thomas's dislike to a large hound.

"ASWARBY PARK,
"*September 15th*, 1867.

"COOPER,—

"I am much obliged to you for the very pretty little terrier puppy you sent me.

"I trust the brace of foxes you turned out in Newton Gorse will like their new abode, and that they will stay there until you call upon them in November.

"Colonel Reeve writes me word you are to be at Leadenham to-morrow at eight; it is rather too early and too far for me at this time of the year. I shall be glad to know when you are likely to come into these parts. I believe we have a fox or two. I was so delighted to hear your report of the Duke. I trust he may be spared to reign over Belvoir for many a long year.

"I have been on a visit to Mr. Fox, where I saw a splendid pack of hounds. The dogs I thought were too large, but the bitches are beautiful. Mr. Fox told me at Doncaster he had had a very successful morning or two amongst the cubs.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

"ASWARBY PARK,
"*October 6th*, 1867.

"COOPER,—

"I am much obliged to you for your letter received this morning. I hope you found Devonshire productive of merit in the shape of fox-hounds. If report speaks the truth Lord Portsmouth, Lord Poltimore, and Mr. Mark Rolle's kennels are all worth visiting. I have not had the good fortune to see any of them. Lord Portsmouth's, I am told, are very large hounds. If such is the case I cannot fancy they are adapted for any country.

"I wonder whether you have seen Lord Wemyss' hounds. They are a very old-established pack. In all probability they are bred chiefly at home. I hear they do wonders in the field.

"Hunting at present in the country is a complete farce. Your cubbing must have been sadly retarded by the state of

JAMES COOPER.

Huntsman to the Sixth Duke of Rutland.

the ground. The three last nights we have had seven, eight, and seven degrees of frost. I hope now we shall speedily have some rain, although there is not much indication of it at present.

"If you can manage to come and stir my cubs up on Friday, the 11th, I shall be very glad. I have no idea what quantity we have of them. I saw a beautiful cub in some turnips below the Osbournby field covert.

"Mr. Chaplin's hounds were hunting at the Green Man Plantation yesterday, and killed a brace of cubs.

"On Monday, the 14th, I am going to Willey for a week. My horses have not yet been out of a walk, neither would it be prudent to allow them to get beyond that pace. The hounds must be in much better form than the horses.

"Mr. Borke Turner tells me he has no end of foxes. I hope you will find them.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE.

"P.S.—I was over at Syston a few days ago, and observed in passing Ancaster Gorse a flight of rails had been taken out, and a gentleman with gun in hand going through the covert. Nowfoundland Gorse had had a camp of gipsies under its covert. The gorse over the road opposite to it looks healthy and well."

Sir Thomas Whichcote writes about foxes for turning down.

"ASWARBY PARK,

"*September 27th*, 1868.

"COOPER,—

"Now that we are likely to have a certain degree of foothold in the country, I shall be glad to know your movements. My stud are very impatient for the sight of the pack; one of the brutes broke away at exercise the other morning and took a header over a wire fence. Fortunately he was none the worse for it. We have had some splendid rains; at four o'clock this morning it came down in torrents. When I found you could not manage to meet me at Lord Wemyss' kennels, I gave up the idea of going there. You

will be sorry to hear that dumb madness has broken out in Lord Queensberry's kennel. He has already lost three hounds, and if it only takes off the right ones it will do no harm. I paid the Tynedale kennels a visit. They are hunted by a young man who lived with Lord Kesteven. I never came across a man who had so little idea of what a hound ought to be. I mean an animal adapted to stay and catch a fox. Captain Smith, of Honbling, sent me a fine old dog-fox and a beautiful cub, which he said had been clearing out all the hen-roosts in his neighbourhood. I immediately ordered my mark to be put upon them, and started them off to a covert not a hundred miles from this house. Probably they are now in the locality from whence they came; still I have given them the option of a new berth, and I trust they will remain there until you call upon them.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

Sir Thomas apparently rescued foxes from doubtful neighbourhoods, and turned them out in more hospitable districts.

"ASWARBY PARK,

"*April* 30*th*, 1869.

"COOPER,—

"I think it right to inform you foxes are fast going to perdition in this country. My new keeper found one in Barrows' plantation partly covered over with leaves; it had been trapped in a hind leg and the brush cut off. It had been dead some time when he discovered it. A vixen.

"This morning Mr. Hack, of Silk Willoughby, sent another vixen over here which had been caught in his farmyard. I told his man to take it back again, as a broken-backed fox was a useless animal. I understand the man did not obey my orders, but turned the poor brute out in my stableyard. It had also been in a trap, but not lately. Mr. Hack's dogs caught it. I fear there will be a general slaughter.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

In this year Lord Forester's health had begun to fail, as a letter from London, from Sir Thomas Whichcote, shows.

"8, CHESTERFIELD STREET, MAYFAIR.

"COOPER,—

"We went to Willey this day week, and came back to London on Saturday. Lord Forester seems to be pretty much as usual. He enjoys his shooting and goes out most days, although to the great disadvantage of those who can walk. It is a sad thing to see a man who was once so active cut down in the manner he is."

Then again, a year later, Sir Thomas tells of a run with the Cottesmore, and he is again anxious about the foxes.

"ASWARBY PARK,

"COOPER,— "*February 14th*, 1869.

"I write a few lines to inform you of what occurred yesterday with Lord Kesteven's hounds at Irnham. First of all they found the fox in the long part of Irnham Old Park Wood. He ran away across the grass-field into Osgodby Coppice; he then ran straight through it, and away for Ingoldsby Wood, which he went straight through, and midway between Ingoldsby Wood and Boothby Little Wood the scent vanished *in toto*. It really looked as though the fox had carried a spade with him, dug his own grave, and made it deep enough for his pursuers to lose all trace of him. West then took his hounds on the down wind side of Ingoldsby Wood; they hit off a scent of some animal or another, which they could not pursue farther than Ingoldsby Village. They then went back to the farther end of Irnham Old Park, where they found again immediately and ran their fox into Bitchfield Far Wood and lost him. One of the whips, who had lost a shoe and was just returning from having it put on, met a fox going in the direction of Ingoldsby Wood. West took the hounds to the place the whip had last seen him, but they could do no good. They then went to Corby Pasture, where they found immediately and ran up wind to Bitchneaves Wood. Here the fox stopped for them, and I left them going across that miserably scenting ground to Croke Hills. Now what I want to know is this: whether, after the routing they gave the Irnham

Woods, you think it worth your while to go there again on Tuesday, or whether you think it would be wiser to go over to Aslackby Wood. Bulby Hall there is no chance, as Mr. Beaumont told me his keepers had been busy rabbiting for some time in it. After reading this, will you give me a line as to what you intend to do? If Aslackby Wood is the first draw I can cut off miles. I fancy the scent was good in the morning, bad in the middle of the day, and improved in the afternoon, but, as you are aware, up wind and down made all the difference.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

In 1869 the Duke tells Cooper that "the Jockey Club yesterday carried Lord Forester's resolution that no two-year-olds are to run before the first of May," and Sir Thomas Whichcote alludes to racing, of which it will be seen he had no very high opinion.

"BUTE HOUSE, CAMPDEN HILL,
"KENSINGTON, W., *May 30th*, 1869.

"COOPER,—

"The Jockey Club yesterday carried Lord Forester's resolution that no two-year-olds are to run before the first of May."

"ASWARBY PARK,
"*September 19th*, 1869.

"COOPER,—

"I am much obliged for your letter. Wednesday will suit me very well to see you and your pack. Ten o'clock I conclude will be early enough. We had better first of all sift Burton Gorse and then fall back upon the Burton Plantations and Thorns. How will it be to appoint Haverholme for Friday? Yesterday, as a friend of mine was coming here in a fly from Sleaford, he saw a beautiful fox walking about a field between this and Sleaford. I was very sorry to read your report of the Duke. I trust he has thrown off the attack and that he is able to follow up the grouse. Pretender cut a sorry exhibition in the Leger. I am told he never eat a feed of corn after his arrival in

Doncaster. I suspect the Leger horses were none of them a gaudy lot. Sir Joseph Hawley did not trust his horse until the night before the race, and then only for a small sum.

"Racing is decidedly on the decline. It is no longer a gentleman's amusement. Half the owners of race-horses dare not place their names to them.

"We had a fine rain here last night; to-day it is blowing a gale of wind. I hope we shall have another downfall as soon as the wind ceases.

"I think we must have plenty of foxes in the Folkingham Gorses, provided the proprietor of the land around them and his keeper allow the coverts to remain quiet. Newton Gorse from all accounts ought to present a beautiful sight to the eye of a fox-hunter. I am told Mr. Doughty states that he saw nine foxes all outside the covert together.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE.

"Give me one line to say whether Wednesday will suit you."

A letter, which for obvious reasons I do not print, was written in October of that year to request that certain coverts may not be drawn, as they are to be closed during November and December for shooting purposes. This letter was forwarded to Sir Thomas Whichcote and drew the following answer from him.

"ASWARBY PARK,

"*November 21st*, 1869.

"COOPER,—

"I was very sorry to hear of your accident. I trust you will soon be able to shake off the ill effects of it. The knee is a nasty joint to have anything the matter with it.

"The poor Aswarby fox was shockingly badly managed. I shall not entrust the next commercial gent to an amateur.

"You would hear that nothing could be more brutal than the treatment it was subjected to at the hands of those blackguard Ropsley people.

"Thank you for enclosing ——'s letter. I am truly sorry to think that the writer of it was a grandson of a master

of hounds. I wish he could be persuaded to take the Cottesmore hounds. It would be the only way to get those fine woodlands set at liberty for fox-hunting.

"The Rev. Heathcote told me yesterday he was going to make a large gorse between Folkingham and the woodlands; this is a step in the right direction.

"I hope you will be able to get to Gonenby. I detest the place on account of the rail.

"THOS. WHICHCOTE."

A hound, Wildboy, sent by Cooper to Mr. Selby Lowndes, had an unlucky accident, for the Whaddon chase master writes:—

"WHADDON HALL, STONEY STRATFORD,
"*March 13th.*

"COOPER,—

"I got Wildboy quite safe, and I thought I had written to you to tell you how pleased I was with him, but I am sorry to tell you he got on the line and was completely cut to pieces. I was so sorry, it quite spoilt my day's sport. Now I am very pleased to hear you are hunting again, and hope will continue to do so for many a year.

"W. SELBY LOWNDES."

Cooper was then laid up by an accident to his knee. The other hounds were sent a week later, as another letter from Mr. Selby Lowndes shows.

The next letters from the Duke were written to Cooper after he had left, and show that, although the master and huntsman had been parted by circumstances, there yet remained esteem and respect between them.

"BUTE HOUSE, CAMPDEN HILL,
"KENSINGTON, W., *May 30th*, 1870.

"COOPER,—

"I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 27th, and for the information respecting the young hounds, and I must thank you for the care you have taken of them up to this time.

"I hope you have got a nice house at Ponton and that you and Mrs. Cooper will be comfortable. I will not return to the past, but I cannot help saying that I consider that under your management, care and judgment the Belvoir hounds have certainly not deteriorated, but if anything improved, in breeding, shape and make, and I desire to express my gratitude to you for all you have done in my service.

"May I venture, now that I can have no personal interest in the matter, but am solely actuated by a regard for yourself and your family, to say that I hope you will take care of your health and strength?

"I am happy to say I am very well.

"With my kind remembrance to Mrs. Cooper,

"I remain, yours, etc.,

"RUTLAND."

"BUTE HOUSE, CAMPDEN HILL,

"KENSINGTON, W., *May 17th*, 1874.

"COOPER,—

"I am very much pleased at your remembering my birthday, and at your and Mrs. Cooper's kind wishes on the occasion.

"I am sorry to say, though, when one has arrived at fifty-nine, these anniversaries follow one another much too quickly.

"I am glad to see you have removed to Carlton, and hope that you and your family may have many years of health and happiness before you.

"I am just recovering from an attack of my old enemy, the gout.

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"RUTLAND."

"BELVOIR CASTLE,

"*March 4th*, 1877.

"COOPER,—

"I fear I have never written to thank you for your letter of the 12th February. I have been suffering much from a severe rheumatic attack in both knees, etc., and can-

not as yet regain my strength, but hope soon to do so and get out again.

"I remember the runs you allude to from Normanton Thorns very well, when you killed on Harrowby Hill top.

"There is one I think you have forgotten—Lord Cardigan, who, not quite up at the finish, was very near it. And I remember he and I went one ring, when they turned back from the Grantham and Lincoln road, and ran into the vale again, nearly as far as Gunnedy Moor Gorse, and no one else attempted it, but remained on the hill top till we came back again.

"I was away the day you had a dog given you by Sir R. Sutton in the Loddington country, when you had those two magnificent runs.

"I sent your letter to Lady Forester, who was greatly pleased with it.

"Hoping you and your family are quite well,

"I remain, yours, etc.

"RUTLAND."

The name of Cooper still lives in the Belvoir country, and his good qualities are inherited by another Jem Cooper, who was till lately huntsman to the Warwickshire hounds.

LEICESTERSHIRE GRASS.
The Captain, the Count, and the Parson.

Chapter XV

THE BELVOIR COUNTRY

"IT'S the hounds and men that bring them, not the country," was the remark of old Dick Christian as he and the Druid were taking that immortal drive through the Belvoir country which is recorded in *Silk and Scarlet*. No doubt there is truth in the saying, for who should know better than the old rough rider who had sounded the depths of every ditch, tried the strength of every flight of rails, and the resistance of the stout bullfinches throughout the Duke's territory? Yet though the Belvoir may have no stretch of ground to equal the Twyford Vale of the Quorn or the Pytchley country from Crick to Stanford, of which Charles Payne, Lord Spencer's famous huntsman, was so fond, yet it has much that is only second to the very best owned by either of those hunts. In the Belvoir too, owing to the extent of its territory, there is necessarily a greater variety of fences, of soil, and of covert than in the smaller countries. The Duke's country has besides always had one great advantage in the stoutness of its foxes. This is partly owing to the excellent distribution of its large coverts, so that everywhere there are nurseries for good foxes. An American visitor once remarked that England appeared to have been laid out by a landscape gardener for the purpose of hunting, and the Belvoir country, at least, has much this appearance, since a glance at the map will show how well distributed are the coverts of Belvoir—those round Croxton, Syston and Belton Park, Aswarby, Sapperton and Humby. These

woods are full of wild foxes, since for generations they have been well preserved, and yet left to their own devices. They learn to know a wide extent of country. The splendid opportunities this state of things gives for cub-hunting have enabled the huntsman to educate the foxes, and to train and condition the hounds, so that the Belvoir pack are able to pursue foxes over the open, with the knowledge and self-reliance acquired only by practice in the woodlands. The fox has hitherto almost everywhere been of more importance than his rival the pheasant, and this state of things is owing not only to the nature of the country, but to the love of hunting so deeply engrained in the Lincolnshire men.

In every successive generation the Belvoir has had in its field such men as the Whichcotes of Aswarby, the Welbys and the Gregorys, the Reeves of Leadenham, the Fanes of Fulbeck, the Neviles of Stubton, the Turnors, Heathcotes, Tollemaches, Norman Thorolds of Syston, the Brownlows of Belton, the Parkers, Hutchinsons, and Hornsbys of Grantham. And what a race of farmers and yeomen have been bred up there! How keen, how hospitable, and with what knowledge of farming, and what love of sport! Where will you find, save perchance in Yorkshire, such judges of horses, cattle or sheep as in Lincolnshire? Then how they rode! To this day the name of Wing is remembered in the vale. "'John Wing, of Sedgebrook, was one of the best riders across the vale as a farmer in those days tremendious. Him and I's gone together for miles; he was about my age.'"[1] Then there was Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe Arnold, after whom Lord Forester named the covert which gives the Duke's followers many a chance for a "go" over the Cottesmore or the Quorn. In order to get a start from "Burbidge's" you have to get over the river, and many a gallant sportsman has been called back when trying to poach a start at the bridge, and sometimes been left behind, as illustrated by the incident in the following verses by Mr. John Welby:—

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 50.

A RUN FROM THORPE ARNOLD.[1] 1860.

To his friend, Cecil Fane,[2] says my Lord,[3] "Do you know
That at Burbidge's covert the waters o'erflow?
Come along! we can stand on the top of a ridge,
O'erlooking the covert, and close to a bridge.

'Tis certain the fox will swim over the stream,
And we shall be first is as certain, I deem;
O'er the grass at our ease we can gallop along,
Neither hustled nor prest at the start by a throng."

"Go wherever you like," to him Cecil replies,
"My way with the hounds and no other way lies,
For don't you remember what laughter arose
When I lost a good run the last season at Hose?

By Jove, 'tis a man who his place never yields
To any in crossing the Leicestershire fields,
But hates in the ploughs of Belvoir to dodge.
'Tis the Earl.[4] 'Tis the owner of Egerton Lodge.

By Stapleford Spinnies we hurry along,
The pace is so good the hounds hardly give tongue;
For Ranksboro covert our fox seems inclined,
But changes his purpose and turns down the wind.

Over fences and fields pretty quickly we strode,
Till we crossed, near Leesthorpe, the Melton high road,
And passing by Barton and Dalby, we gain
The covert of Gartree before checking rein.

For years in my court I a race have been running
'Gainst all sorts of artifice, dodging and cunning;
In the chase I have made up my mind to go straight—
Not to skirt, or to crane, or to ride to a gate.

The left is my way here, and yours is the right,
Remember my warning—I pity your plight;
When you see me afar in the very first flight,
Then you will be left, my Lord, I shall be right."

Good luck to a covert that finds us such game,
Four foxes afoot are the least I can name;
Two scarlets are seen on the opposite hill,
Regarding the start with forebodings of ill.

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[1] *Lays of Belvoir*, p. 61.
[2] Commissioner in Bankruptcy.
[3] Lord Forester.
[4] Earl of Wilton.

Says Cecil, "I see that some party has taken
The place with my Lord I have wisely forsaken;
Do look at the couple, pray who can it be
Who follows a leader instead of being free?"

Oh where in the thickening fog can we find
The two gallant sportsmen we left far behind?
Do they patiently sit on the top of the ridge,
Expecting the fox will return by the bridge?

Cries Cecil enveloped in glory and mud,
"This lesson will do my Lord Forester good;
For years we have had an encounter of wits—
Our score is cleared off, for to-day we are quits."

Then, too, there were the Kings and the Blands, and many others, whose names are mentioned by Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley in his "Recollections."

But to return to a more detailed account of the country. For convenience' sake we may class it in five divisions—the Melton side, the vale, the heath country, the Folkingham district and the ploughs; though, of course, any such division must be rough and general. Fields of plough will be found to trouble our course over the grass, and stretches of grass come to relieve the monotony of the plough. The true centre of the sport is at Belvoir or Grantham, Melton as a rule only coming in on Wednesday, and on alternate Saturdays.

Let us assume then that a sportsman has taken up his abode at Grantham or Melton, according to his means and tastes, he will be able to lay out his week's hunting easily enough. Of course the wish of those who visit the country for the first time is to see the historic meeting-place of Croxton Park, where the race-course still is, and the arena over which such riding men of the past as Lord Waterford, Dick Christian and Lord Wilton have been seen in bygone days.

Here he would take the fastest and boldest horse he has, for it is as a rule a good scenting country, with fences not so stout as elsewhere, but over which hounds fly for short bursts, and where he may ride the very same line of

country as Mr. Cecil Forester, Sir James Musgrave, Mr. Assheton Smith, Mr. Little Gilmour, Lord Jersey and Colonel Mellish, the last named a reckless and a hard rider, who was one of George IV.'s favourite companions, and many other famous riders have contended over in the past—"this 'ere very Freeby (a beautiful little covert of about fifty acres). There were nearly two hundred with the Duke's that day; such a crasher over the Lings to Croxton Park wall in sixteen minutes. I was head man all the way. Sir James was on old grey Baronet. Lord Gardner, Mr. Maxse, and Sir Harry [Goodriche]—he was on Limner—were the only ones near me."[1] The best horses and riders in England may still be seen here, and the crowd taxes the patience of Sir Gilbert Greenall, the present master, and the quickness and decision of Ben Capell, his huntsman, as it has done that of their predecessors. If, in such a spin as is here spoken of, a man can see something of hounds, and be up at the finish, he will be able to hold his own anywhere.

On another day a comfortable trot would take the sportsman to a fixture whence he might hope to gallop over the vale. But he may not go far, for it is the stiffest of countries, and fences formidable enough in themselves have in wet weather the added terror of having to be attempted from deep and holding clay. The following story comes down to us:—

"A man came from the other side of Leicestershire to Grantham with his horses, and hunted some few days in the lighter parts of the country, . . . but was constantly saying he could find nothing worth riding over. Presently he went to a meet in the vale. The hounds found and went away; the regular Belvoir men, knowing their way about, stuck to a green lane. . . . The first opportunity the thruster turned from the lane through a gate into a field; but alas! the fence was not to his liking. He had found more to jump than he wanted; and having ridden dolefully round the enclosure to seek an exit, and finding none, returned to the gate by which he entered, greatly to the amusement of all who saw the

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, p. 48.

incident. That evening his stalls at Grantham were vacant."[1] This part of the country has, however, changed considerably since those days, for before the Peninsula war and the era of high prices there was much more grass, and we find continual lamentations early in the century that the price of corn was causing much of the Belvoir grass to be broken up into arable. The vale reaches away from the Castle towards the north, and is traditionally supposed to be held in dread by the Melton men ("Legend of Merrie Croxton"). Nor by them only, for does not Dick Christian tell somewhere how one of the boldest of the many bold "parsons of the hunt used fairly to tremble when he saw those big vale fences in front of him"?

Yet another poem, from the collection of charming verses which are among the best ever written on the subject of hunting, tells of how Melton grass and Belvoir "ploughmen" meet in the race for the Coplow, to prove whether of the twain was the better training ground for the hunter.

THE RACE FOR THE COPLOW.[2] 1861.

GRASS *v.* PLOUGH.

For ages, no matter to question how long,
Well known is the fame of the Coplow in song.
From the days when its praises were chanted by Lowth,
Till to-day, when its fun is in every one's mouth.

Thy glories were great when upon the great sward
It puzzled the judge to bestow an award,
When Lindow and Williams and White and the squire
Represented the riders of many a shire.

But after alas! came a cloud o'er the scene;
The race for the Coplow a shadow has been,
Till to-day, like a phœnix, as every one knows,
From its ashes with vigour enlivened it rose.

From its ashes it rose, for the question is now,
Which steed is the stoutest, from grass or from plough?

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[1] *Covertside Sketches*, by H. Nevill Fitt, 1879, p. 98.
[2] *Lays of Belvoir*, p. 50.

THE PRESENT BELVOIR HUNTSMAN AND THE BITCH PACK.
Meet at Three Queens.

Can we hope on the winner our glances to fix?
From Belvoir come three and from Melton come six.

We trust we don't own to of favour a particle
If we take the first glance at the famed leading article.
The ring to stand in seem most anxious and glad;
The Earl is the rider, the owner the Lad.[1]

Though last, not the least of the heroes, I ween,
By Barker of chestnut is lead on the scene;
High mettled and handsome, with plenty of bone,
He looks, as he walks, that the day is his own.

Who rides? It is Josey, with satisfied air;
Says he, as he mounts, to the others, "Beware!
You may laugh if you like, but the truth you'll believe
When the winner I land for the Grenadier Reeve."

The bell has been rung, they are marshalled to start,
And pit-a-pat beats every feminine heart;
The question to cause the dear fair ones' alarm,
Shall the Quorn or the Belvoir to-day bear the palm?

The Coplow is over! The stoutest has won;
The light weight has been beaten, the lad has been done.
Right loud are the cheers that resound, you'll allow,
For the Leicestershire grass has been beat by the plough.

Three cheers for the Colonel who brought to the post
The heavy-weight chestnut despised by most;
To his health a full magnum of claret we'll drain,
And hope he may win with the Haycock again.

In this legend the victory lay with Belvoir. In days gone by there was a very celebrated meeting-place for another description of country. This was Three Queens, a fixture that has preserved the name of a public-house which has long ceased to exist. It was a favourite meet for the heath country, where the sport was said to have been better in old times than it is now. It is mostly light arable land, the fields divided by very practicable fences that can be jumped anywhere, though varied, it is true, by an occasional "stitcher."

If, however, the sportsman be one of those who love hounds more and a crowd less, he will save his stoutest horses for the Lincolnshire side. The central point is Folkingham, an ideal English country town, with its long

[1] Colonel Henry Forester.

street sloping upwards to a fine church. The principal covert here bears the name of a hunting family, and Heathcote's Gorse, Folkingham, is a name which calls up many happy memories in the minds of Belvoir sportsmen. There are some beautiful stretches of grass near these coverts. Mr. Bradley, who kindly acted as my guide over this part of the country, tells me that it carries a good scent. It is strongly fenced, and a horse, to cross it, must be stout and know his business. Sapperton Wood and Newton Wood are among the larger coverts, and in them foxes are bred which have always had a reputation for stoutness. Some of the longest runs in the history of the hunt have taken place from these woods.

All the country north, south and east of Grantham is out of the range of the Meltonian, but the visitor to Grantham will have all the best near at hand.

Five miles north of Folkingham is Aswarby Hall, the home of Sir George Whichcote, a not unworthy successor of that Sir Thomas who was one of the best sportsmen, and, unless Ferneley was a very inaccurate draughtsman, the best mounted man in the hunt.

There is a good deal of grass, and all the country is strongly fenced. There is a fair-sized field, but no crowd; and, take it as a whole, there is no pleasanter country to hunt over, and with as good or a better chance of a run than elsewhere.

Farther north we come to the boundary between Blankney and the Belvoir, and to the Leadenham coverts, where the Reeve family watch over the foxes and find them for both hunts. There the enclosures are smaller and are often bounded by stone walls, and here, as elsewhere, the soil carries a scent. Into the fenland hounds seldom run, though they have done so on a few occasions, some of which have already been alluded to.

The Stubton district was, as we have already seen, famous in the year 1825 for the stiffness of its fences. To ride to hounds from there to Wellingore, should the fox take that line, would test the nerve of any man and the powers of even the best of horses. It is not difficult to see from the above

LINCOLNSHIRE PLOUGH.

review what an influence on the development of the pack the country and its circumstances have had. To have hunted over the same country for 180 years must necessarily affect the working of hounds. The country over which they go carrying a scent, hounds can drive forward boldly without fear of losing the line, and the foxes, being wild, make distant points, so that a huntsman learns the boldest course is generally the wisest. The fastest hounds in the long run are those which are least often off the line.

The speed of a pack of fox-hounds is the result of various causes. The power of holding to a scent and steadiness in keeping to the line of the hunted animal, all the time getting forward, and the soundness and condition to do this at a fair pace and over a distance of ground, are the chief elements of speed. The fox-hound is a quick-scenting animal; directly he gets one whiff he dashes forward in pursuit of another, and so catches it, as it were, before it has time to fade. Now this tendency of a pack of hounds to carry ahead instead of to string, like stag-hounds, shows that perfection of emulation with combination which makes up a good pack. All these natural instincts of the hounds are strengthened and developed by favouring conditions in the country hunted over, and accumulated generation after generation when a pack of the same race hunts over the same country for a long period of time. How well the foundation of these qualities was laid we may gather from a run which Shaw had with a pack made up of hounds which were chiefly Beaufort and Meynell grafted on to the original Belvoir stock, with an admixture of a few hounds which had come from the Duke of Leeds' pack. This run, which took place from Clawson Thorns on a still, fine day in 1806, was little less wonderful than the famous chase of which I have already written, and has often been quoted as an instance of the stoutness of the pack. Hounds ran fairly well to Holwell, but from there they descended into the vale. Then they began to race, the fox crossing the middle of each field. Only three men—Mr. T. Assheton Smith, Lords Delamere and Templetown—went down the hill with hounds. Of the rest only three saw hounds again.

After passing Lodge-on-the-Wolds (in the Quorn country) the pack wavered for a moment, but casting themselves before Shaw could get to them, hit off the line and ran right up to Cotgrave. The fox here turned to the left, and hounds, swinging round on the line without a pause, ran past Clipston to Normanton town, where they drove their fox from scent to view and killed him (the 103rd that season) after a run lasting one hour and three minutes. The Duke of Rutland and Lord Charles Manners reached hounds at Hickling, and Mr. Robert Grosvenor came up during the run.[1] On this run a note in the "Journal of the Operations of the Belvoir Hounds" remarks: "In consequence of this circumstance [the momentary check near Lodge-on-the-Wolds] it was supposed to have been one of the most severe strains upon wind that a pack of hounds could have, there never having been, except at this time, one instant when they could experience any relief. In effect, some of the stoutest of the whole pack, viz., Bluebell, Crony, Ruffler, Empress, and Nimrod, were so distressed within that they could not go out again for a fortnight afterwards. The running of the pack, during the whole period, was beautiful, not one hound being ever away from the body, which was so compact that at any time a sheet might have covered them all. Considerable credit was consequently due to the huntsman (Shaw) on the score of feeding."

These remarks, which were probably written by the Duke himself, show the interest in the pack he felt, and the knowledge he had acquired. The name of the fifth Duke as a sportsman was so much overshadowed by the great reputation of his immediate successors, Lord Forester and his son the sixth Duke, that this evidence of his real interest in his work as a M.F.H. may be considered noteworthy. It is also of interest to note that Crony was a son of the Duke of Beaufort's Champion, a line which, as I have already pointed out, was destined to be of immense value to the pack, and which had been resorted to on account of the stoutness of the Badminton pack.

[1] *Sporting Review*, vol. ii., p. 184.

Whether the Belvoir country carried a better scent in old days than it does now would be difficult to say. It appears, after looking over the records of sport, that the run of foxes changes very little, not only from year to year, but even from generation to generation. If wire could be removed, if peace could be patched up between foxes and pheasants, if mange could be stamped out—then fox-hunting might be again what it has been in the past. If these things cannot come to pass, even in Leicestershire, where the benefits of hunting are so obvious, where can it be possible? Some who are now living may yet see hunting exiled to Ireland and the English fox-hound reduced, like his relative the pointer, to a show-bench existence, and given prizes for the length of his ear, the carriage of his tail, or the exact proportions of black and tan on his back; to sit evermore on a narrow bench at a show, with a pink card suspended over his head, which records the glory of his misguided owner in the shame of his dog.

But let us hope this vision of the future may never become an actual experience, and that the English fox-hound may still have a future before it worthy of its past.

The present kennels were built in 1809. Before that date, from the time of the third Duke, hounds were kennelled at Croxton Park, which, as will be remembered, was a hunting-box built by him. The fifth Duke pulled down the house at Croxton Park, after Mr. Perceval, who had tenanted it during his mastership, had moved to Sproxton; but the hounds remained in those kennels when they were not at Wilsford, a village convenient for the coverts east of Grantham. After the kennels were built at Belvoir, in 1809, there were also kennels at Ropsley, of which mention has already been made. The Belvoir kennels were very healthy, and since their erection hounds have suffered little from such scourges as kennel lameness, though the pack was ravaged by a disease resembling influenza in 1821.

No hounds have sounder constitutions than the Belvoir, and though something is due to a long continuance of first-rate kennel management, so that it is an old Belvoir joke

that a hound seen to scratch itself is immediately drafted, yet something too must be ascribed to the healthiness of the situation. I have seen many kennels in my day, but none so picturesque as the home of the Belvoir pack, and coming to it, as I did for the first time, along the road which leads through the park from the Knipton side, the eye is first attracted to the Castle, with its absolutely unrivalled position and its splendid grouping of massive towers, amid the rich foliage of the Belvoir woods; while on the right, near the river Devon, which flows through the park, lie the kennels, with the servants' houses. The present Duke drew my attention to the notes on the kennels by Mr. Horlock (Scrutator), a most useful writer on all topics of kennel management, and whose precepts I have seen carried into practice with great advantage.[1]

The kennels are large and handsome, with convenient houses for the huntsmen and whippers-in near at hand. The entrance faces south, and on either side of it are two stone buildings used respectively for straw-house and granary. In the centre is an octagonal building, in which are the feeding, boiling, and lodging-houses for the hounds, and the feeders' apartments. The length of the passage from north to south is 160 feet by 16 feet. Another passage, from the huntsman's house to the whipper-in's, is 130 feet. The area is 20,000 square feet. On the right of the entrance is the large kennel, the court-yard being 70 feet by 45 feet, the lodging-room 18 feet by 16 feet; and at the bottom of the yard are two doors, one leading into a large grass yard and the other to the whipper-in's house. Opposite the large kennel is another court, 64 feet by 62 feet, with boxes on two sides under an open cone for bitches to whelp in. "In this yard," says Mr. Horlock, "eighteen bitches within one week produced one hundred and eighty puppies." Two smaller kennels there are 31 feet by 25 feet each. Beyond are the kennels for the young hounds; the lodging-room, 21 feet by 16 feet, the flagged yard of which is 70 feet by 35 feet; and beyond again is a grass court. On the other side of the main

[1] *Practical Lessons in Hunting and Sporting*, pp. 62, 63, 64.

passage is the hospital. The boiling-house and feeding-yard are conveniently placed near the longitudinal passage. The courts are paved with square flags, and the system of drainage is complete and effective.

But, having written much of the country and of the hounds, it is time something was said of the horses, since they are indeed a most important matter in a country which taxes the powers of the best hunters to the utmost. And indeed many good hunters have been raised in the country from the very earliest times. It seems from a passage already quoted from the *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hunt* that in the time of the third Duke and Lord Granby the horses for the hunt were mostly home-bred. About 1825, the Waltham Agricultural Society was formed and an annual show held, and this was an important first step in the encouragement of the breeding of horses in the district, which has been continued by the successive Dukes of Rutland and Lord Forester up to the present time. Now Sir Gilbert Greenall, whose judgment and experience in horse-breeding are well known, is doing his best to carry on the work and to help the farmers of his hunt.

Hunter-breeding is, and probably always will be, a lottery, and like other games of chance it is most fascinating. "What we want," said a breeder of experience, "is a big brown horse, what we get is a little chestnut filly"; but the big brown horse does make his appearance every now and again, and then the breeder draws a prize in the lottery which probably encourages him to go on for the rest of his life. The Waltham Horse Show was founded in the time of Lord Forester, in order to encourage the breeding of hunters. Nimrod speaks of the backwardness of farmers in raising hunters in his time, but he makes an exception in favour of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, a fair number of good hunters being bred in those counties. Fryatt, of the George, had several useful horses standing at Melton; the famous Cannon Ball and Vivalda were among them. Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe, sold a number of useful horses to the visitors to Melton and Belvoir; but I think that the majority of the

hunters came from the Brocklesby and the Southwold countries. In these the farmers have always had a gift for making good hunters. Some of these horses were home-bred, but many came from Howden fair, where they were bought, and sold again at a profit in Leicestershire after they had learned their business.

Looking at the portraits of the hunters at Aswarby and Belvoir, and wherever the pencil of Ferneley has been employed, we are tempted to wonder whether the hunter of that day was not better than those we can get now. But then the prices were larger, and in our time nothing but a race horse or a polo pony would fetch the sums freely paid by such buyers as Lords Chesterfield and Plymouth, Lord Alvanley, the fifth Duke of Rutland, Lord Wilton, and Lord Forester, though the two last-named sportsmen were good judges and seldom gave much more than the horses were worth.

But men rode hard and a trifle jealous in those days. Lords Waterford and Dysart are said to have raced neck to neck for the one practicable place in a fence, and another rider, whose name is not given, Nimrod saw "clear a ditch, a strong hedge, and a cow, all in one leap." The horses indeed came from all parts, though I think as many or more than at present were bought in those days direct from hunting farmers, but then the latter were a much more numerous class in 1825–57 than they are now. Another very well-mounted and hard-riding man was Lord Cardigan. Very unpopular he was, for the gallant spirit in Lord Cardigan was mated to a most impracticable temper. Another desperately hard man was Sir James Musgrave, who occasionally had charge of the Belvoir hounds in the absence of Lord Forester. He was one of Dick Christian's idols, one of the men also who were always in good things. Most of these riders, after riding against one another all the season, met again in silk at Croxton Park, where Nimrod himself earned some credit in the saddle, and when Lord Waterford, Sir David Baird, Lord Wilton, Lord Delamere, Lord Dysart, Sir F. Johnstone, Lord Howth (a constant visitor to Melton), Mr.

Percy Williams (afterwards master of the Rufford), and many other well-known riders, tried conclusions over a country and on the flat. Nimrod, however, we gather, like many other sportsmen of his day, disliked steeplechases. What would he have said could he have seen a gate-money chase of our day? The horses of those times were at least hunters, and not cast-off crocks too bad for the flat. But this chapter might indeed be drawn out to almost any length, so rich is the past of hunting in incidents and interest. It may be that in that comparatively small circle of hunting society exploits were noticed and remembered that would be lost on the crowd of competitors in our own day. But I think perhaps men gave to the sports they loved a more single-hearted devotion than they do amid the many diversities of interests of our own times. At all events we shall certainly never see a finer race of soldiers, statesmen, and men of culture, and sporting squires, yeomen, farmers, and dandies, than those who in the past loved to take their pleasures, by no means sadly, over the Belvoir country.

Chapter XVI

THE RACE OF BELVOIR

WE have, in the course of this history, traced the gradual building up of the Belvoir pack to its present state of excellence.

Above all other kennels, the Belvoir is distinguished by the strong family resemblance of its inmates. "What is the use," once said a distinguished visitor, "of bringing me to see these hounds? I cannot tell one from the other." This great similarity of colour and character is of much interest to breeders, for the outward likeness of the hounds does not by any means signify a dead level of intelligence. There is as much individual character in these hounds as in any other pack. They are, indeed, alike in their stoutness, in their beauty, and in their speed. Every one knows they are famous for getting away quickly with their foxes, for a "Belvoir burst" is a proverbial expression. But the different hounds have different characteristics. Thus the descendants of Newsman will still feel their way down a road or over a stretch of dry arable land, the descendants of Trojan will still dash out and kill a fox single-handed, and those who trace their descent back to Caroline are as full of hunt and drive as their great ancestress. The Weathergage family are hard workers from morning to night, and Gillard used to tell how, in one or other member of that family, the greatest of fox-hound clans, the listening huntsman would hear ringing out on the misty September air from some puppy of the breed the bell-like note of their forefather, Wonder. The Belvoir need a large pack and require a high standard of

DEXTER.

work, yet they need never put on a puppy which has not the black and tan on purest white, which is the uniform colouring of the pack. I have hunted with many other packs and have noted how common this colour is becoming, showing that, the Belvoir being now a pure and established family, their blood is prepotent to impose its own character in crosses with other strains. But this family likeness which is peculiar to the Belvoir, and which can be seen in the same degree in no other kennel, is, I am convinced, the result of grafting on an original stock which had been established long enough to crystallise its traits into hereditary characteristics.

I do not lay much stress on what was done before the time of Newman and Mr. Perceval, when the female line of Rallywood and the various sub-families of his clan were started by the entrance into the kennel of Beaufort Champion and Topper. Then there was the period when large infusions of Meynell blood came through Mr. Osbaldeston's and Lord Monson's packs, and finally when the fifth Duke purchased Mr. George Heron's pack from Cheshire, in which Meynell blood was paramount. Mr. Meynell's hounds are supposed to have been of great antiquity, as he got them from Mr. Boothby, and Mr. Boothby's kennel traces back to the old sort of Lord Arundell, of Wardour. But in all these speculations we tread on very uncertain ground. What is certain is that the Belvoir kennel owes much to four great lines of blood—the Beaufort Champion, Osbaldeston's Furrier (a Belvoir hound by birth), Sefton's Sultan, Mr. Drake's Duster, and Brocklesby Rallywood. When the Belvoir desired an out cross, they generally went to the Fitzwilliam and the Badminton kennels, the different types of these packs at that time showing that they had but little Belvoir blood. Through Mr. Osbaldeston's kennel the Belvoir got back their own blood, mingled, among others, with the beautiful mute hounds of Sir Thomas Mostyn, which, through Lady, transmitted both their qualities and their silence. Thus we see the taproot of the Belvoir was their own original stock, while the grafts are Meynell (an ancient and pure race), Beaufort (of

which the same may be said), Brocklesby, and in lesser degree Fitzwilliam and the old Lord Lonsdale's Cottesmore pack. To the last two kennels, both of which are supposed to have been somewhat coarse, the Belvoir went, no doubt, for size and bone, as there is evidence to show they had favoured their own sort till they had lost both these qualities. The standard height was twenty-four inches for dogs and twenty-three inches for bitches in Goosey's time, lowered to twenty-three and twenty-two inches during Goodall's term of office, and the height has since remained the same.

I am indebted to some of the leading huntsmen of to-day for helping me to form an estimate of the effect of the Belvoir blood on other kennels. Speaking generally, it is not too much to say that there is scarcely a kennel in England which is not indebted directly or indirectly to Belvoir blood for its best hounds. Moreover, it is curious to note that those packs which have kept most nearly to Belvoir are now among the most famous, both for the sport they show and for the good name they have with huntsmen and masters of hounds as sources from whence to improve other packs.

Turning now from general remarks to particular instances, Tom Firr, the late huntsman to the Quorn, to whose judgment in breeding that pack owes so much, writes, "There is a good deal of Belvoir blood in the Quorn pack, more of the Weathergage sort than any other. This is certainly the best working sort they have. Belvoir legs and feet are worth going for." George Gillson, the Cottesmore huntsman, says "the Cottesmore hounds are chiefly by the Belvoir sires"; and those who have seen Mr. Baird's beautiful pack at work, or who have listened to the charming melody of these hounds in the field, will agree that they do the utmost credit to their parentage. Then, to go somewhat farther afield, we should find that few packs of the present day are the superior of the Grafton, whether for work or appearance. The sport they have shown of late has been remarkably good. Their late huntsman, Frank Beers, was known to be very fond of Belvoir blood, and his excellent successor, Tom Bishopp, is of the same opinion, for he writes, "The Grafton are all Belvoir

STORMER. CAPTIOUS. CAREFUL.

BELVOIR HOUNDS, 1864.

From the Picture at Allington Hall.

blood, and we seldom go anywhere else. Belvoir Weathergage is our tap-root, and we look to him as sire as much as possible for tongue and drive. They are all-round honest foxhounds, including constitution. We find them the best, and our forests find them out quickly." The famous Warwickshire hounds have not had much Belvoir blood of late years, for Lord Willoughby de Broke has built up a pack which combines nearly all the most famous strains, and the hounds have an individuality of their own. The Belvoir, with the Fitzwilliam, Brocklesby, and Quorn, have the honour of contributing to this result, but even so it will be noted that most of the packs named have Belvoir blood in their veins. The same may be said of the Bramham Moor, the Middleton, the Holderness, the Pytchley, and the Blankney, all of which kennels are largely indebted to the Duke of Rutland's hounds for their fame and excellence. In a very interesting letter from Harry Bonner, late huntsman to the Meynell and formerly whipper-in at Belvoir, it is said "quite one-half of the Meynell hounds have Belvoir blood in their veins"; and further, Bonner says, "My belief is, no hound ever lived to be so great a benefit to sport as Weathergage. During a good run when I was at Belvoir, I counted eleven couples of Weathergage blood all at the front." Not less complimentary is German Shepherd, the well-known kennel huntsman to Lord Harrington, "Our hounds are nearly all Belvoir. . . . I like the Gambler sort best, and have had more wonderful hounds by the much-abused Shamrock. We have scarcely a hound in the kennel three generations from Belvoir, and don't think they ought to be farther away." If from the midlands we turn to the north, I have a letter telling me of the South Durham, whose kennel huntsman has the honoured name of Will Goodall. This letter is of particular interest to us, for it will be noted that Goodall's opinion coincides with that of German Shepherd, as to Belvoir Shamrock. "You will see," writes Will Goodall, "that our kennel is full of Belvoir blood. We have a lot of the Shamrock blood, though many huntsmen dislike it, saying his stock were slack. All the Shamrocks we have

had have been good workers, full of drive and with plenty of tongue, and they can use their noses; what we have by Glancer are all wonders in their work and 'hard drivers." The following are Belvoir sires that have been used by this kennel since 1878—Brusher, Struggler, Fallible, Guardian, Templar, Founder, Wenlock, Denmark, Weathergage (the best of blood), Dashwood, Syntax, Procter, Glancer, Shamrock, Dryden, Grappler, Forecast, Discount, Gordon, Harlequin, Dolphin, and Delegate. T. Smith, of the Bramham Moor, in a particularly useful letter, which the reputation of his pack makes very important, tells me that while "we have not a great deal of Belvoir blood in the present pack, they trace back a good deal into Belvoir blood," a fact which some of the foregoing correspondence will make plain to us. After narrating some of their various fortunes and misfortunes with Belvoir blood, he says of the descendants of Discount, "they are all good in work, capital noses, with plenty of drive and stout." The Bramham Moor, indeed, in 1862 came back a good deal to Belvoir blood, for Mr. Lane Fox got a couple of dogs in a draft which were very much used in the kennel, viz., Lucifer, by Belvoir Fairplay — Belvoir Rapture, and Rocket, by Belvoir Rallywood. Pastime and Fuse, too, were capital in their work, and have a great many descendants in the Bramham kennel at the present time. The celebrated lines of Stormer, 1864, and Senator (Cooper's favourite hound) were also had recourse to with good results. My friend, Mr. Scarth Dixon, than whom there is no sounder judge of horse or hound, and who has written a delightful book called *In the North Countree*, which is full of sporting lore, writes to me thus, "About Belvoir Weathergage, I think his blood has done wonders, and I look upon him as one of the foremost fox-hounds of all time." In the kennels of the Badsworth, where, as the huntsman Grant truly says, they do not keep any bad hounds, they have used the Belvoir blood with almost uniform success.

There is no hunt which has had more attention paid for a length of time to the breeding of the hounds than Lord Middleton's, and Grant, his huntsman, gave me some in-

BELVOIR WATCHMAN.

teresting information. He says, "For years I have kept to the Weathergage strain. I do not think they have anything to beat it at Belvoir since he came on the flags. I have also used Gambler, Watchman, Forecast, Gordon, Dexter, Nominal, Batchelor, also Pirate and Fencer, but like the former better. In years gone by Senator, Warrior and Comus were very celebrated. There is no kennel in England where you can get so much quality, substance, and colour combined. Gillard must have studied them well to carry it out as he did, and they reflect the highest credit on him." No less emphatic is the approval of the huntsman of the York and Ainsty, and of the Morpeth, both kennels which have earned a great and just reputation.

William Dale, now huntsman at Badminton, was formerly with the Brocklesby, and is well known as a thoughtful student of hound-breeding. His letter is of peculiar value, as showing the opinion of an able man who has bred and hunted hounds. "I always maintain that there were no two packs that hit so well together as Belvoir and Brocklesby, or showed such a family likeness." He then refers to the fact that "Rallywood's descendants, however remote, always showed signs of their descent. The Weathergage strain proved successful at Brocklesby, also Fencer. I think that Weathergage was one of the most wonderful sires that ever existed; his offspring were always good workers, and the same of his son Gambler." Then referring to Brocklesby Rallywood, he goes on, "I could trace his good qualities in the hounds I used years afterwards, showing clearly how hounds strain back." Returning once more to the north, Lord Zetland's hounds show a considerable infusion of Belvoir blood. An important contribution to the subject under consideration comes from Arthur Wilson of the Essex and Suffolk, whose previous experience in the York and Ainsty and Atherstone and Belvoir kennels gives weight to his opinion. "To give you a history of hounds I have known in the Belvoir kennels would fill up a book, and I have notes of the Belvoir hounds for the last twenty years. My favourite line is Warrior, the son of Weathergage, and every hound I bred

at York and Ainsty, and the Atherstone, can be traced back to that strain." I was naturally anxious to get an opinion from Tom Whitemore, now of the Shropshire, to whom the Oakley owe so much of their success at Peterborough and in the field. He, too, sends me a list of Belvoir sires used while he was with the Oakley hounds, showing that, like other good judges, he has a liking for the Weathergage sort. Another hunt is the Cotswold, whose huntsman, Charles Travess, an excellent judge, says that he has "used Belvoir sires for many years with the best results." Coming back to the midlands, we find the Rufford—a pack which has had a very successful period of sport, under the mastership of Mr. Lancelot Rolleston, since 1889, and before that had Mr. Harvy Bayley, a renowned sportsman, as master—have been greatly indebted to the Belvoir pack, especially since the year 1886. The following are the lines to which this kennel has gone, as given to me by F. Scorey, the kennel huntsman to the pack:—

1886—Belvoir Founder was used with success.
Belvoir Fencer was used with much success.
Belvoir Weathergage was used with success.
1887—Founder, Fencer, and Weathergage were all used again with success.
1888—Founder, Fencer, and Weathergage were used again with success.
1889—Belvoir Gordon and Pirate were used with success.
1890, 1891, 1892—Nothing was used from Belvoir.
1893—Belvoir Grasper and Graphic were used with success.
1894—Graphic, Grasper, and Taper were all used with success freely.
1895—All used again freely.
1896—Tapster and Rusticus were used freely with success.
1897—Graphic, Grasper, Tapster, Watchman, Resolute, and Rusticus were all used freely with much success.
1898—Rebel, Vanguard, Rustic, and Dexter all doing well for us.

My friend Mr. Wrangham, of the Crome, does "not consider you can better them [the Belvoir] for breeding from, for

bone, hunting powers, nose, symmetry, and colour." He has at present three dog hounds which in their year won first prizes when they were judged as puppies: Melton by Shamrock, Lucifer by Gordon, and Valiant by Valiant. Charles Brackley, the veteran huntsman of Mr. Garth's, pays a tribute to the excellence of some young hounds by Victor, which came to the Twyford kennels in a draft from Belvoir. Robert Cotesworth, now huntsman to Lord Bathurst (V.W.H.), was formerly whipper-in to F. Gillard at Belvoir, and finds that blood suits him well in the beautiful little country he hunts over. His testimony runs: "The best strains, I think, from Belvoir are in the old Weathergage line. We have hounds by Gambler—he is by Weathergage; Nominal—he is by Gambler; and some by Graphic—he is also by Gambler,—all excellent hounds. Belvoir Donovan has also been used here, but I cannot say I quite care for the sort; he was sired by Rufford Galliard, who everybody knows was a 'wrong un,' and the fault is bound to come out in one generation or another. We have some by Belvoir Prodigal—he was by Pirate. Those do not do so well as they might, and I must adhere to the Weathergage Gambler sort, in preference to any others. I have two couple of bitches in this year's entry by Belvoir Watchman—he is by Nominal, and they are wonderful smart hounds in chase; as well as getting working qualities, one gets good looks also. Belvoir Gambler was, I should think, in his day, the best-looking hound ever bred at Belvoir. In the season '90-91 I believe he had eighty-one or ninety-one bitches from different kennels, independent of his service at home. I have some 'clinking' bitches by Brocklesby Acrobat—he was by Belvoir Grappler, and Grappler by Fencer, out of Gratitude, Gambler's dam." John Scott, of the Albrighton, "sticks to the Gambler and Nominal sort as much as he can." T. Stratton, of the South and West Wilts, "likes Belvoir blood as a rule; they get good workers and good constitutions." Frank Bartlett, Lord Fitzwilliam's huntsman, goes to Belvoir now, as the Fitzwilliam used to help Belvoir in bygone times. "I used both Gambler and Gameboy, brothers, by Weathergage, which there is no doubt

is a good strain of blood for stoutness, etc. I have also a capital litter of this year's entry by Vanguard—he is by Valiant sire Gameboy. I always find the Belvoir blood mix well with Fitzwilliam, as, of course, this is the same blood as they had at Melton in their palmy days."

In Essex they all favour Belvoir blood, so far as I have been able to ascertain, and Cokayne, the very successful young huntsman of the Puckeridge, would like more than he has. I notice that the Gambler and Gameboy sort seem to do well in cold scenting and difficult countries like the Tickham and the Albrighton. Ned Farmer, of the East Essex, a plough country, has much Belvoir blood, especially from Gordon, Nominal, and Traitor.

Frank Goodall, so well known as the royal huntsman, and, before that, the much-valued huntsman to Mr. Tailby, and brother of William Goodall, of the Belvoir, writes:—"When I was at Ascot, and during Lord Cork's mastership, we had the pick of the Belvoir draft, and I put nineteen couple forward, which I consider were the making of the Queen's pack, and I remember when I was with Lord Portsmouth, in 1854, he took it also, which did him great service."

The name of Frank Goodall recalls to our minds the palmy days of Mr. Tailby's mastership of the South Quorn, when he ruled over what was without doubt the best four-days-a-week country in England. Mr. Tailby himself, to show his view of Belvoir blood, sent me his hound list from the year 1872. The celebrated pack of bitches that used almost to fly over high Leicestershire were almost entirely Belvoir. In the entries before me there are but three sires—two of Milton, and one of Mr. Muster's—not of Belvoir blood. Senator and Rallywood were the favourites with Mr. Tailby and his huntsman.

Mr. Tailby's country—now Mr. Fernie's—is a good scenting country, nearly all grass, and when I had the pleasure of riding over it I can hardly remember seeing a ploughed field. But it was not only in such a country as this, where everything is in favour of hounds, that Belvoir was so effective. The York and Ainsty is a very good example of a difficult

GROUP OF BELVOIR HOUNDS.

From a Photograph by Rev. F. V. Knox

country, and, Mr. Scarth Dixon says, "can scarcely be said to carry a good scent. A great deal of it is plough, and of this the greater part is cold, stiff clay. There are also some big woodlands, especially about Pilmore, and foxes frequently run from the low country to the higher lands, and thus add considerably to a huntsman's difficulties. The best country is about Askham Bogs, whence a fox generally goes away pretty quickly. . . . It is a trying country for hounds as well as huntsmen, and very stout hounds are necessary, whilst good noses are indispensable."[1]

These qualities the Belvoir were found to possess, more particularly in the blood of Weathergage, Gambler, and Gordon, the last being a great favourite, by Stainless, and combining the Belvoir Fallible[2] and Warrior blood, a line that cannot be beaten for work and hard running.

The Oakley hounds, too, have some good performances to tell of Belvoir, and have several hounds by Dexter, one of the best shaped hounds of our day, and Belvoir Shamrock, Dancer, and Valiant.

Jack Press, of the old Berkshire, writes, "I have a few hounds in kennel by Belvoir sires, notably a very handsome bitch called Necklace, by Belvoir Nominal, entered in 1887. Necklace entered 1895, a real good bitch in her work, good nose, and lots of tongue. I also have Friendly, Faithful, Fallacy, and Fearless, entered 1895; these four are the very best I ever saw in my life experience, for one litter, can hunt like beagles, and no day too long for them; they are by Belvoir Sponsor, entered 1888; and I have a dog called Darter, also entered 1895, a fair dog, nothing extraordinary, by Belvoir Discount."

James Moss, of Lord Portman's hunt, who has a woodland country, and, as he himself says, "needs tongue as well as nose," has proved that these are brought into the kennel by Belvoir sires.

If we turn to Scotland, the Duke of Buccleuch's pack, of which the hound lists are a perfect model, is full of Belvoir

[1] *In the North Countree*, Scarth Dixon, pp. 109, 110.

[2] Fallible, by Milton Furrier.

blood, and William Shore, his Grace's huntsman, has evidently given very careful thought to the pack. He, too, has great liking for Weathergage. The Fife follow, as their huntsman tells me, the same lines of blood as the Duke of Buccleuch, drawing the best of their sires from that kennel.

Lord Longford tells me, "We have had Holderness hounds here on three occasions, all full of Belvoir blood (descendants of Gambler)"—here is the Weathergage strain again—"and they have proved of great use to us. We have one now. Assheton Biddulph, of the King's County, has always been very glad to send bitches to them. Matthews likes the blood." The carefully compiled hound list Matthews sent me does not indeed show any predominance of Belvoir blood, though it is of course impossible to get away from it.

Even in Wales and Devonshire, and in Hampshire, the three districts where the Belvoir has had least influence, there are a good many indirect derivative strains, and I take this to be nearly universal.

But I have given instances enough to show that the weight of opinion of the best huntsmen of our day is in favour of Belvoir, and that with Weathergage that celebrated pack culminated as it were. It matters not whether the country be grass or plough, cold-scenting, stony hills, or deep, forbidding woodlands, there the race of Belvoir drives along after the fox, and puzzles out his wiles like beagles, and rings his death-knell with the music of the Wonder—Susan clan. Everywhere, in the power of transmitting their stoutness, their soundness of constitution, their rare shape and swiftness, the Belvoir hounds are the greatest triumphs of breeding. We have seen how the ability of the owners and their servants, the variety of the country they hunt over, and the stoutness of the foxes have combined to bring about such a result of the skill and thoughtfulness of the breeder as the Belvoir fox-hound.

Chapter XVII

LOYAL GRANTHAM

THE connection of the historic town of Grantham both with the Manners family and the Belvoir Hunt has been long and close. Grantham is an ancient town, and appears to have had particular privileges in very early times, and has a royal foundation. The greatest name in its annals is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who was born in 1642, at Woolsthorpe.

His family were lords of the manor until the property passed by purchase into the hands of Edmund Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, in 1727, who erected the tablet to Sir Isaac's memory now to be seen in Colsterworth Church. The Turnors were a family of note, both in the hunting field and in the country, and Edmund Turnor's daughter, Diana, married Dr. Johnson's friend, Benet Langton, of Langton. Grantham lies on the great north road, and it was to that town that Jeannie Deans was making her weary way when she was stopped by the two foot pads!

"Jeannie resumed her solitary walk, and was somewhat alarmed when evening and twilight overtook her in the open ground which extends to the foot of Gunnerby Hill, and is intersected with patches of copse and with swampy spots."[1]

The present Duke told me that he could remember when much of the country was wild and unenclosed. In 1800, Grantham had a population of some three thousand souls, and returned two members to Parliament. As a rule, one of them was of the Manners family, which shows that the influence of the Duke was considerable in the borough. The celebrated Lord Granby, and his brothers, the Suttons, were

[1] *Heart of Midlothian*, p. 260.

members in succession for thirty-four years. But trouble was to come over this representation. Lord William Manners, the second son of the second Duke and of Katherine, daughter of Lord William Russell, the patriot, bought the Manor of Grantham and rebuilt the Grange. He was succeeded by his son John, and he again by his son Sir William Manners, a perverse and troublesome person who quarrelled about the borough with his kinsman, the fifth Duke. The cause of the quarrel was that Sir William considered he was entitled to at least one seat for Grantham, but had only once been able to carry his candidate against the Duke's man. Not only did this amiable relation warn off the hounds from his own lands, but he incited some of the farmers to bring actions against the Duke, and in 1810 the latter had no less than thirty-five actions for trespass brought against him at the summer assizes. This was too much, and the Duke compromised matters by allowing Sir William to return a member.

So Sir William got his way, and the Grantham people got their hunting. This is a pleasure to which the residents of that town have ever been ardently devoted from very early days. One of the leading names in the latter part of the period I have called "the golden age" was Mr. Hardy, the banker, one of the hardest riders and best stayers of the day. If a run was long and severe, Mr. Hardy was sure to be one of those who got to the end. "He knew how to go and when to go." Keen and good are the other Grantham men, such as Colonel Parker, Mr. Edgar Lubbock, and the members of the family of Hornsby, who have done so much of late years for the town of Grantham and the cause of hunting. The Hornsbys have a love and knowledge of sport of all kinds, so that there is generally at least one representative of the family present when hounds are within reach. They love coaching too, and Mr. Hornsby, of Barrowby Grange, is a supporter of polo, the natural summer recreation of the hunting man.

Those who live in the country houses round Grantham have always been friendly rivals of the men of the town over the stiff Lincolnshire fences. At Boothby Hall, now the resi-

THE REV. J. HOUSON.
Late Rector of Brant Broughton.
From a Sketch at Belvoir Castle.

dence of Mr. Cecil Thorold, there lived a certain squire of the old school, Mr. Litchford, who was rather a character in many ways.

The following letter to Cooper is too characteristic to be missed :—

"BOOTHBY HALL,
"*March* 29, 1862.

"COOPER,—

"Let me beg of you not to come up to the Woods on Monday from Little Ponton. I would go down on my knees to you sooner than you should do so, for if you do, you will put me in a higher feavor than I have been in all the time of my illness. In the first place, the woods are in such a state they are not fit for a horse to go into them, they are more than leg deep, but up to the neck in many of the rides; the heavy rains having sent all the foxes into the woods, they are all nicely settled in them, and if you come with the hounds you will drive them out again, and then they will lay their cubs up under some stack or hedge-row, and be sure to get distroyed. Why not go at once for the School plots and Heath Covers, and then if you kill a fox or two it will not matter, but a Woodland fox we cannot spare, you know well a good Boothby wood cub, in the cub-hunting season, to be worth a dozen in the Heath Covers, for young hounds. I hope and trust you will not think of coming.

"I am happy to be able to inform you to-day, I am very much better than I have been all the week, I hope and trust with the assistance of God Almighty I shall soon be restored to my usual good health again, and that you may hear my old voice in my Great Wood making it ring again, next cub-hunting season. I am glad to hear you have the Humby bitch forward; you will find her to have a first-rate nose, and a good cry in chace, which I think two good qualifications for a fox hound to have. Hoping that Smart's dog and Batesmun bitch may get over the distemper, and that both of them will turn out well. And ever

"Believe me to be a well breed old sportsman yet,
"J. LITCHFORD."

He was a great authority on hunting, and had no superior in the woods, for he could tell in a moment when a fox turned. Parson Houson in the open, and old Litchford in the woods, were not to be equalled. Three Messrs. Gordon, sons of the rector of Muston, were grand horsemen, and quite undefeated in their time. George and Frank are still alive, and the latter hunts with the Fitzwilliam.

It is indeed difficult to name one of the followers of the hunt more than another, yet, of the Lincolnshire squires, some stand out by reason of their long connection with the hunt.

Mr. John Earle Welby, of Allington, for instance, to whose labours in the history of the hunt this book is so greatly indebted, was in his day one of the foremost riders with the Belvoir pack, taking his place beside such sportsmen of the past and present as Sir John Thorold, Major Longstaffe, Mr. Christopher Turnor, and the Rev. J. Houson, of Brant Broughton. All these men were able to get to the end of the longest runs, and could be, in their best day, stopped by no fence in Lincolnshire or Leicestershire. They were not merely followers of the pack, but each and all had a real knowledge of hound lore and hunting science.

Then there were Colonel Reeve, of Leadenham, quite a fox-hunter of the older school, and his friend, the Rev. T. Heathcote, rector of Lenton, the parish which afterwards had the author of *Verdant Green* for its incumbent. The tower of Lenton Church may often be seen in Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's clever pictures, and is, too, a prominent landmark in many a good run, while the Lenton Brook is known to all the Belvoir men, and is not without its terrors for the less daring or the less well-mounted of the field.

The Earl of Brownlow is a good supporter of the hounds, and so is the Earl of Dysart, whose dislike of trees is well known, a peculiarity which is, as the Druid reminds us, hereditary. The late Lord Winchilsea, the man who did so much to form the agricultural party, owned coverts at Haverholme, at the extreme limit of the county. Colonel Wilson, of Rauceby, is a great fox-preserver, and Sir William Earle

Gregory, of Denton, who died while this book was being written, was a keen hunting man till he gave up his sport to a sense of duty.

On the borders of the South Notts is Mr. R. Millington Knowles, of Colston Bassett, who has owned some of the best timber jumpers in the hunt. "I thought once I had pounded him over some stiff timber," said a well-known hard-riding member of the hunt; "but he had a wonderful horse and got over without mistake." Then, too, there are the farmers who made the fences and rode over them fearlessly in every period of the hunt's history—the Guys, Mr. W. Sills, Mr. Downing, Mr. Hind, and many others. The famous John Wing has been already referred to. Then there was Mr. Gale, of Scalford, who rode as hard as any one. Messrs. Bland, Brewster, and Hutchinson, of Foston, were a group of keen hard men to hounds, and Mr. Tom Caswell, who was entered to the sport in that famous Southwold country where I believe the farmers cannot be surpassed. It is fifteen years or more since I hunted there, but I have not forgotten the way the farmers rode, or the horses they bred and schooled. I fear bad times have overtaken them since then, but I shall always remember what kind, friendly hearts they were, what sportsmen, how hospitable, and how justly proud of their flying bitch pack, and their celebrated master and huntsman, Mr. Rawnsley. But this is a digression. Yet let it stand, for the Lincolnshire farmer is everywhere and always the same good sportsman. If we look back on the splendid record of the Belvoir farmers from the day when Shaw, eager to get to his hounds on a tired horse, changed with Mr. Sharp, of Welby, there is always something to tell. The old Belvoir records are no respecters of persons. The man who rode hard and rode well was handed down to posterity, and he only. The huntsman sometimes puts down the names of very distinguished royal or other visitors, but he never says they rode well if he had no facts to go on. There was much real respect for rank and royalty in old times, but much less flattery of the conventional newspaper paragraph kind than we have now. Again we read that in Goosey's early days

hounds ran clean away from everybody, only Mr. Drummond, the Duke's brother-in-law, and Mr. Stringer, a farmer, being able to live with them. Then again in the great run from Folkingham Gorse:—

"He ran by Threekingham to Spanby and Swaton, turned to Thorpe Latimer for Car Dyke, up to which point Lord Forester, Lords C. and R. Manners, Mr. Houson, Sir Thomas Whichcote, and a few more were well with the hounds. The dyke was a stopper, and Mr. Willerton was the only one who crossed it—the others made for a place which was fordable—but the hounds got far ahead, to the Helpringham drain. Mr. Willerton got over this, but the hounds were out of sight. The second whip followed Mr. Willerton, and with the exception of Goosey and Mr. Tindall, who got up the road, no one saw the hounds again." [1]

In the Sproxton Thorns run Lord Forester found himself alone with the pack on his celebrated Julius Cæsar mare. He had viewed the fox, but the mare was beat, and it was a farmer unnamed on a grey horse who got to their heads and stopped them for him. Again it was a farmer, Mr. John Woods, who was alone with the hounds and Lord Forester in a wonderful run from the good little fifty-acre covert, Freeby Wood. In 1856, coming nearer to our own time, Goodall and Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe Arnold, were left with hounds after a hard run.

The good feeling in the hunt was wonderful, and when the troubles took place round Coston Gorse, all the neighbourhood shunned the culprit and with one accord sent him to Coventry, not because the man in question opposed or disliked fox-hunting, but because he showed his dislike in a spiteful and un-English way by putting down poison in the coverts. When Gillard took the horn he found the same race of farmers, and, indeed, many of the old school were yet living, such as Mr. Bemrose, Mr. T. Caswell, and Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe Arnold, after whom the well-known covert was named by Lord Forester. Mr. Burbidge well deserved the immortality which he has received, and which is a more

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, p. 63.

enduring memorial than any tablet. If, instead of placing expensive brasses or statues, which scarcely ever remind us of the original, to the memory of our minor poets and second-class statesmen, we bought land in their native county, and planted a good gorse covert, how much longer would they be remembered! Indeed, if such memorials of the literary and political celebrities of the day were scattered over the country, might they not be an indirect means of conveying culture to sportsmen? Thus Freeman's Gorse would remind us of the great historian who so faithfully reproduced the barbarous manners of that great Nimrod, William Rufus, and Cobden's Covert of the repealer of the Corn Laws, perhaps even more certainly than the books of the historian or the parliamentary reports of the politician.

Another very remarkable group of men were the clergy of the Belvoir country. In Lincolnshire the hunting parson survived long, and, indeed, still does so with the respect and approbation of his parishioners. I have already said something of the good side of having a clergy who are not living secluded in a narrow world of their own, and thus entirely cut off from the interests of their parishioners, nor have I any doubt that the prejudices about clerical recreation, which were the result of a now decaying school of thought, will gradually die out. The faults of the hunting clergy did not arise from their sports, but were the failings of their class and of their age, and the general esteem and respect for the clergy thirty or forty years ago was at least as great in country districts as it is now.

One of the most original figures in our gallery of clerical sportsmen was the Rev. J. Houson, whose portrait is given above, and who was one of the best horsemen of his day. For many years his means were not large, for he began life as a minor canon of Lincoln on £100 a year. Later he became Rector of Brant Broughton and Great Coates in Lincolnshire. The two livings were then worth over £1,500 a year together. This preferment he held for upwards of fifty years. He married Miss Chaplin, of Riseholme, who brought him a fortune. Parson Houson was a remarkable man and a grand

horseman, and went well late in life. "From Folkingham Gorse to Aslackby Wood in forty minutes. This looked much like the fox that gave us the run last week. He took us from the big gorse at a great pace by the little gorse up to Ponton drain, which was stopped, thence over the brook up to Dunsby as if for Dunsby Wood, but turning to the right ran into Aslackby Wood. This was done in forty minutes, and as the ground was very deep all the horses were blown. If any one had the best of it, Mr. Houson had on his old grey horse, Mr. Houson being in his seventy-fourth year."[1]

"I have seen him," writes Major Longstaffe, "lead the Belvoir field at eighty years of age." With his perfect seat, his accurate judgment, and the lightest of hands, he could add something to his income by making hunters, for when a young horse had been through his hands it was worth a good sum. When he became Rector of Brant Broughton it was at first as what was called a "warming pan" for Mr. Banks Wright, a nephew of the patron, Sir Richard Sutton. The story goes that Sir Richard, who was a friend of Mr. Houson, arrived at Brant Broughton Rectory just about the time when the Rector's resignation was due. When he got out of the carriage he found the seven little Housons ranged solemnly in the hall with their mouths open like young sparrows in a nest. "What does this mean, Houson?" said Sir Richard. "It means," replied the Rector, "that you are going to take the bread out of those children's mouths to give it to your nephew, who is well off already." Sir Richard took the hint, and Mr. Banks Wright had another living found for him, while Mr. Houson died Rector of Brant Broughton.

Mr. Banks Wright was also somewhat of a character, as the following verses tell:—

[1] *Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds*, pp. 127, 128.

BANKS'S SOLILOQUY.[1]

Fame, lasting fame, shall be my meed,
With honours I have won the trick;
For twenty minutes I held the lead,
And beat her Ladyship[2] on Dick.

At Cream a gallant fox we found—
No doubt was there about the pace;
At Rearsby, when he ran to ground,
Full five miles straight had been the race.

Who now can say of me in scorn,
"Banks in the front can never stick"?
Who'll say I cannot beat the Quorn;
Aye, and the Belvoir fast ones lick?

Or who will say 'tis all my eye?—
Tho' black my eye as any sloe—
For thrusting coves who "Forwards" cry
Regard but little cut or blow.

Mount me but on my thoroughbred,
I'll show you how I earn my fame;
The black can always beat the red,
And score the honours of the game.

Was I not reared on classic ground?
With Sutton in both shires tried?
For many a year the country round
With all the crack ones could I ride.

What if the hounds I sometimes pressed?
Let envious scarlets have their say;
"My wearied limbs I faintly rest,
And think I've done a feat to-day."

You Suttons—Harry, Frank, and Dick—
No longer at your uncle laugh;
For of the basket he's the pick,
And you, you're nothing else but chaff.

In vain the bullfinch rears its head,
In vain the postern rails look new;
When mounted on my thoroughbred,
My boys, I'll give you lots to do.

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[1] *Lays of Belvoir*, p. 14.

[2] Countess of Wilton.

Dick Lloyd and Gilmour near I viewed,
His Grace of Belvoir struggling nigh;
My steed I shook, his pace renewed,
And left them all without a sigh.

I Tredwell[1] left, and Cheney neat,
Lord Grey[2] on horse no longer pulling,
And Charlie Leslie well nigh beat,
And raking, spurting little Bullen.

No longer runs will I bewail—
On this alone shall rest my fame—
Dirt cheap I hold the Belvoir Vale,
This only is *crême de la crême*.

My vale, my native vale, I own,
No longer charms for me retains;
My thoroughbred, fastidious grown,
A run from Croxton Park disdains.

Only the Coplow, Cream and Crick
For me—all others I resign—
There let me wield my hunting stick,
There let my azure breeches shine.

'Tis past! 'tis o'er! just like a dream;
In future days my sons shall hear
How from the favourite gorse of Cream
Their father did the honours bear.

And whilst I tell them all about
The style in which I made the play,
Shall Shelton's[3] merry bells ring out,
"Banks was the hero of the day."

He was ambitious of distinction in the hunting field, but could never stay to the end of a long run. A Belvoir burst just suited him. His riding has been described to me by one who knew him. "He rode as hard or harder than any one for twenty minutes, jumped all the biggest places he could find, ate a ginger-bread nut, and went home."

Other well-mounted clergy were Mr. J. Sloane Stanley, of Branston, who married the sister of Mr. Assheton Smith,

[1] The Quorn huntsman. [2] Lord Grey de Wilton.
[3] Living held by Mr. Banks Wright.

and whose sons have since been well known in the Quorn and Belvoir countries; Mr. Nuneham, of Colsterworth; Mr. Young, of Wilsford, a good man to hounds; Mr. W. Newcome, of Boothby, who was somewhat of a character; Mr. Heathcote, of Lenton, the bearer of a name which is remembered by the covert he planted for the hunt, and whose love of sport and hospitality are not forgotten in the neighbourhood; Mr. Crofts, of Claythorpe Paine; and Mr. T. Bullen, whose deeds in his old age are recounted by Brooksby's pleasant pen.

"Quite the leader, and one of the most appreciative members of the little party who watched the day's proceedings, was the Rev. T. Bullen, of Eastwell, now entering on his eightieth season with hounds—his first serious fall having taken place in his second season with his father's pack in Norfolk only seventy-nine years ago, when he dislocated his knee. Within the last very few winters he has ridden really hard across country; even now his face of keen enjoyment as hounds drive their fox through covert is a refreshing and admirable sight. He was present at Salamanca, and he went through the retreat from Burgos. See what fox-hunting can do towards prolonging health and life."[1]

The Rector of Waltham still keeps up the credit of the cloth when hounds run hard in the Belvoir Vale, "the best country in the world to ride over," as he himself has said.

Mr. Seabrooke belongs to the present, but if we turn back to the past there were other names among the clergy whose memory lives in the record of the hunt, such as Parsons Sharp, Disbrow, and Younger, all well-known figures in their day.

Grantham has had many distinguished visitors in the past —Lord Gardner, Mr. George Drummond and his friend Major Longstaffe (now of Little Ponton Hall, and a member of the hunt committee), M. Roy, and besides these a share of the patronage of those spring visitors whose descent on Melton and Grantham has been told with characteristic humour in the *Lays of Belvoir*[2] by Mr. George Stanley.

[1] *The Best Season on Record*, Captain Pennell Elmhirst, p. 17.
[2] p. 19.

But amongst the most remarkable of Grantham visitors was the "Admiral," a certain Captain Micklethwaite. He lodged over the saddler's, and is said to have remained a bachelor in order to have leisure to hunt. He was a bold rider and well-known shiverer of timber in the hunt, as the following lay can tell in words more vivid than mine:—

THE ADMIRAL.[1]

Bold tar! who for so many winters
Has knocked our five-bar gates to splinters:
We this memorial beg to send,
In hopes you will our fences mend.
We love to see you stick to hounds,
For your ambition knows no bounds;
And be our fences oak or ash,
Your horses drive them all to smash.
You ride, begirt with scarlet spencer,
On many a high-bred, splendid fencer.
But if you'll hold them more in hand,
They'll higher jump at your command.
Full well we know the craven crowd
Are in your praises ever loud,
For when the hog-backed stile appears,
You forwards rush, devoid of fears;
The stile collapses in a heap,
And through the wreck the funkers creep.

Yet, Admiral, by the covert side
We all delight with you to ride,
Who with your tales the way beguile
And warm the ladies with your smile;
Not black your looks, if blank the wood,
Or if the scent be far from good.
If Dutiful pursue the hares,
Nor what she hunts o'er fallows cares:
If huntsmen make their casts up wind,
And leave their fox far, far behind:
You gallop on, in happy mood,
With feelings of content imbued.
With each, with all you have your chatter,
As down the lanes the riders clatter.

[1] From an unpublished poem lent by Mr. J. E. Welby.

LOYAL GRANTHAM

'Tis only when at fences crost
By feeble swells you're tempest-tost;
Then, then the spark bursts into fire,
And quails the muff beneath your ire.

Ah! happy tar! how much we feel
To want your well-strung nerves of steel;
Who on your frugal toast and tea
Rise healthy as a man should be.
What nerves had you! when Uncle Rous
Alike displayed his pluck and "Nous"
By bringing home (it makes one shudder)
The shattered *Pique* without a rudder.
A middy, you cared not a button,
And cracked your jokes with Dicky Sutton;
You took the Atlantic in your stride,
And high on foaming waves did ride.
How glad we are you've settled down
At saddler's shop in Grantham town.
Long may we hope upon our grounds
To see you with the Belvoir hounds.
Ride o'er our wheat, and never stop
But only try our rails to top;
And when the hunting season's ended,
And all our gates and fences mended,
Farewell! with hopes for many a year
Amongst us all you'll reappear.

Indeed, Grantham has always been a favourite resort for those who desire to hunt with the Duke of Rutland's hounds. The hotels consider the wants of the hunting man. The G.N.R. will convey him swiftly to London, or place their trains at his service to act as covert hacks. The distances home at night are not as long as at Rugby, the expenses are less than Melton, and the climate milder than Market Harborough. That the town may long prosper, as it deserves, and that its men may be the same gallant race as ever, must be the wish of every sportsman.

Chapter XVIII

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES

1870–1888

THE year 1870 may be taken as marking a distinct change in the fortunes of hunting. The sport was making long strides towards the great and dangerous popularity which it enjoys to-day. The immense diffusion of wealth, the decrease of the Puritan prejudice against sport, tended to set the middle classes free from the limits which public opinion had imposed on them. Any one could hunt now without opprobrium from his fellows, whether on 'Change or at a chapel meeting.

Four novelists depicted hunting for us in its three stages. Surtees gave us the coarser and lower types, which, outside circles like those of Melton and Belvoir, were found in hunting society; and Mr. Lister, in *Granby*, voiced the early Victorian view of the fox-hunter by the non-sporting public, which, as the book is little known, I quote:—

"'Egad! Courtenay,' said Charlecote, 'you did the thing in proper style—and a devilish ugly place it was. 'Gad! you gathered him up, and crammed him at it! There was no denial—go he must. You remember old Toby's rules for leaping. "Keep his head straight, and go over," says Toby. You know old Toby—Tennyson's Toby? as good a huntsman as ever crossed a horse. But why did not you follow us? We had a real good day, I promise you. You saw what a pretty burst we had. Well, sir, Pug went straight away for Westwood Gorse, and a steady, hard run we had of it—not a single check, and a burning scent, and all of us fresh as four-year-olds. It was as good a part of the day as

THE LORD EDWARD MANNERS, M.P.
Late Field Master of the Belvoir Hunt.

any. But when we got to the gorse we lost him, and we lost time too, which was quite as bad—drawing, and drawing, and all to no purpose. So then we went to Campley Wood, and before the hounds were half through it, 'gad! sir, out there came a big old fox. So we laid them on, and away, like fun, by Claverton Grange, and over the hill above Baddesley Pool, and down again by Nether Twycross, and then we came to a sort of check—and once we thought we had fairly lost him; but old Cutty made a cast—a devilish good one—and again we were on him, and away across the grass fields by Crawford. 'Gad! you should have seen us then! We all streamed down in rank—no choosing or gap-hunting, every man took his fence as it lay before him, and away we went, like devils, over the new enclosures on Penderton Edge. 'Gad! sir, didn't we go the *pace*! The *pace* kills—nothing like *going it*. Ah! you should have been with us then. But we had not much of that, for then he took us across the low grounds by Muddyford and Sludgeley Bottom—stiff, heavy country—infernal bad going—up to the shoulders pretty nearly—most of the horses were dead beat before they came out of it. Well, then we got up on Dartington higher level, and the Badsworth country—ugly work so late in the day—but no matter, nothing stopped us. Didn't we charge them! ox fences, double fences, and all, my boy. You should only have seen us—that's all! Well, sir, here we gained upon Pug, and within half a mile of Dingley Coppice we viewed him, sir, we viewed him—beat, quite beat. I knew he was—I said he was. "Fifty to one," says I, "he does not reach the wood." No more he did. On we went, and in two minutes more ran into him, in the middle of a grass field. Wh-hoop! glorious, by Jove! Have not seen a better thing this twelvemonth. There was nobody in but I, Jack Hammer, old Cutty, Floxton, Dick Derby, and Cutty's Ned. You should only have seen the fellows behind, scattered, by two or three in a field, over the country for the last two miles. Oh, it was a regular hard run. That second fox was such a tough one! Look here, I've brought away one of his *holders*,' and so saying, he pulled a tooth out of his waistcoat pocket. 'An old stager, wasn't

he? By the bye, I'll tell you a good thing of old Cutty. George Johnson (he had been riding *at* me—*going it*, like smoke)—well, he got a regular fall, horse and all, down together neck and crop, in a deep, dry ditch. Johnson was for scrambling out. Old Cutty was just behind. "Lie still, you fool," says Cutty. "D—— you, lie still, till I get over." So Johnson lay down in the ditch, frightened out of his life, and old Cutty leaped clean over him. O Lord! you should have been with us.'" [1]

Then came the golden age, of which Whyte Melville was the painter and laureate; while, if the reader will turn to the various hunting scenes which are scattered through Anthony Trollope's novels, he will find admirable sketches of the hunting field as it was in the fifties and sixties. Perhaps Anthony Trollope will be the novelist whom future historians will consult on the manners and customs of the Victorian era, and, like Miss Austen, his novels will see a revival with the help of some Macaulay of the twentieth century.

When the Duke of Rutland was looking out for a huntsman there were many points he had to consider in making his choice. The crowd following the more fashionable packs was already becoming overwhelming, nor were the followers as open to reproof and restraint as of old. The Belvoir were just then at the height of fashion. Mr. Coupland, of the Quorn, had not yet had time to show what a good master he was, and Mr. Musters had taken some of the fame and fashion of the hunt with him on his departure. A quick huntsman was needed for the Belvoir, and since the Duke's health was even then uncertain, and it was not probable he could always be in command, a courteous one was wanted. Above all, it was important to choose a man who was thoroughly imbued with the traditions of the Belvoir kennel, and who could be trusted to keep up the standard of the pack. The Duke's choice fell on Frank Gillard, who had come under his observation as whipper-in in 1860, and who had afterwards left Belvoir to go to Mr. Musters, and from whose service he had been chosen as huntsman to the Quorn. By the courtesy of Mr.

[1] *Granby*, by Lister, vol. iii., p. 174 *et seq.*; pub. 1831.

Coupland, Gillard was allowed to go to the Duke—a fortunate circumstance for the Belvoir, as the history of the next twenty-six years was to show. No huntsman ever filled so difficult a post as Gillard, or was more successful in doing so. The Duke was often absent from the field, and no deputy master was available as in the days of Lord Forester, who was now unable to hunt much, if at all, and was indeed nearing the end of his happy and useful life. Thus Gillard was often huntsman and master too. The Duke took great pleasure and interest in the hunt, and did not wish to have any one between himself and his servants. The feeling was natural, but it was a severe trial for any man, and though Gillard came out of it with great credit, yet there is no doubt that he often felt the want of some authority to back him up in the field. After the failure of the sixth Duke's health, it was not till Lord Edward Manners became the deputy of his father, the present Duke, that the Belvoir had a master regularly in the field. Gillard is still living in honourable retirement after his long services to the Belvoir and to fox-hunting. He has given his reminiscences to the world in an attractive form with Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's help, so that there is no need to tell again the story told so well by the man who knew it best.

Yet, Gillard's reminiscences are rather material for history than history itself, and we may thus sketch the succession of events and study the growth of the pack without fearing to step on well-trodden ground. The first thing that demanded the attention of the new huntsman was the condition of the pack. James Cooper had shown wonderful sport, and he had, as one of the letters of the Duke has shown, pleased the master in the breeding of the hounds. They were indeed a most beautiful pack, and contained in themselves the possibility of still greater improvement. Cooper was one of the finest horsemen and the most daring riders that ever crossed Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. He was always with his hounds, but like many very hard riders he did not value the musical qualities of the pack so highly as their speed. Senator, a hound of rare courage but of a somewhat im-

patient temper, was Cooper's favourite, and the kennel was full of his blood, and having been used with great freedom the pack showed his two failings. They were rather inclined to be wild, a fault common to all high-bred dogs, and they were somewhat wanting in tongue, a failing which recurred at Belvoir from time to time. Yarborough Rallywood, however, in Goodall's time had corrected that tendency, and it was through him that the beautiful bell-like tongues were restored.

The reader may perhaps remember that there were two remarkable sons of Brocklesby Rallywood—Willing, Clinker and Chaser, of which something has already been said. Chaser had in due course a son, Chanticleer, and the latter gave the kennel Wonder. It may be doubted if, of the benefits of the great Rallywood to the pack, any were greater than his being the forbear of Wonder. When others were silent, or giving vent only to a smothered whimper, Gillard would hear Wonder's deep, rich, bell-like note ring up out of the depths of the coverts true and clear. The other hounds flew to it as hounds will when a truthful one speaks, and the Wonder-Susan family became the leading line of the Belvoir kennel, for did not the alliance produce Weathergage, the best fox-hound that ever was bred? Not the handsomest, for he was so plain that Gillard for some time was unwilling to breed from him. He was from the first day of entering so good in his work that he was regarded with suspicion, as such excellence was considered too good to last. Precocious hounds, like precocious children, often develop vices in a most disappointing way. But Weathergage never was anything but perfection, and his descendants, now to be found in half the kennels of England, are as good as can be. Hard-working, hard-running, clear of voice and keen of nose, they are the huntsman's friends wherever they are, and they often have the beauty their great ancestor lacked. Alas! no picture of him remains, only in the smoking-room at Belvoir a stuffed head is to be seen; but, as all dog-lovers know, a dog cannot so be preserved, for that wonderful, wise, affectionate, wilful canine spirit which gives such a marvellous expression to the rather rigid outlines of his face fades into vacancy when life

FRANK GILLARD.
Late Huntsman to the Duke of Rutland.

is passed, therefore I have attempted no reproduction of Weathergage here. What could be done in this way has been accomplished in Mr. Bradley's and Gillard's book, to which reference has been made above.

Frank Gillard will always be remembered by his success as a hound-breeder. He thoroughly understood the principles of the science, and left behind him a reputation for judicious selection and combination of hereditary qualities. He had so studied his hounds that if he wanted a particular quality he knew where to go for it. Thus the Guardian-Needless family were celebrated through Newsman for their power of carrying a line down a road; the Weathergage line for hard work, drive, stoutness, and beautiful tongue, of which family Gambler (1884) was, and Dexter is, the most famous representative.

The late Duke took a keen interest in all that pertained to his hounds, and had a room at the kennel where, seated on a chair, with a rail round him to keep the hounds from him, when he was crippled with the gout, he could look at the entry and feel with pride that no other kennel could show such make and shape, such necks and shoulders, such legs and feet, or such rare quality and grand bone. Gillard, too, was an excellent huntsman in the field. In his time was started the hound van, with the pickaxe team, in which the pack were taken to their more distant fixtures. The institution of the van enabled the pack to be reduced to sixty-two couples for the five days a week they now hunted, and the Ropsley kennels were given up.

In the first year (1870–1) of Gillard's time the Prince of Wales was the guest of Sir Frederick Johnstone at Melton Mowbray, and saw a capital run with the Belvoir from Hose Gorse. The present Duke, then Lord John Manners, just then out of office, found time to come down and enjoy some hunting, being often mounted by Mr. Ferrand—a cheery old gentleman, who was wont to cheer on the hounds from a position far in the rear, and whose horses must have been astonished when the future Postmaster-General sent them along like the limited mail. Lord John Manners always loved hunting, and gave as much time to it as he could spare

from politics, though he did not care for the horses his brother, the late Duke, liked best. The latter loved a horse to "catch hold," and delighted in animals which many men would reject as being too determined pullers. The best mounted man of the period was Sir Thomas Whichcote of Aswarby, so often mentioned before, whose big, long-tailed blood horses were kept in such admirable condition by Tom Wincup, his stud groom. Then there were Mr. George Drummond and Major Longstaffe, who kept their horses at Grantham. Mr. Drummond would go hard, though he loved shooting too. There is a legend that he once shot a fox by mistake for a hare, and the mistake, real or supposed, was for long a joke at the Castle. Sir F. Grant, at that time President of the Academy, still loved hunting, and having married Miss Norman, a cousin of the Duke's, was a visitor at the Castle. He still rode hard at times among the heavy-weights of the hunt. How much time and how many events had passed since he was the gay young stripling who spent his little patrimony right royally among the Melton bloods of his day!

The Prince of Wales always enjoyed his visits to Belvoir, and has probably not forgotten the gallop in which he jumped over a prostrate farmer, nor has the characteristic kindly courtesy with which he pulled up and returned to apologise been forgotten either. This visit of the Prince is remembered too in the Quorn, for he sowed the first seeds of that covert at Baggrave which has done so well for the hunt.

In 1874 death was busy among the older members of the hunt. Lord George Manners, the Duke's brother, well known on the turf and one of the best dressed men in town and a smart soldier, passed away. He hunted too sometimes, but loved the racecourse better than the hunting field. But from the point of view of this book the death of Lord Forester in that year was the most important event. No one had hunted more or ridden harder. No master did so much for the hounds as he did, for no fault or irregularity was permitted to mar the symmetry of the pack in his time.

His twenty-eight years' mastership, the golden age of the Belvoir and of fox-hunting, is somewhat lightly described in Gillard's *Reminiscences*. Lord Forester is said to have been a "warming pan" between the masterships of the two Dukes. This is hardly accurate. From letters before me I can say that the fifth Duke was unwilling to keep on the mastership in 1828, and that Lord Granby never even thought of taking it at that time. Lord Forester took the pack, as we have seen, with a subscription from Grantham and a contribution from the Duke, and spent some £2,500 per annum on the hounds. Lord Forester was born in 1801, and, of the brilliant band of Christ Church men who used to hunt with Sir Thomas Mostyn, Lords Clanricarde and Chesterfield and Mr. Biddulph of Churk, he was during the latter part of his life the sole survivor. No finer horseman ever crossed a horse, no better master ever ruled a pack of hounds. His name is still remembered in the Belvoir country with respect and affection.

Royal visitors were never uncommon at Belvoir, and the Empress of Austria came out several times in the course of the season. In 1874 Will Goodall, the younger, left to carry the horn with the Pytchley, an event which was full of good results both for the kennel and the sport of that favoured country. This season was remarkable both for its being the year of Weathergage's entry and for the number of first-rate fathers of the pack in the kennels.

In 1877, on April 10, the Duke received a presentation from the members of the hunt. There were two hundred and fifty subscribers, and a sum of £2,500 was collected. The testimonial, says the *Grantham Journal* of that date, took the form of splendid candelabra, beautiful alike in design and workmanship and presenting a most magnificent appearance. The centrepiece stood over five feet high, the top forming a beautiful cluster of twenty-one lights, supporting in the centre an exquisitely modelled figure of Diana. On the presentation plate was the following inscription: "Presented to Charles Cecil John, sixth Duke of Rutland, by the gentlemen and farmers of the Belvoir Hunt, as a

token of their esteem and respect, also of their grateful appreciation of the sport which during twenty years his liberality has provided them. 1877." The presentation was made in the fine old guard-room of the Castle by Sir William Welby Gregory, Bart., and the brilliant scene will never be forgotten by those present. The late Duke, in his reply, struck the right key when he enthusiastically declared that "I hope that so long as this Castle remains the Belvoir hounds may wake the echoes of its woods and of its vales." He then alluded to what was owing to the preservers of foxes, the owners of coverts, and the tenant farmers who allowed their land to be ridden over. His happiest remarks were, however, when he spoke of the pleasures of the chase. "I should like to give expression," he said, "to my conviction that hunting is the noblest, is the finest, is the most unselfish sport I know. Long may it flourish! All are welcome. All classes meet together—the peer, the landowner, the yeoman and the peasant. You see them all enjoy it. All shake hands—they are all as one body. We rejoice in a good run, we regret over a bad scent. We clear the fence together, we fall into the brook and we laugh together. I hope that hunting will long continue to flourish." And then the loud cheers which arose as his Grace spiritedly recited the lines of the old hunting song, "There is only one cure for all maladies," etc., may be better imagined than described. Belvoir's lordly towers were well-nigh shaken by the sound, and no happier moment was there in the sixth Duke of Rutland's life than when he stood surrounded by his many intimate friends and friendly tenants.

From time to time in all hunts questions arise on the subject of boundaries, and we have seen that a difficulty arose with the Quorn during Lord Stamford's mastership about Holwell Mouth, which was happily settled by the personal intervention of the Duke. In 1878 some slight difficulty arose with the Blankney Hunt about Bloxholm Gorse. General Reeve had apparently asked Gillard to find out the exact position of the two hunts with regard to this neutral covert. Frank Gillard wrote as follows:—

"I find that a copy of a letter from the late Lord Forester to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, writing upon neutral rights, explains that Bloxholm belongs to the Belvoir Hunt and that he—the late Lord Forester—gave the late Sir Richard Sutton leave to draw it upon the understanding that it was to be given up to the Belvoir when required, who should alone have the right to draw it. The same letter also mentions that Ashby Thorns and the covert made by the old Mr. Chaplin beyond Byard's Leap were neutral between the Burton and the Belvoir."

In 1881 some leading members of the hunt on the Lincolnshire side called a meeting for February 24th, at the Town Hall, Grantham. This step was taken in consequence of the following communication from the Duke of Rutland to Colonel Reeve.

"I have written," the Duke says, "to Lord Brownlow, telling him that after this year I must reduce my hunting days to three instead of five, and that this will oblige me to give up a great portion of the Lincolnshire country. Increasing age, infirmity and the present agricultural depression force me to do this, but you will understand what pain and sorrow it gives me to break what has been through so many years the source of so much pleasure and enjoyment. It is indeed very painful to me, but I shall always remember the kindness I have received from you and so many kind friends and supporters."

Mr. John Welby, Sir John Thorold, Mr. Broke Turnor, Sir Thomas Whichcote, Captain Thorold, the Rev. W. Newcome, and last, but not least, that ever good friend and liberal supporter of the hunt, Lord Brownlow, determined to avert this misfortune. The Lincolnshire men were averse from a division of the hunt then, as they were in 1896. Eventually the following proposals were made by the Duke and accepted by the meeting.

1. The Duke would be pleased to hunt the country two days a week on the Lincolnshire side if the county gentlemen guarantee £1,500 a year.

2. As the Duke would hunt Leicestershire without a subscription, he cannot bind himself to hunt five days a week.

3. The Duke wishes no subscription from Leicestershire.

These proposals form the basis of an arrangement which has subsisted to the present time.

By this time Gillard's reputation had been fully established for some years, both by his kennel triumphs and good runs.

"The most favoured sires among the stud hounds in 1876–77 were Whynot (1870), in his eighth season, a wonderfully good son of Senator (1862), and Woeful, by Wonder—Susan. His shoulders were perfection and his wise grey face full of intelligence. The seven-year-old Royal, son of the younger Rallywood; the light-faced Admiral and Albion, in their fifth season; the four-year-old Barrister, and the two-year-old Rockwood, were all good ones, who left the mark of high lineage on many a subsequent entry. Saffron, in his seventh season, was the most favoured of the Senator race, though the six-year-old Firebrand, by the same sire, from Frolic, and his brother Brusher, were in great favour. . . . Of all the sires, however, none were so generally admired as Fallible (1873), a three-year-old son of Melton Furrier and Prophetess. His bright black-and-tan coat, supple, muscular limbs, clean shoulders, deep, full chest and ribs, and shapely head, show true fox-hound style in every line. His reputation would have been lasting if it had ended with his son Stainless (1881), a hound said to be incomparable by Mr. Chaworth Musters."[1]

"Belvoir bursts" became proverbial. This means, of course, that the huntsman had won his hounds' hearts, so that they came to him quickly. I quote here from a letter of a well-known Meltonian.

"On many occasions in Gillard's time I have noticed the 'Belvoir *burst*.' Hounds, leaving the covert, bustle up their fox in fifteen to twenty minutes, racing as if for their lives. It wasn't once, but on many occasions. I have never seen other hounds do it so persistently. I think in old times the Belvoir were noted for the hardest riding 'first whips' in any country. One of the *finest* horsemen in that capacity I thought was Will Wells. I am sure we owe debts of gratitude to the house of Belvoir, and no one would be more pleased

[1] *Hunting Reminiscences*, by Frank Gillard, pp. 89, 90.

than myself to see the pack back in their hands. This is my twentieth season here; of course, there is much change, but the goodness of the farmers, under very trying circumstances, is the same."

Of these whippers-in there were of special note, Wells, above-mentioned, now a huntsman of seventeen years' standing, carrying the horn well; George Gillson, one of the best and soundest huntsmen now at work, and whose wonderful pack of musical bitches at Barleythorpe show that he did not study in vain in the school of Gillard, and learned, as his hound lists show, to value Belvoir blood; and George Cottrell, *the* galloping whipper-in, of whom Gillard tells a good story:—

"On a particular occasion, when a locked gate with an uphill take-off and bad landing confronted the field, some one said, 'Now, George, give us a lead, and we'll give you a sovereign if you smash it.' Cottrell, riding a mare bought from Mr. Philip Hornsby, humped his back, rammed the mare at it, getting well over without breaking the top bar, but he at once pulled up, and drew the sovereign."[1]

For some years the hunt went on in the even tenor of its way—the Duke still able to go out from time to time, and always keen about the pack and looking after its interests, and, with the help of Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley, carrying on a great deal of correspondence. When the Duke was out, nothing escaped his eye, and if the old enemy, the gout, detained him at the Castle, or sent him abroad, he expected from his huntsman an account of each day's proceedings. To one who knew the country and the pack so well such narratives were full of interest, but it is difficult to convey the dash and fire of a run to paper.

In 1883, when Gillard was driving the van home, one of the horses shied, the wheel going up a bank, and the whole staff, with Champion, the well-known Goodwood huntsman, were rolled over, Gillard being the only one injured. This was bad luck, coming, too, at the close of the cub-hunting season, and Arthur Wilson had to hunt the hounds, with

[1] *Hunting Reminiscences*, by Frank Gillard, p. 121.

Harry Bonner to whip in to him. It was in this season that wire began to show itself in the country, and Wilson got a bad fall over it, without, however, any serious result.

In 1884 among the entries appears the famous name of Gambler, the best of the sons of Weathergage. His portrait has been given many times, and appears once more in this book. When I saw him, he was showing signs of age, but was a splendid hound of magnificent proportions, giving an idea of strength and substance, united with the finest quality. His head had an appearance of great intelligence, with a resolute, determined look. His measurements are remarkable, and as being a standard for fox-hound breeders I quote them from Gillard's book.

"Standing twenty-three inches at the shoulder, from the extreme point of his shapely shoulders to the outer turn of his well-turned quarters, he measured twenty-seven inches and a half in length, whilst from elbow to ground his height was only twelve inches. Possessing great depth of rib and room round the heart, he girthed thirty-one inches, and his arm below was eight and a quarter inches round. Below the knee he measured five and a quarter inches of solid bone, while round the thigh he spanned full nine and a quarter inches. The extended neck was ten inches from cranium to shoulder, and the head ten inches and a half long. His colour was of the richest, displaying all the beautiful 'Belvoir tan.'"[1]

After he had been pensioned off and allowed his liberty, the old hound would go out with the pack, and the Rev. F. V. Knox has told me that he has often seen the gallant old fellow going home when he had lost the pack in the Belvoir woods, after age had deprived him of his speed, and deafness of the means of reaching his fellows. The fine old hound, then in his sixteenth year, had hunted for fourteen seasons, a remarkable evidence of the extraordinary stoutness of his constitution. His brother, Gameboy, was nearly as good, and, when both were in their third season, might be seen working side by side. "The two brothers were like twins in their work; where one was, the other was sure to be."

[1] *Hunting Reminiscences*, by Frank Gillard, p. 181.

GAMBLER.

From the Picture by Basil Nightingale at Belvoir Castle.

But changes were already in the air; the Duke's health became worse, and many of the old members of the hunt had passed away. The stout old race of squires, parsons, and farmers of the Belvoir Vale and the Grantham side were being thinned out by death and age. But Gillard himself held gallantly on his course, still bringing into the field a matchless pack in perfect condition, and handling the hounds with a skill to which each year's experience added something. No one is entirely perfect, and Frank Gillard, though so good in the kennel and the field, was somewhat impatient at times with his men, which may account for the stream of whippers-in through the kennel, the changes being even more rapid and continuous than can be accounted for by the desire of other huntsmen and masters of hounds to obtain men trained in Belvoir ways. Nevertheless, if Gillard was severe, he turned out some good huntsmen, such as Arthur Wilson, Harry Bonner, William Wells, who was, as one who hunted with him writes, "the best whipper-in that ever came to Belvoir." His career is described in a letter which he kindly wrote to me. I give the facts almost in his own words. It will be noted that his training was well calculated to make him the horseman he became.

"I made my start in life with Lord Portsmouth at Eggesford, in 1863; then I spent ten years in racing stables, the last two with John Porter at King's Clere, where I rode that grand horse Blue Gown in all his work for the Derby of 1868. After the great race was over, I started in the kennels at Melton, under George Carter, as covert lad and jack of all trades. Then I had my first whipper-in's place at Brocklesby, thence to the V.W.H., and the Heythrop (this was Mr. Albert Brassey's first season), and after being first whipper-in to the Quorn, I spent three years at Belvoir."

Then Wells goes on to recall his first experiences with Grey Bob, the horse which carried Gillard so well, and of which Wells writes: "This horse had got the better of the men who had ridden him; he would only go to Croxton Park and back. We were just going to exercise with the hounds when I said to Gillard, 'Master, I should like to get on that grey horse,

for he is being spoilt.' 'So you shall, Will,' he replied, 'if the groom will let you.' So I did. It was then half-past nine in the morning, and I sat on his back until half-past four that afternoon. When I took him home, the stud-groom said, 'Well, now, you shall have him at the kennel,' and so I did. He would get you under trees, into ditches, or throw himself down, but I soon got him out of that, and rode him that season, and nothing was too big for him." Gillard used to say that if Wells had not taken him in hand, he must have been sold for a song as an incurable. In the second season Gillard took to the horse and liked him so well that Will Wells did not get him again. Among other reminiscences Wells recalls the day when he and his famous mare Mrs. Cox used to go so hard over the Quorn country, and the field used to look to Wells, as the generation before them had done to Dick Christian, to make a way through the Ashby Pasture "stitchers." Wells is a great admirer of the Lincolnshire farmer, for he says, "To see some horsemanship, go into Lincolnshire and see the farmers ride." Thus he writes of the great Belvoir huntsman: "Frank Gillard was a very hard man to live with, but one of the very best, good-hearted and kind, but strict. It was a very hard place in my time, five days a week, and such a lot of work in kennels. I have been cleaning my things at two o'clock in the morning so as to be able to see to the hounds next morning before we started to the meet, and often had buns and ginger-beer going through Grantham in the van, because we had had no breakfast. The late Duke of Rutland was the kindest master I ever had. On one occasion some one wrote to the Duke and told him that I rode too hard. He wrote to Gillard and told him to tell me to be careful." He was more careful of his men than he was of himself. "Those who have read Mr. Bradley's book will recollect the great run from Sleaford Wood when Colonel Fane[1] took a fall on his wedding day. I was less fortunate, and broke my leg at the same brook, and was laid up for nine weeks—a great hardship to see hounds going out and me at home."

[1] Colonel Fane and William Wells both fell at the same place, but during different runs; the former took place in Cooper's time from Fulbeck.

A GROUP OF MODERN BELVOIR HOUNDS.
From a Photograph by Rev. F. V. Knox.

But, though Wells was a hard rider, he was, like his fellow-whipper-in, Arthur Wilson, a keen hound man, and has occupied the post of huntsman for seventeen years, part under Mr. Gosling, the brother of that hard-riding Colonel who was famous for the length of his hatter's bill, and the rest in the Hertfordshire country.

Wells's memory recalls most of the famous hounds of his day. "*Fallible* [the italics are his], *Rockwood*, *Struggler* (good dog, but small), Weathergage, Guardian, *Brusher* (1874)—a nice dog, and used very much, but there never was a bigger skirter, till one day Gillard, myself, and Cottrell were out cub-hunting, and we caught him near a gate and gave him a lesson. After that when I said to him '*Brusher*,' he would fly among the pack and remain there. Weathergage was the best fox-hound I ever saw. Founder was a dog I was fond of, he had such bone. (Founder was by Fallible—Glory, Fallible (1874) by Milton Furrier.) Fencer was a nice dog, and found favour with Mr. Harvey Bayly, and did much good to the Rufford pack. Our Wellington, at Puckeridge, was a son of Wrestler, a dog I liked. Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe Arnold, walked him. It was at first intended to draft him, as he was rather flat-sided, but I said that when I became a huntsman I would use him. Many masters and huntsmen liked him, and my master, Mr. Gosling, said he was the best hound in the Belvoir kennels. That good judge, the late Lord Portsmouth, got him at last. I like the Weathergage sort better than any other." Weathergage was a plain dog, and he was nearly sharing the fate of his famous ancestor, Furrier, which went in a draft to Mr. Osbaldeston. He was offered for £10 to Mr. Albert Brassey, who did not like him. Wells goes on: "The gentlemen of Leicestershire were always trying to get a pull at me. One day I got into one of those little summer garden houses just under the new station at Melton, and could not find a way out. Mr. W. Chaplin stood in the newly-made street; I heard him say to Miss Chaplin, 'Never saw Will done before, but he is clean done this time.' I took hold of my black horse fast by the head, sent him at the rails from the high bank, and landed over the footpath into the middle

of the street. Hundreds came on Sunday to look at the place. Our groom said I was mad. I had five horses for five days at Belvoir, two a day, and only had one sound one, and that was Grey Bob. I used to tell the stud-groom I would bring them home sound." One day, from Colonel Reeve's gorse at Leadenham, Wells was going down to the bottom to view the fox away. Mr. Clark, the great sheep feeder, was there with a friend. He said, "Will, if we find a fox, how are you going to get over that fence [a very big ditch, with a post and rails] from me?" "Wait and see," said Will. At that moment a fox broke. "Now, let us see," said Mr. Clark, and Will, giving his horse a ten-yards' run, flew the fence. "Come on," said the whipper-in, "and see me jump the next fence." Whether the invitation was accepted history does not say. But Wells, who was an enthusiastic admirer of good riding, bears testimony to the exploits of others. "Mr. Clark," he says, "was a grand man to hounds, one of the very best. Then the Messrs. Rudkin and the Hayes were splendid men over a country, and good farmers as well, and great friends to foxes. So, too, the Heathcote family: Miss Lucy (now Mrs. C. Bradley) and Miss Gertrude and Mr. Tom were all hard to beat. A very fine horseman was Mr. James Hutchinson, of Munthorpe, Grantham. He would say to me, at a big fence, 'Come on, Will.' He was a good man on a young horse, and often rode colts and fillies three and four year-olds. I rode all sorts of horses the seven years I was in the shires, and had less falls than in any other country. The Puckeridge and Hertfordshire countries were much more difficult to get over without falls." Will Wells has now been for six years huntsman to the Hertfordshire.

We may take the year 1886 as perhaps that in which the pack reached the highest point of perfection, which will no doubt be sustained in the future, but can never be surpassed. It was about this time that an admirable series of articles were published in the *Field*, called "The Kennels of England," written by Mr. G. S. Lowe. All students of hound-breeding will find much useful information in them. Of the Belvoir bitches he writes:—

"They can truly be called magnificent bitches. It is scarcely credible how these bitches, and also the Belvoir dog hounds, measure for bone, as they average a full seven and three-quarter inches thickness of the forelegs below the elbow, and this is more than usually seen in a grey-hound standing twenty-six inches at the shoulder, and still more marvellously is the bone sustained to the ankles, as I tried several to be six inches below the knees."[1] And I may say that, when in this year Ben Capell showed me the lady pack, I thought that the writer would have repeated his remarks had he been present.

There was also at this time (1886) a very famous lot of dog hounds, nearly all of which have made their mark in other kennels: Shiner, Pirate, Fencer, noted by the huntsman for nose and drive; Traitor, by the Cottesmore Prodigal, said to be one of the finest bred hounds in England; Spartan, a large powerful hound just over the standard, but sure to find a fox if one was in the covert, and with a deep-toned truthful note, the sound of which allowed of no doubt. Spartan was by Fallible—Speedwell, the former being an instance of the successful introduction of Fitzwilliam blood, and through their Furrier goes back to the Badminton Flyer and Helpful, to renew the ancient connection with the other ducal pack. Another hound of great repute, both in his own kennel and among other breeders, was Stainless, of which dog Mr. Lowe writes: "Stainless, the model of a twenty-three-inch fox-hound." This hound was also by Fallible, which became a very favourite strain of blood in other kennels. At this time the whole kennel were beautifully true to colour and type, as they have been now for many years. I give a list in the appendix of the hounds other than of the Belvoir tan, which was kindly sent to me by Mr. Frank Gillard, who took the trouble to compile it for this work.

But the hand of death, which had been busy with the field, and had removed so many of the Duke's supporters and friendly rivals, was now laid on the master himself, and the

[1] *Field*, July 31st, 1886, p. 162.

news went forth that the Duke was dying. The end came on a Sunday afternoon.

"In the person of the sixth Duke of Rutland there has passed away one who represented some of the very best characteristics of the old school of English noblemen. A kind, considerate landlord, an indulgent master, and a true friend; in his public life courageous and high-minded; to the poor and needy, generous and warm-hearted; a keen sportsman and the liberal patron of all that was calculated to benefit his fellow-men—this was the type of man whose loss is so widely mourned to-day."[1]

So came to an end an important chapter in the history of fox-hunting as a national sport, when the gates of the mausoleum at Belvoir closed, after the burial of one who had made many happier by the kindness of his heart and the graceful courtesy of his manner: a true friend, a good master, and an English gentleman of the best school.

[1] The *Grantham Journal*, March 10th, 1888.

Chapter XIX

YIELDING PLACE TO NEW

1888–1896

THE death of the sixth Duke of Rutland left a great blank in the hunting world and in the hearts of his friends, for no more justly beloved man ever lived than Will Goodall's "kind Lord Duke."

Firm and consistent in his political principles, he was careful of the interests of those who followed him in State matters, and faithful to his pledges. The agricultural party lost a natural leader when he passed away. The Duke had all the variety of tastes which give charm to a man in society, and if his heart was more completely with his hounds than with any other sport, he yet loved yachting and shooting, more especially when age and infirmity—for he was always a martyr to gout—made an active share in the working of his pack impossible.

But he passed away, and with him the social conditions which had been so favourable to fox-hunting. The owner of the chief of those family packs which have enabled the fox-hound to be bred to the perfection it has now reached, his home was the social centre of the best of the hunting world, and exercised, as we have seen it had done from the first, a great and useful influence on the manners and customs of the hunting field. Some years before the Duke's death he had, with whatever reluctance, taken a subscription of £1,500 a year from the Lincolnshire side of his country. The evils foreseen by himself and his father, when they resisted the concessions made by their own party, had

come to pass, and when the Duke died agriculture was in a state of depression almost unexampled in the history of England. This depression was a blow to all the great territorial houses, for it not only crippled their means, but weakened and destroyed the class of squires, farmers, and yeomen who were their natural supporters, and the foundation on which rested much of their power and influence in the State, besides clearing the country districts of the younger labourers, for whom the towns had, and still have, a fatal attraction. This change naturally affected fox-hunting. The Belvoir Hunt was no longer the Duke going out for his pleasure, and sharing it with his friends and neighbours and their guests, but in addition a mob in scarlet and black, not unwilling to ride over both hounds and huntsmen if they did not get out of the way. From all parts of the kingdom, and of the world, that field was gathered, and a Croxton Park assemblage on a Wednesday became one of the sights of the world. Wire, too, had crept in on many estates. The landlord was now unable to spare the money to keep up the fences, and the tenant could no longer avoid, even in "the Duke's" country, drawing the strand of wire through the hedge to mend the weak place. Everywhere is some covert hostility to hunting, and the fortunes of Coston Covert show that the feeling smouldered even in the Belvoir country with the most popular of masters and huntsmen, and wire is the natural weapon of ill-feeling to sport.

The pheasant, too, became a more important element in country life, for the pheasant in numbers on some estates is often like the Irishman's pig, "the gintleman that pays the rent." And foxes no doubt do mischief in a big shooting covert.

Thus the Duke's hounds had their troubles and difficulties. The loyal Grantham district, which is the very backbone of the hunt, came forward, and, not unmindful of the generosity of the Duke and his family in the past, gave him without conditions the subscription he expressed himself willing to accept.

When the present (seventh) Duke became the master of

SIR GILBERT GREENALL, BART.
Master of the Belvoir Hounds.

BEN CAPELL.
Huntsman to the Belvoir Hounds.

the Belvoir, this subscription was still being given, and was managed by the secretary of the hunt, Mr. Charles Parker, of Grantham.

There was no reason to fear any change in the spirit of the management. The new head of the Manners family was known to share the pleasure his predecessors had always felt in ministering to the enjoyment of others. He it was who had been the first statesman to advocate national holidays, and Saint Lubbock might well have been Saint Manners had public opinion been ripe to follow the lead of Lord John Manners. Duke John was, moreover, well able to measure the social value of hunting, even under its new conditions, for no man had thought more on social problems. He would agree with an acute observer that *nugæ in seria ducunt*, and that the amusements of any class of the nation are matters of importance. For the true test of a man's character is not what he says, or what he does under the compulsion of circumstances, but what he chooses to do when free. Our tastes are the key to our characters, and what is true of the individual applies equally to the nation. Duke John was a fox-hunter by predilection. He loved the chase and cared but little for the gun, and he had been in his younger days a hard rider. The first change made under the new rule was to appoint a field master, and thus relieve Gillard, the veteran huntsman, from the somewhat false position in which he had been placed, and one which a less judicious man would have found impossible. But the Duke was already an old man when he succeeded, and though he went out with hounds whenever he could, he was not able to take the active part necessary in restraining the field. A deputy, however, was not far to seek, and for three seasons Lord Edward Manners ruled over the hunt with the title of field master. Every one was pleased, except perhaps a few too ardent spirits from Melton, who were kept in better order than had been possible before, and the farmers were delighted to see a Manners again guiding the hunt. The very name was a guarantee that their wishes and interests would be considered and consulted. Lord Edward was a keen rider, always beautifully turned out, and

looked exactly in the right place as master of a Leicestershire pack.

But we have passed from the domain of history to that of the present time, from the department of the historian to that of the chronicler, and are on ground already well covered by Mr. Bradley's book.

For various reasons the Duke decided to give up the sole responsibility of the hounds in 1896, while still retaining possession of the priceless family pack. This was to be lent to the country for the lifetime of the present Duke, and, as in the past days, a master was sought for who would manage the pack and carry on the hunt in the true spirit of past traditions. Such a master was found in Sir Gilbert Greenall, of whose reign I say but little, as it does not belong to my subject. To describe or to praise it would be to criticise. This much, however, I may say—that, having visited the kennels and seen the hounds, I know that the standard of the pack is as high as ever, and that the stables have never had so fine a collection of high-class hunters as at present. Nor has Sir Gilbert fallen behind his predecessors in care for, and sympathy with, the farmers of the hunt, while in field and kennel his huntsman, Ben Capell, is worthy to carry on the great line of sportsmen which began in the eighteenth century with Newman.

Thus, then, we leave the history of the Belvoir Hunt. The closing scenes may give rise to a sigh for the country life of England passing away from us, perhaps for ever. Yet, though we know we cannot stay the movement which is sweeping away so much that is beautiful and picturesque from our midst, we cannot but look back on the life and sports of a day that is past with a pleasure largely mingled with regret at the inevitable change.

THE BITCH PACK.

APPENDICES

The following communication from the Duke of Rutland was kindly sent me by him whilst the book was in the press, and is inserted here :—

"JOHN HENRY, 5TH DUKE OF RUTLAND.

"Born Jan. 4th, 1778; educated , and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree 1797.

"On coming of age he took the management of the hounds into his own hands, and kept an accurate journal of their performances for many years. Through a long and active life he was remarkable for the thoroughness with which he did all that his hand found to do. While attached to field sports, especially hunting and shooting, he never allowed them to interfere with the discharge of any duty, and would frequently in the winter rise at 5 or 6 a.m. in order to transact his correspondence before breakfast. This correspondence, public and private, was most voluminous, and was carried on without the assistance of a private Secretary, or any of the mechanical aids now so frequently used to help a busy man. In those days the offices of Lord Lieutenant of a County and Colonel of its Militia were no sinecures, and in addition to them there was hardly an Institution in the Town or County of Leicester in which he did not take an active interest.

"Wherever he had property he founded Medical Clubs, and established the Allotment system, the latter against much opposition from the Political Economists of that day.

"On the 50th anniversary of his Lord Lieutenancy, his Statue was erected by public subscription in the Market

Place at Leicester, and an Address presented to him by the County.

"For many years he acted as Guardian of the Poor for the Parish of Bottesford, and was most attentive to the duties of that office. Gifted with a retentive memory, and keen powers of observation, his conversation was full of charm and interest, while his innate courtesy and kindness of disposition endeared him to all who had access to him.

"During many years he kept a racing stable at Newmarket, and won the Derby with Cadland, after a Dead Heat, in 1828.

"P.S.—I have left the school at which he was educated blank. I always thought it was Eton, but the last peerage, that by G. E. C., gives it as Harrow."

HOUND LIST

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1791.		
Damsel	Lord Fitzwilliam's Dexter ...	Beauty.
Dido—spayed ...		
Traveller	Bumper	Matchless.
Entered 1792.		
Amadis	Actor	Bonnylass.
Amorous	Twinker	Amorous.
Bloomer	Mr. Masters' Freeman ...	Blithesome.
Bowler		
Jollity	Bumper	Jaunty.
Joyous		
Whimper	Lord F.'s Jester	Wishfort.
Entered 1793.		
Bounty	Actor	Brittle.
Bluebell—spayed		
Fanny	Trueman (Mr. Masters') ...	Trespass.
Trespass	Bumper	Tempest {Twinker. Rosy.
Wonder	Trueman (Mr. Masters') ...	Wishful.
Entered 1794.		
Desperate... ...	Lord Monson's Dashwood ...	Wishfort.
Harlot	Lord F.'s Hedger	Amorous.
Jasper	Bumper	Jaunty.
Plunder	Bumper	Placket.
Rouzer	Rifler	Curious.
Rampish		
Warrior	Wonder	Bashful.
Whimsey		
Whisper	Winder	Rapid.
Entered 1795.		
Bangor	Jerker	Buxom.
Blithesome ...	Actor	Bashful.
Dashwood ...	Dashwood (Sir W. Lowther's)	Amorous.
Driver		

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Duster	Actor	Darling.
Limner	Leader (Lord F.'s)	Wishfort.
Regent	Rector...	Damsel.
Traitor	Tartar (Lord Monson's) ...	Amazon.
Tidings	Danger	Tempest.
Entered 1796.		
Baffler	Dancer (Lord Spencer's) ...	Bounty.
Bluecap	Ditto ditto ...	Bashful.
Briton	Ditto ditto ...	Buxom.
Drummer	Ditto ditto ...	Daphne.
Fleecer ... ... Filcher ... ... Finder ... ... Frisky	Ditto ditto ...	Fanny.
Jostler ... ... Joker	Ditto ditto ...	Judith.
Slider ... ... Slasher ... ... Stickler	Ditto ditto ...	Amorous.
Tracer	Ditto ditto ...	Tricksy.
Trapper ... ... Trojan	Ditto ditto ...	Tempest.
Trimmer ... ... Thumper	Ditto ditto ...	Trespass.
Taster	Ditto ditto ...	Tragedy.
Wincher ... ... Wanton ... ... Wishful	Ditto ditto ...	Wishfort.
Entered 1797.		
Collier	Amadis	Rapid.
Dolly ... Deborah ... Drowsy ... } spayed	Dashwood	Tempest.
Flirter ... ... Foiler	Laurel	Fanny.
Hopeful	Ditto	Harlot.
Listener ... ... Lusty	Ditto	Daphne.
Music	Ditto	Damsel.
Twinker ... ... Tuner	Ditto	Tragedy.
Twister	Ditto	Tidings.
Wildboy ... ... Warbler ... ... Woodman ... Whynot ... ... Wisdom ... ... Warn	Dashwood	Whisper.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1798.		
Bustler	Dashwood	Blithesome.
Buxom		
Bonnylass ...	Jumper, by Dancer	Bounty.
Carver	Dashwood	Wishful.
Damper		
Dragon		
Darter	Ditto	Fanny.
Dealer		
Duchess		
Dainty		
Helper	Ditto	Harlot.
Hymen		
Juggler		
Jumper	Jerker	Frisky.
Junket		
Pillager		
Prodigal	Fleecer	Trespass.
Printer		
Picture		
Stormer	Slider	Daphne.
Singer		
Trouncer	Fleecer	Tidings.
Tuneful		
Wakeful	Dashwood	Whimsey.
Winder		
Entered 1799.		
Beauty	Dashwood	Beauty.
Bridesmaid ...	Trimmer	Bounty.
Crasher	Masker	Fortune.
Clarionet		
Dashaway... ...	Ditto	Doubtful.
Falstaff		
Factious	Dashwood (Lord Yarboro's)	Fanny.
Gallant		
Gamesome ...	Ditto	Woodbine.
Honesty		
Hazard	Ditto	Harlot.
Hoyden		
Jailor	Ditto	Joyous.
Lady Blush ...	Fairplay (Lambton's) ...	Laundress.
Lavish	Marksman (Sir W. Lowther's)	Ditto.
Mindall	Trimmer (Lambton's) ...	Music.
Priam	Fairplay	Ruin.
Rashness	Lord Vernon's Masker ...	Rary.
Searcher	Ditto Stormer ...	Madcap.
Strumpet	Ditto ditto ...	Dainty.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Tempest	Trimmer	Whimsey.
Triumph		
Trinket		
Thoughtless ...	Ditto	Blithesome.
Trusty	Ditto	Whisher.
Truelove		
Toilsome	Dancer (Lord Carlisle's) ...	Famous.
Tidings		
Willing	Wonder	Wanton.
[1] *Entered 1794.*		
Dancer	Duke of Grafton's Ringwood)	Daphne.
Dasher		
Darter		
Dainty		
Famous	Mr. Lambton's Fairplay ...	Lord Yarboro's Frolic.
Fearless		
Hazard	Duke of Grafton's Ringwood	
Harlot		
Rifler	Lord Vernon's	Lord Yarboro's Dainty.
Ruin	Grafton Ringwood	
Ragwood	Rockwood	Fortune.
Entered 1795.		
Brilliant	Mr. Willoughby's Bachelor	Fearless.
Flourisher ...	Lambton's Fairplay... ...	Lord Darlington's Whimsey.
Fireaway		
Laundress... ...	Lord Vernon's	
Ruin	Duke of Grafton's Ringwood	Lord Y.'s Dainty.
Ragwood	Rockwood	Fortune.
Entered 1796.		
Harmony	Stormer (Lord Vernon's) ...	Harlot.
Masterall	Masker	Famous (Mr. Willoughby).
Magic		
Madcap		
Rockwood ...	Fairplay	Rary.
Entered 1798.		
Capital	Masker (Lord Vernon's) ...	Fortune.
Gaylass	Dashwood	Woodbine.
Tuneable	Dancer (Mr. Willoughby's)...	Famous.
Rally	Carver...	Random.
Rary		
Woodbine... ...	Bred by Lord Darlington.	
Grasper		
Marker		

[1] The above, from Dancer downwards, were from Lord Carlisle's.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1800.		
Champion ...	Censor, Duke of Beaufort ...	Damsel.
Chider		
Cautious	Ditto	Dainty.
Comet		
Crier		
Crinder	Comus, D.B.	Trespass.
Crimson		
Clara		
Charon	Comus, D.B.	Amorous.
Cheerful		
Chantress	Champion (Mr. Lee's) ...	Wanton.
Danger	Dashwood	Tidings.
Desperate		
Gameboy	Gameboy (Mr. Lee's) ...	Dolly.
Gayboy		
Regal	Regal (Lord Monson's) ...	Damsel.
Tyrant	Traitor	Wishful.
Tartar		
Truant	Ditto (Lord F.'s)	Wanton.
Topper		
Tomboy		
Trywell	Topper, D.B.	Whimzy.
Termagant ...		
Tigress		
Tarquin		
Tuner		
Trollop	Topper, D.B.	Duchess.
Transport		
Tansy		
Workman		
Worthy		
Worker		
Warlike	Wildboy	Blithesome.
Warfare		
Wrathful—spayed		
Wildair	Woodman	Bounty.
Waspish ... ... (18½ couple)	Ditto	Gaylass.
Entered 1801.		
Actress	Lord F.'s Archer	His Gaylass.
Blister	Bangor	Dashaway.
Blemish		
Chanter	Comus, D.B.	Willing.
Chimer		
Castor	Ditto	Rally.
Curious		

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Capital		
Comrade		
Challenger ...	Comus, D.B.	Wanton.
Conqueror ...		
Cruiser		
Conquest		
Comus		
Chaser	Censor, D.B.	Duchess.
Careful		
Crowner	Collier	Buxom.
Countess		
Damsel	Dashwood	Ruin.
Darling		
Darter	Sir W. L.'s Damper	His Matchless.
Eager	Ditto Edgar	His Jollity.
Endless	Ditto ditto	His Rally.
Gayman	Gameboy (Sir W. L.'s) ...	Amorous.
Gamester		
Gladsome	Grasper (Lord F.'s)	His Whimsy.
Hasty	Hardwick	Sir W. L.'s Emily.
Handmaid ...	Hamlet (Lord F.'s)	His Rally.
Joyful	Jasper (Sir W. L.'s)	His Frantic.
Lively	Lifter (Lord F.'s)	SirW.L.'s Sanguine.
Pleasant	Prophet (Lord F.'s)	Lord F.'s Lightfoot.
Rambler		
Rapid	Regent	Whimsey.
Ransom		
Rally		
Splendor	Mr. Meynell's Stormer ...	Harlot.
Sprightly		
Stroker	Stickler	Madcap.
Trinket	Traitor (Lord F.'s)	His Destiny.
Welcome	Wildboy	Blithesome.
(20 couple)		
Entered 1802.		
Bobsy		
Bloomer		
Brusher	Tracer	Bridesmaid.
Bluster		
Bounty		
Charmer		
Crazy	Champion, D.B.	Wanton.
Careless		
Cheerful		
Craftsman ...		
Crony	Ditto	Rally.
Crafty		
Captious		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Comely ... ... Cleanly	Collier	Dainty.
Captain	Ditto	Trollop.
Gathard ... ... Gaiety ... ... Gamesome ...	Gameboy	Fearless.
Rebel ... ... Ruffian	Regent	Ruin.
Tipler ... ... Toper ... ... Trial ... ... Tipsy	Tracer...	Duchess.
Tantram ... ... Trouncer ... ... Truelove ... ... Timely	Ditto...	Chantress.
Turpin	Ditto...	Famous.
Tragedy ... ... Torment ... ... Tarnish ... ... Thetis	Trojan	Desperate.
Trueboy ... ... Tarragon ... ... Tasty	Ditto	Harlot.
Wonder ... ... Windsor ... ... (19½ couple)	Wildair	Clarionet.
Entered 1803.		
Boaster ... ... Banker ... ... Bluebell ... ... Blowsy	Bangor	Madcap.
Conqueror ... Contest ... ... Contract ... ... Clamorous ... Columbine ...	Champion, D.B.	Careful.
Comedy ... ... Cowslip ... ... Caroline	Ditto	Darling.
Cruel	Ditto	Blemish.
Comfort	Ditto	Curious.
Castor ... ... Clara	Collier...	Strumpet.
Clincher	Ditto...	Willing.
Emperor ... ... Edgar ... ... Ernest ... ... Empress	Eager	Toilsome.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Envoy	Eager	Fearless.
Edwin		
Egbert		
Governor	Gameboy	Wanton.
Guardian		
Glory		
Guilty	Ditto	Trinket.
Ghastly	Ditto	Transport.
Gipsy	Mr. Meynell's Gwyman ...	Trollop.
Ghuzman		
Gondimer... ...		
Hector	Honesty	Handmaid.
Hazard		
Harmony		
Ranter	Regent	Bridesmaid.
Rarity		
Random	Ditto	Dainty.
Ruler	Sir G. Heathcote's Ruler ...	Cautious.
Restless		
Ravager	Ditto ditto ...	Conquest.
Ransom		
Tickler	Trusty...	Ruin.
Termagant ...		
Tawdry		
Triton	Trimmer	Chantress.
Traitor		
Tawney		
Thisby	Tomboy	Sprightly.
Wafter	Wildair	Gladsome.
Whipster		
Warrior	Ditto	Tempest.
Wonder		
Wishfort		
(26 couple)		
Entered 1804.		
Baffler	Bangor	Gladsome.
Bluster		
Blaster		
Beauty		
Buxom		
Blithesome ...		
Comely	Collier...	Strumpet.
Cloudy		
Colonel	Ditto...	Dainty.
Courteous... ...	Champion, D.B.	Wanton.
Courtly		
Charity	Ditto	Transport.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Crimson	Champion, D.B.	Cautious.
Costly		
Capable		
Hopeful	Honesty	Conquest.
Harper		
Handsome ...		
Heedful		
Heedless		
Richmond ...	Regent	Damsel.
Rasper		
Ripster		
Rosy		
Ranger	Ditto	Dashaway.
Rosamond ...		
Ruthless		
Ruffler	Ditto	Clarionet.
Ratler		
Stretcher	Splendor	Toilsome.
Stroker		
Songster	Ditto	Cheerful.
Social		
Songstress ...	Ditto	Willing.
Tracer	Tyrant	Careful.
Trier		
Trywell		
Trial		
Tarquin	Trimmer	Chantress.
Trajan		
Tumor		
Twinker		
Wilful	Wildair	Crony.
(21 couple)		

Here Newman ended and Shaw began.

Entered 1805.		
Striver	Splendor	Crony.
Stately		
Sanguine		
Savory		
Charmer	Chaser	Willing.
Jilter	Jumper	Comfort.
Junket		
Juliet		
Julia		
Jessa		
Catchfly	Clincher	Cautious.
Tangent	Lord Sefton's Tamerlane ...	Madcap.
Trifle		
Trespass		
Trueboy	Lord F.'s Truant	Gypsey.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Jupiter ... ... Jasper ... ... Juno	Jumper	Rapid.
Grandison ... Grandeur	Lord Sefton's Guzman ...	Clamorous.
Crowner	Caster	Tempest.
Bangor ... ... Banquet	Bangor	Empress.
Wildboy ... ... Warbler ... ... Wanton ... ... Wishfort ... ... Whimsey	Wildboy	Cheerful.
Bonnylass... ...	Boaster	Handmaid.
Brusher	Lord Monson's Boaster ...	Conquest.
Dover	Lord G.'s Dover	Gladsome.
Nimrod	Lord Sefton's Nathan ...	Cleanly.
Truelove	Lord F.'s Truant	Cowslip.
Sultan ... ... Solon ... ... Science ... ... Silvia ... ... Specious ... ... Speedwell... ... (19½ couple)	Lord Sefton's Sultan ...	Tansy.
Entered 1806.		
Archer	Lord F.'s Admiral	Pleasant.
Barrister ... ... Bashful ... ... Bridesmaid ... Breviary	Boaster	Gipsy.
Bluecap ... ... Bellman ... ... Brilliant	Ditto	Termagant.
Blameless... ...	Ditto	Cheerful.
Captain ... ... Counsellor ... Cherish ... ... Charmer	Ditto	Careful.
Cruiser ... ... Cryer	Caster	Conquest.
Coroner	Capital	Blowsy.
Champion... ...	Lord F.'s Admiral	Cowslip.
Dreadnought ... Dapster ... ... Darter ... ... Dainty ... ... Daphne	Mr. Calcraft's Dreadnought	Judith.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Gameboy		
Graceful		
Gamesome ...	Lord Foley's Chanticleer ...	Ghastly.
Gravity		
Gaylass		
Harlequin... ...	Caster...	Handmaid.
Hostel		
Nathan		
Nancy	Topper	Nettle.
Nimble		
Nestor	Mr. Calcraft's Dreadnought	Needful.
Pleader		
Proctor		
Prosper	Lord F.'s Pontiff	Restless.
Primate		
Prudence		
Reveller		
Ramper	Random	Clara.
Rumsey		
Rival	Ditto	Willing.
Ruby		
Risker	Lord Sefton's Ranter ...	Strumpet.
Sweeper		
Streamer		
Sparkler	Ditto Sultan ...	Rapid.
Stroker		
Stripling		
Sally		
Stinger	Random	Sprightly, by Meynell's Stormer.
Truant		
Tyrant		
Traitor	Lord F.'s Truant	Crazy.
Tifter		
Toilet		
Timely		
Tempest	Caster...	Toilsome.
Truelass		
Tuneful		
Tricky	Lord F.'s Truant	Crafty.
Tomboy		
Tartar		
(31 couple)		
Entered 1807.		
Baroness		
Betsy	Lord Foley's Chancellor ...	Blowsy.
Beldam		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Careless		
Conquest	Toper	Crazy
Conqueror ...		
Charon		
Comrade	Clencher	Ditto.
Censor		
Chanticleer ..		
Crimson	Signal...	Careful.
Chantress... ...		
Concubine ...		
Comus		
Craftsman ...		
Chaser	Clencher	Restless.
Chancellor ...		
Clarinet	Caster...	Clarinet.
Draper		
Dexter		
Dragon	Lord Lonsdale's Dexter ...	Cloudy.
Dagon		
Density		
Desperate... ...		
Glory		
Golding	Trial	Guilty.
Gager		
Gaiety		
Gambol	Lord Foley's Sultan... ...	Gipsy.
Gaily		
Jealousy		
Juliet	Traveller	Judy.
Jollity		
Jericho	Jupiter	Strumpet.
Limner		
Lusher	Lucifer	Damsel.
Leveller		
Nosegay	Boaster	Needful.
Nelson		
Nightshade ...	Ditto	Nettle.
Pilot		
Prophet	Piper	Costly.
Pastime		
Rally		
Ruler	Lord Foley's Ranter ...	Juliet.
Entered 1809.		
Stormer		
Skilful	Stretcher	Cheerful.
Seaman		
Syren		
Sophy	Ditto	Buxom.
Susan		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Spartan	Jupiter	Songstress.
Spokesman ...		
Spinstress... ...		
Tawdry	Trial	Bluebell.
Trimmer		
Tamerlane ...	Topper	Sprightly.
Trywell		
Twister		
Trophy		
Termagant ...	Traveller	Toilsome.
Tawny		
Trimbush... ...		
Topper	Topper	Clamorous.
Trueman		
Trespass		
Truelove		
Truemaid... ...		
Truelass		
Warbler	Castor...	Wanton.

Duke of Leeds 15½ couple bought.

Entered 1807.		
7-year-old Traffic	Traitor	Tawdry.
6-year-old Miracle	Miracle	Destiny.
Bumper	Valiant	Brilliant.
Darling	Dover...	Melody.
Famous	Clencher	Diligent.
5-year-old Redrose	Agent	Redrose.
Rosemary... ...	Boxer	Rosemary.
4-year-old Trojan	Streamer	Tidings.
Rallywood ...	Gallant	Rosy.
Timely	Boaster	Traffic.
Violet	Miracle	Violet.
Grappler	Joker	Ruby.
Milliner	Boaster	Milliner.
3-year-old Piper ...	Trusty...	Promise.
Prompter		
Hotspur	Marquis	Mr. Meynell's Harpy.
Harlequin... ...		
Harpy		
Sanguine	Sultan...	Darling.
Savory		
Manager	Hero	Matchless
Garland	Glider...	Redrose.
2-year-old Vesper	Glider...	Volatile.
Goldie	Governor	Bluebell.
Gaylove		
Challenger ...	Hardy...	Darling.
Clio		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Symphony ...	Comus	Violet.
Barmaid	Governor	Destiny.
Amulet	Admiral	Hasty.
Jewel	Trojan	Ruin.
Prowser	Grappler	Charity.
Prowler		
Trouncer	Trusty	Matchless.
Entered 1808.		
Bauble	Castor	Blowsy.
Bravery		
Bloomer		
Bangor	Duke of Leeds' Hero ...	Duke of Leeds' Billington.
Bellman		
Beauty		
Bellmaid		
Bonny Bell ...		
Briston	Random	Buxom.
Butterfly		
Cottager	Boaster	Cheerful.
Captious		
Cora	Castor	Blameless.
Concord		
Countess		
Conqueror ...	Boaster	Careful.
Courteous... ...		
Caroline		
Capital	Ditto	Costly.
Courtly		
Charity		
Charmer	Castor...	Crazy.
Cherish		
Gameboy	Random	Gladsome.
Gallant		
Gamesome ...		
Gaylass		
Ghastly		
Gayman	Mr. Meynell's Sultan ...	Guilty.
Gravity		
Joker	Random	Judy.
Judgment... ...		
Jessamine... ...		
Jason	Clincher	Juno.
Racer	Mr. Smith's Hero	Restless.
Ranter		
Racket		
Rarity		
Rachel		
Rapid		
Ribster	Trojan...	Ruin.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Splendor ... ... Skilful	Castor	Skilful.
Singwell	Clincher	Songstress.
Tidings	Trial	Joyful.
Tamerlane ...	Castor...	Tansey.
Tomboy ... ... Trueboy ... ... Tuneful ... ... Trophy	Ditto...	Tangent.
Vinous ... ... Verity ... ... Virtue	Trulliber	Vesper.
Viper ... ... Voucher ... ... Vanquish	Lord Lonsdale's Ajax ...	Conyer's Cloudy.
Wildair ... ... Wildman ... ... Welcome	Castor	Wanton.
(19½ couple)		
Entered 1809.		
Brusher ... ... Bluebell	Mr. Smith's Hero	Bluebell.
Chanticleer ...	Jupiter	Crony.
Comet	Clincher	Restless.
Critic	Ditto (Lord Lonsdale's) ...	Timely.
Driver ... ... Darter	Lord Lonsdale's Dexter ...	Strumpet.
General ... ... Genial ... ... Governess ... Graceful ... ... Gratitude ... ... Guileful ... ... Grateful ... ... Gaudy	Jupiter	Guilty.
Hannibal ... ... Hasty	Mr. Smith's Halbert ...	Songstress
Harriet	Priam	Hostel.
Harlequin... ...	Stroker	Harpy.
Pillager ... ... Pander ... ... Prosper ... ... Primrose ... ... Pastime ... ... Priestess	Priam	Savory.
Ruin ... ... Regent	Castor	Redrose.
(19 couple)		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Saladin	Mr. Smith's Saladin... ...	Costly.
Splendor		
Sanguine		
Truelove	Tifter	Toilsome.
Tracer	Jupiter	Tansy.
Trimbush	Castor	Tangent.
Tantrum		
Transport... ...		
Witchcraft ...	Mr. Smith's Hero	Wanton.
Wisdom		
Willing		
Wilful		
Entered 1810.		
Admiral	Boaster	Amulet.
Archer		
Artful		
Bilberry	Nelson	Blueberry.
Bounty	Mr. Chaworth's Lifter ...	Ditto.
Bridesmaid ...	Ditto ditto ...	Bluebell.
Batchelor	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wildair...	Blameless.
Careless	Mr. Heron's, of the Forest, Gilder	Conquest.
Clasher		
Contest	Ditto Coroner	Fortune.
Cora	Challenger	Curious.
Careful	Rallywood	Cherish.
Cautious	Stripling	Clarionet.
Danger	Mr. Osbaldeston's Danger ...	Hyacinth.
Daffodil	Mr. Heron's Gilder	Dainty.
Darling		
Fairplay	Ditto Marplot ...	Freedom.
Galliard	Trickster	Gaiety.
Gladsome	Clincher	Graceful.
Grafton	Mr. Heron's Nelson... ...	Gauntlet.
Glory		
Harmony	Mr. O.'s Joker	His Hasty.
Hoyden	Priam	Harpy.
Harper		
Jester	Lord Lonsdale's Tester ...	Juno.
Jerico		
Jollity		
Jezebel		
Joiner	Ditto ditto ...	Costly.
Jordan		
Joyful		
Monitor	Gilder...	Music.
Prophet	Boaster	Prudence.
Paragon	Priam (1801) by Piper out of Charity	Crony.
Pilot		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Ruin	Clincher	Duke of Leeds' Redrose.
Rantaway... ...		
Rampish	Mr. Meynell's Saladin ...	Restless.
Ruffler	Racer	Garland.
Strumpet	Mr. Smith's Saladin... ...	Nosegay.
Sophy		
Spinstress... ...		
Sweeper	Mr. Chaworth's Dabster ...	His Tuneful.
Tangent	Truant	Songstress.
Tufter		
Tyrant		
Tragedy		
(23½ couple)		
Ten couple of hounds bought by Mr. Templar.		
Entered July 13th, 1810.		
Bangor	D. of R.'s Piper	His Costly.
Bonny Bell ...		
Busy		
Bluebell		
Cruiser		
Pilgrim		
Pontiff		
Lasher	Mr. Wyndham's Ploughman	Lord Berkeley's Truelove.
Ramper	Ditto ditto	Madcap.
Goldfinch	Lord F.'s Grecian	Lord Sefton's Dabbler.
Guider	Ditto ditto	Duke of Beaufort's Tasteful.
Margaret	Ditto Ranter	Lord Berkeley's Truelove.
Frantic	Duke of Beaufort's Cardinal	Lord Y.'s Doxy.
Crier	Boaster	Comedy.
Chanter		
Striver		
Cruel		
Minor		
Warrior		
Mangler		
Entered 1811.		
Artist	Spider (Lord Lonsdale's) ...	Amulet.
Bloomer	Tester ditto ...	Bashful.
Boaster	Gallant	Beauty.
Chorister	Lord Vernon's Rallywood ...	Cherish.
Cruiser		
Conqueror ...		
Constant	Clencher	Genial.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Cottager	Clencher	Governess.
Dagon	Dexter	Costly.
Dapper		
Dashwood ...		
Dragon	Ditto	Golding.
Duster		
Draper		
Dainty		
Dancer		
Drubber	Gallant	Desperate.
Driver		
Guilty	Dexter	Garland.
Gameboy		
Guilsome	Clincher	Graceful.
Gaylass		
Gainer		
Grappler		
Gladness		
Graceless	Lord Lonsdale's Tester ...	Gaiety.
Gracious		
Garnish		
Gipsy		
Hermit	Ditto ditto ...	Hasty.
Harlequin... ...		
Hostess	Mr. Smith's Champion ...	Handsome.
Judy	Clinker	Jessamine.
Marksman ...		
Millwood		
Monarch		
Madcap	Lord Lonsdale's Millwood ...	Juno.
Magic		
Melody		
Minion		
Minstrel		
Music	Ditto ditto ...	Breviary.
Modesty		
Peeress		
Pontiff	Ditto Tester ...	Prudence.
Phœnix		
Susan	Gallant	Songstress.
Shepherdess ...	Sultan	Ruby.
Selina		
Spokesman ...	Dexter	Strumpet.
Songster		
Wildboy	Mr. Smith's Pontiff	Wanton.
Witchcraft ...		
Entered 1812.		
Aimwell	Archer	Amulet.
Actor		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Brusher	Dexter...	Bashful.
Capable	Chancellor	Garland.
Captious		
Caroline	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor ...	Costly.
Coaster		
Fairmaid	Lord Middleton's Fearnought	Primrose.
Fencer	Lord Lonsdale's Millwood ...	Frantic.
Freeman		
Fallacy		
Glider	Dexter...	Gaiety.
Jealousy	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor ...	Clarinet.
Junket		
Jollity	Mr. Chaworth's Champion...	Juno.
Limner	Lord Middleton's Lucifer ...	Cautious.
Masker	Lord Lonsdale's Millwood ...	Tangent.
Merrylass... ...		
Matchless... ...		
Madrigal		
Sampson	Sultan...	Prudence.
Shepherdess ...		
Royster	Lord Middleton's Fearnought	Ruby.
Reveller		
Rally		
Rector	Racer	Crony.
Ranter	Ditto...	Cherish.
Rakish		
Sailor	Mr. Chaworth's Painter ...	Sanguine.
Topper	Twister	Bluebell.
Tomboy		
Trueboy		
Toilet		
Wonder	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder...	Desperate.
Whimsey		
Wildair	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor ...	Wanton.
Wildman		
Warrior		
Entered 1807.		
Sir T. Mostyn's Lucifer	Lord Middleton's Lucifer ...	Tidings.

Bought of Mr. Chaworth, September 3, £13 10s.

Entered 1812.		
Blaster	Painter (2-season Hunter by Hotspur—Darling) ...	Bonnylass.
Driver		
Dreadnought ...	By Lord Middleton's Champion...	Ditto.
Darter		
Stormer	From Ottaway.	

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Workman... ...		
Whynot	Wildboy	Bounty.
Wildair		
Woodbine ...		
	Mr. Chaworth, July 1, 1813.	
Entered 1804.		
Bluebell	Barrister	Ransom.
Entered 1805.		
Strumpet	Stormer	Actress.
Entered 1806.		
Golden	Splendor	Guileful.
Pleasant	Lifter	Pastime.
Entered 1813.		
Aimwell		
Abelard		
Alderman... ...	Archer	Sanguine.
Ardent		
Amazon		
Adamant	Ditto	Peeress.
Admiral		
Bluecap		
Bloomer	Lord Lonsdale's Tester ...	Bridesmaid.
Baneful		
Concord	Chancellor	Gaiety.
Cora		
Destiny	Dexter	Modesty.
Diligent		
Garnet	Ramper	Garnish.
Guilsome	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Gambol.
Gravity		
Jessica	Mr. Osbaldeston's Joker ...	Clarinet.
Manager		
Merlin		
Marplot	Lord F.'s Dreadnought ...	Minion.
Modish		
Melody		
Piper	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ajax ...	Prudence.
Random		
Rarity	Mr. Chaworth's Rallywood...	Graceful.
Render		
Royster		
Risker	Ditto Royster ...	Desperate.
Rallywood ...		
Ramper		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Splendor		
Social	Lord Lonsdale's Tester ...	Strumpet.
Sempstress ...		
Sultan		
Saladin	Sultan	Golden.
Sally	Mr. Smith's Courtier ...	Sophy.
Seaman		
Signal	Sweeper	Ruby.
Singer		
Stranger	Streamer	Jordan.
Stickler		
Trollop	Lord F.'s Twister	Bravery.
Woodman ... (22½ couple)	Dexter	Wanton.
Entered 1814.		
Batchelor		
Baffler	Workman	Bravery.
Bellman		
Castor	Lord F.'s Arthur	Capable.
Denmark		
Damper	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor ...	Desperate.
Doxy		
Dayman		
Dairymaid ...	Dexter	Sanguine.
Darter		
Damsel	Ditto	Jordan.
Fleecer		
Factor		
Fervent	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Frantic.
Freeman		
Fallacy		
Gager	Ditto Jailor ...	Guilty.
Galliard		
Gameboy	Milwood	Golden.
Gamesome ...		
Hotspur		
Hermit	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Hasty.
Harlot		
Ruby	Lord Y.'s Rover	Garnish.
Remedy		
Rally	Racer	Margaret.
Regent		
Streamer		
Savory	Dagon	Sophy.
Singwell		
Sprightly	Workman	Susan.
Symphony ...		
Skilful	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor ...	Selina.
Woful	Lord F.'s Charon	Woodbine.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Warbler ... ... Wonder ... ... Whipster ... ... Wanton ... ... (19 couple)	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Jessamine.
Entered 1815.		
Beauty ... ... Bonny Bell ... Brilliant	Abelard	Bounty.
Baronet	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Bluebell.
Charon ... ... Corsican ... ... Comfort ... ... Comedy ... ... Columbine ...	Mr. Chaworth's Rallywood...	Caroline.
Clincher ... ... Chancellor ...	Ditto ditto ...	Constant.
Castor	Lord Y.'s Marplot	Cora.
Dromo	Wildair	Dainty.
Genial	Gazer	Gambol.
Grappler ... ... Gossamer... ...	Mr. Chaworth's Rallywood...	Gaiety.
German	Lord Lonsdale's Governor ...	Guilty.
Jollity	Ditto Jason ...	Desperate.
Joyful	Lord F.'s Jailor	Jessamine.
Reveller ... ... Rakish	Racer	Jordan.
Ruler ... ... Richmond ... Racer	Racer	Frantic.
Sailor ... ... Scornful ... ... Speedwell... ... Singwell	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor ...	Sanguine.
Sergeant	Workman	Sophy.
Sparkler	Lord L.'s Wonder	Selina.
Sophia	Abelard	Sally.
Witchcraft ... Watchful ... ... Woful ... ... Whisper ... ... Woodbine ... (18 couple)	Wildair	Garnish.
Entered 1816.		
Auditor	Spokesman	Amazon, 1st litter.
Actress	Archer	Doxy.
Arthur ... ... Arrogant	Lord F.'s Trouncer	Amazon, 2nd litter.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Clio ... ... Captious	Lord F.'s Arthur	Columbine.
Dexter ... ... Daphne	Dexter	Rally.
Diamond ... ... Desperate... ... Damsel ... ... Dashaway ...	Lord Lonsdale's Jason ...	Dainty.
Fancy	Fencer	Rakish.
Favorite	Lord Scarboro's Cruiser ...	Fallacy.
Gracious ... ... Gandy	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Garnish, 1st litter.
Gambol	Lord F.'s Danger	Ditto, 2nd litter.
Gallant	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Golden.
Harbinger ...	Harlequin	Graceful.
Jovial ... ... Jessamine... ...	Rallywood	Jordan, 1st litter.
Judgment ... ... Jeweller	Singer...	Jollity.
Modish ... ... Mercury	Lord F.'s Trouncer	Melody.
Meynell	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jason ...	Minion.
Pilot ... ... Piper	Prophet	Selina.
Shifter	Lord F.'s Arthur	Susan.
Songster	Spokesman	Constant.
Sempstress ...	Saladin	Hasty.
Stickler	Draper	Skilful.
Solomon ... ... Solon ... ... Striver ... ... Songstress ...	Saladin	Sanguine.
Tomboy ... ... Trimbush... ... Trimmer ... ... Tempest ... ... (20 couple)	Trywell	Sally.
GOOSEY *began.* *Entered 1817.*		
Baroness	Singer, 1813	Bounty, 1810.
Charmer	Lord F.'s Leader	Caroline.
Dashwood ... Driver	Dreadnought, 1812	Jordan, 1810.
Fairplay ... ... Freeman ... ... Famous	Lord Lonsdale's Fairplay ...	Doxy, 1811.
Gaylass ... ... Golding	Singer, 1813	Gracious, 1816.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Monarch ... ... } Mexico	Abelard, 1813	Minion, 1811.
Modesty	Lord Lonsdale's Lexicon ...	Matchless, 1813.
Rarity	Ruler, 1807	Speedwell, 1815.
Sparkler ... ... } Seaman ... ... } Salva	Saladin, 1813...	Fallacy, 1814.
Sutton ... ... } Syren	Sutton, 1813	Whisper, 1815.
Splendor	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder ...	Sanguine, 1809.
Stormer	Lord F.'s Leader	Susan.
	Old Hounds from Mr. Pelham.	
Entered 1817.		
Actor	Bred by Sir T. Mostyn.	
Darter	Dreadnought...	Venus.
Dauntless... ... } Duchess	Forester	Dashaway.
Foreman	Ditto	Splendid.
Frolic	Dreadnought...	Fashion.
Susan ... ... (3½ couple)	Forester	Splendid.
Ditto Young Hounds		
Barrister ... ... } Batchelor ... ... } Bridesmaid ...	Mr. Heron's Bedford ...	Elegant.
Bender ... ... } Bluster	Ditto ditto ...	Vanity.
Delver	Ditto ditto ...	Dauntless.
Limner ... ... } Lady	Sailor	Lavender.
Pillager ... ... } Proserpine ...	Pilot	Duchess.
Science	Lord Middleton's Marplot ...	Susan.
Truelass	Ditto ditto ...	Truelass.
Varnish	Valiant	Brilliant.
Sportsman ... (7 couple)	Bedford	Sappho.
Entered 1818.		
Amadis ... ... } Abigail	Archer, 1810	Woodbine, 1815.
Adamant ... ... } Actress	Abelard, 1813...	Symphony.
Buxom	Singer, 1813	Bonnybell, 1815.
Conqueror ... } Chanter	Saladin, 1813...	Capable, 1812.
Cruiser ... ... } Curious	Whynot, 1812	Concord, 1814.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Dagon	Singer, 1812	Doxy.
Fatal		
Ferryman		
Fervent		
Foiler	Harlequin	Fallacy, 1814.
Foreman		
Fencer		
Flourish		
Gravity	Ardent, 1813	Gladsome, 1814.
Hero		
Hazard	Lord Lonsdale's Fairplay ...	Harlot, 1814.
Hopeful		
Harpy		
Handmaid ...	Harlequin	Amazon, 1813.
Hardwick	Singer	Jealousy, 1812.
Joker		
Leader		
Lively	Duke of Grafton's Labyrinth	Constant, 1811.
Lavish		
Lounger	Lord Lonsdale's Lounger ...	Bounty, 1810.
Ladyblush ...		
Lightsome ...	Ditto ditto ...	Minion, 1811.
Malice	Ditto Fairplay ...	Melody, 1813.
Rummager ...		
Rival	Ranter, 1813	Guilesome, 1813.
Racket		
Ruthless		
Signal	Fleecer	Susan, 1811.
Statesman ...		
Sprightly	Fearnought	Sempstress, 1816.
Sportly		
Whipster		
Wishful	Lord Lonsdale's Fairplay ...	Whisper, 1815.
Wayward		
Willing		
Walter		
Warrior	Wonder, 1814	Jessamine, 1816.
Wildair		
Wary		
Entered 1819.		
Admiral	Abelard, 1813	Mr. Pelham's Susan.
Amulet		
Bender	Warbler, 1814	Ditto, Bridesmaid.
Collier		
Crier	Social, 1813	Clio, 1816.
Chaplet		
Crafty		
Contest	Fleecer, 1814	Capable, 1812.
Cheerful		

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Delver ... ... Dapster	Lord Lonsdale's Delver ...	Matchless, 1813.
Doubtless ... ... Damsel ... ... Dorcas	Ardent, 1813	Dashaway, 1816.
Fairplay ... ... Freeman ... ... Factious ... ... Fairmaid	Abelard, 1813	Fallacy, 1814.
Glancer ... ... Guider ... ... Grappler	Galliard, 1813	Favourite, 1816.
Jasper ... ... Judy ... ... Joyful ... ... Joyous	Ditto	Jessamine, 1816.
Lifter ... ... Lusty	Corsican, 1815	Lady Blush, 1818.
Pastime	Mr. Pelham's Proserpine ...	Castor, 1815.
Rallywood ... Rummager ... Royal ... ... Rally ... ... Remedy	Mr. Savile's Rallywood ...	Songstress, 1816.
Savory	Saladin, 1813...	Doxy, 1811.
Stately	Ditto	Minion, 1811.
Striver ... ... Sally	Saladin	Harlot, 1813.
Woodman ... Wildboy ... ... Wrangler ... ... Worthy	Fleecer, 1815	Whisper, 1815.
Wafter ... ... Welcome ... ... (22½ couple)	Warbler, 1815	Amazon, 1813.
Entered 1820.		
Boaster ... ... Bloomer ... ... Blowzy	Singer, 1813	Bonnybell, 1815.
Bellmaid	Mr. Chaworth's Bachelor ...	Gaylass, 1817.
Contract ... ... Cruiser ... ... Chantress... ... Countess	Fleecer, 1814	Columbine, 1815.
Chimer	Ditto	Clio, 1816.
Dashwood ...	Mr. Savile's Statesman ...	Dashaway, 1816.
Famous ... ... Frolic	Fearnought, 1814	Actress, 1818.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Falstaff	Saladin, 1813...	Fallacy, 1814.
Frantic		
Gamester	Galliard, 1814	Sportly, 1818.
Gayman		
Glory		
Gameboy	Fearnought, 1814	Gravity, 1818.
Herdsman ...	Corsican, 1815	Handmaid, 1815.
Harmony		
Jupiter	Mr. Savile's Ajax	Jessamine, 1816.
Jessy		
Jezabel		
Jealousy		
Lucifer	Harlequin, 1811	Lively, 1818.
Lexicon		
Rachel	Duke of Beaufort's Roderic	Gracious, 1816.
Rapid		
Shifter	Fleecer, 1814	Sempstress, 1816.
Starling		
Stranger		
Sweeper		
Selina		
Wildair	Warbler, 1814	Willing, 1818.
(17 couple)		
Entered 1821.		
Bertram	Mr. Chaworth's Batchelor ...	Melody, 1813.
Bellman		
Bedford	Mr. Savile's Rallywood ...	Bonnybell, 1815.
Benedict[e]		
Bravery		
Boundless ...	Wonder, 1814	Damsel, 1819.
Duster	Lord Y.'s Woldsman ...	Columbine, 1815.
Cleanly	Chanter, 1818...	Doubtless, 1819.
Dragon		
Dauntless... ...	Ditto	Golden, 1817.
Grandison ...	Saladin, 1813...	Jessamine, 1816.
Guzman	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ...	Capable, 1812.
Jason	D. B., Rallywood	Rally, 1819.
Pilot		
Proctor		
Rubens	Lord Lonsdale's Roderic ...	Songstress, 1816.
Roderick		
Regent	Mr. Savile's Dragon... ...	Symphony, 1814.
Rector	Lord Lonsdale's Roderic ...	Songstress, 1816.
Rover	Ruler, 1815	Syren, 1817.
Ruin		
Rarity		
Sailor		
Stately		
Rantaway... ...		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Sportsman ...	Abelard, 1813...	Shortly, 1818.
Marplot	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder...	Modish, 1816.
Wary	Abelard, 1813...	Whisper, 1815.
Waspish		
Wanton		
Whimsy		
Watchful ... ... (17½ couple)	D. B., Denmark	Woodbine, 1815.
Entered 1822.		
Contest	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Songstress, 1816.
Craftsman ...		
Comus		
Crafty		
Concord	Saladin, 1813...	Clio, 1816.
Crowner	Random, 1813	Countess, 1820.
Crier		
Dreadnought ...	Fleecer, 1814	Doubtless, 1819.
Falstaff	Chanter, 1818	Favorite, 1816.
Freeman		
Fearless		
Frolic		
Justice	Mr. Osbaldeston's Juggler ...	Fallacy, 1811.
Jester		
Jollity		
Jailor	Rummager, 1819	Joyous, 1819.
Lavish	Ditto	Ladyblush, 1818.
Lionel	Chanter, 1818	Lightstone, 1818.
Menacer	Random, 1813	Modesty, 1817.
Miracle		
Mischief		
Merrylass... ...		
Malice		
Mayfly		
Roman	Ditto	Wisdom, 1819.
Ramper	Ruler, 1813	Sally, 1819.
Piper	Mr. Osbaldeston's Prompter	Jessamine, 1816.
Prompter		
Prosper		
Pastime		
Prudence		
Pleasant		
Singer	Ruler, 1813	Sportly, 1818.
Tidings	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jupiter ...	Juliet.
Vanquish ... ... (17½ couple)	Ditto Vaulter ...	Harpy, 1818.
Entered 1823.		
Bellman	Lord Middleton's Benedict...	Jessamine, 1816.
Barrister		
Baffler		

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Coroner	Chanter, 1818	Fallacy, 1814.
Cormorant ...		
Chancellor ...	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick ...	Columbine, 1815.
Comfort		
Commodore ...	Chanter, 1818	Clio, 1816.
Clamorous ...		
Comely		
Hero	Hopeful, 1818	Bonny Bell, 1815.
Handmaid ...		
Hermit	Saladin, 1815...	Harpy, 1818.
Judgment	Jeweller, 1816	Ladyblush, 1818.
Jargon		
Landmark ...	Sultan, 1817	Lightsome, 1818.
Ramager	Lord Middleton's Damper ...	Modesty, 1817.
Marksman ...		
Madcap		
Sparkler	Saladin, 1813...	Whimsey, 1821.
Sampson	Lord Middleton's Forester ...	Siren, 1817.
Senator		
Splendor		
Sportsman ...		
Statesman ...		
Vaulter	Ditto, Vanguard	Countess, 1820.
Victory		
Woodman ...	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick ...	Whisper, 1815.
Watchman ...		
Warble		
Wavy		
Woful		
Warrior	Lord Middleton's Warrior ...	Rally, 1819.
Wonder		
Wildair		
Workman ...		
Woldsman ...		
Whynot		
Willing		
Stripling	Sultan, 1817	Wisdom, 1812.
Lashwood... ... (20½ couple)	Sir R. Sutton's Lucifer ...	Sportly.
Entered 1824.		
Pilgrim	Pilot, 1821	Whisper, 1815.
Prizer		
Promise		
Wildman	Shifter, 1820	Waspish, 1821.
Warbler		
Worthy		
Watchful		
Woodbine... ...		
Warble		
Worry		
Watchcraft ...		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Crowner ... ... Cautious ... ... Curious	Shifter, 1820	Columbine, 1825.
Pleader ... ... Pleasant ... ... Proserpine ...	Pilot, 1821	Siren, 1817.
Priestess	Miracle, 1821...	Sally, 1819.
Menacer	Rummager, 1819	Chantress, 1820.
Challenger ... Champion... ...	Trimbush, 1816	Pastime, 1822.
Topper ... ... Truemaid... ...	Miracle, 1821...	Boundless, 1821.
Bashful ... ... Bellmaid	Chanter, 1819	Ladyblush, 1819.
Comet ... ... Careful	Chimer, 1820...	Songstress, 1816.
Skilful	Batchelor, 1817	Bonnybell, 1816.
Bondsman ...	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter ...	Stately, 1820.
Vaulter ... ... Victory		
Benedict ... ... Broker ... ... Bedford ... ... Brilliant	Ditto Batchelor...	Buxom, 1818.
Dapster ... ... Dashaway ... Darter ... ... Diligent	Ditto ditto ...	Damsel, 1819.
Painter ... ... Plunder ... ... Prior ... ... Primrose ... ... Playful	Ditto Pontiff ...	Concord, 1822.
Raglan ... ... Ravager ... ... (22½ couple)	Restless	Joyous, 1819.
Entered 1825.		
Bluster ... ... Barbary	Bloomer, 1820	Comfort, 1823.
Chorister ... ... Cannibal ... ... Cloister ... ... Clasper ... ... Charmer	Craftsman, 1822	Whimsey, 1821.
Climbank ... ... Clincher ... ... Comrade ... ... Crony	Chanter, 1818	Racket, 1818.
Cardinal	Charon, 1817...	Woful, 1823.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Dexter	Duster, 1821	Pastime, 1822.
Dainty		
Delicate		
Dashwood ...	Craftsman, 1822	Damsel, 1819.
Hector	Pilot, 1821	Harpy, 1818.
Hannibal		
Harbinger ...		
Juniper	Chimer, 1820...	Jessamine, 1819.
Joker		
Juggler	Lifter, 1819	Jollity, 1822.
Joiner		
Jealousy		
Lasher	Leader, 1818	Chantress, 1820.
Layman		
Lexicon		
Limner	Roderick, 1821	Ladyblush, 1818.
Lucifer		
Leveller		
Lazy		
Millwood	Lord Y.'s Minister	Clamorous, 1823.
Rival	Ditto Woldsman ...	Rarity, 1821.
Rosy		
Raglan	Roderick, 1821	Lightsome, 1818.
Riot		
Ransom		
Rampant	Rover, 1821	Watchful, 1822.
Ruby		
Ringwood... ...	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas	Concord, 1822.
Rumsey		
Remnant		
Trueman	Trimbush, 1817	Factious, 1819.
Truelass		
Prompter	Pilot, 1821	Songstress, 1817.
Lounger ... ... (22½ couple)	By Lord Middleton's Chanter	Ransom.
Entered 1826.		
Barrister	Pilot, 1821	Bellmaid, 1824.
Buxom		
Bender	Boaster, 1820...	Countess, 1820.
Blameless... ...		
Comus	Justice, 1822	Charmer, 1825.
Chorister		
Cormorant ...		
Damper	Duster, 1821	Brilliant, 1824.
Lusty	Pilot, 1821	Lighthouse, 1818.
Lavish		
Lifter	Leader, 1818	Curious, 1826.
Lawless		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Random ... ... Rocket ... ... Rockwood ... Rapid ... ... Ringlet	Rover, 1821	Songstress, 1818.
Ravager ... ... Ringwood... ...	Contest, 1822...	Rarity, 1821.
Stormer ... ... Sprightly	Bloomer, 1820	Stately, 1821.
Valiant ... ... Victor ... ... Volant ... ... Voucher ... ... Victory ... ... Vanity	Pilot, 1821	Vanquish, 1822.
Wildair ... ... Whipster ... ... Whimsey	Lifter, 1829	Wanton, 1821.
Woodman ... Willing ... ... Wisdom	Contest, 1822...	Wary, 1826.
Cottager ... ... Capital ... ... Careful ... ... (18 couple)	Duster, 1821	Clamorous, 1823.
Entered 1827.		
Benedict ... ... Barmaid ... ... Banquet	Boaster, 1824...	Riot, 1825.
Brusher ... ... Bonnybell... ...	Bloomer, 1820	Cautious, 1824.
Clincher ... ... Chider ... ... Courtly ... ... Captious ... ... Comedy ... ... Columbine ...	Craftsman, 1822	Rarity, 1821.
Collier ... ... Chanter	Plunder, 1824	Curious, 1824.
Chimer ... ... Chantress... ...	Craftsman, 1822	Comfort, 1823.
Comus ... ... Champion ...	Roderick, 1821	Countess, 1820.
Conqueror ...	Craftsman, 1822	Blameless, 1826.
Jovial ... ... Judgment... ... Junket	Justice, 1822	Ransom, 1825.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Painter		
Primer	Pilot, 1821	Wary, 1824.
Pontiff		
Pillager		
Regent	Rover, 1821	Clamorous, 1823.
Regicide	Pilot, 1821	Rumsey, 1825.
Sparkler	Singer, 1824	Pleasant, 1824.
Trusty		
Truant		
Tigress	Sir R. Sutton's Trimbush ...	Woodbine, 1824.
Tasty		
Timely		
Truelass		
Vanguard	Rover, 1821	Vanquish, 1822.
Woodman ...		
Wildboy		
Workman	Lord Lonsdale's Palafox ...	Wanton, 1821.
Warble		
Welcome		
Wrangler	Sir R. Sutton's Random ...	Witchcraft, 1824.
Ferryman	Lord Y.'s Finder	His Trifle.
Benedict	D.B. Rubens	His Brilliant.
(21½ couple)		
Entered 1828.		
Batchelor	Bloomer, 1821	Knight, 1826.
Brilliant		
Caster	Rover, 1821	Careful, 1826.
Clasher	Proctor, 1821	Curious, 1824.
Candid		
Judy	Roman, 1822	Jealousy, 1825.
Julian		
Jasper	Lord Y.'s Jailor	Clamorous, 1823.
Joyful		
Jessamine ...	Lord F.'s Joiner	Stately, 1821.
Lucifer	Chimer, 1820	Lazy, 1825.
Racket	Rover, 1821	Cautious, 1824.
Random		
Rampant	Lord Y.'s Reveller	Wary, 1824.
Royster		
Restless		
Rummager ...	Ditto ditto	Rumsey, 1825.
Rally		
Solomon	Singer, 1822	Wanton, 1821.
Signal		
Social		
Streamer	Lord F.'s Shiner	Woodbine, 1824.
Striver		
Statesman ...	Ditto ditto	Sprightly, 1821.
Susan		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Talisman	Topper, 1824	Comfort, 1823.
Varnish	Singer, 1822	Vanquish, 1822.
Warrior		
Windsor		
Worthy	Rover, 1821	Witchcraft, 1824.
Willing		
Waspish		
Wishful		
Prior	Pilot, 1821	Truemaid, 1824.
Pliant		
Famous ... ... (18 couple)	Lord F.'s Fairplay	Bellmaid, 1824.
Entered 1829.		
Bellman		
Bluster		
Blameless	Craftsman, 1822	Ditto ditto
Bridesmaid ...		
Bluebell		
Bluecap	Broker, 1824	Pleasant, 1824.
Charon	Singer, 1822	Chantress, 1827.
Crier		
Careless	Hero, 1823	Courtly, 1827.
Hannibal		
Hotspur	Hermit, 1823	Banquet, 1827.
Hopeful		
Jealousy	Justice, 1822	Clamorous, 1823.
Lucifer		
Leveller		
Luby	Layman, 1825	Lazy, 1825.
Lexicon		
Limner		
Madcap	Menacer, 1824	Rival, 1825.
Ranter		
Remedy	Roderick, 1821	Vanquish, 1829.
Riot		
Rector	Ditto ditto	Warble, 1827.
Ruin		
Rallywood ...		
Ruby	Roman, 1822	Woodbine, 1824.
Rosy		
Rosamond ...	D. B. Rutland	Comfort, 1823.
Rachel		
Shiner		
Statesman ...	Singer, 1822	Welcome, 1827.
Singwell		
Trywell	Craftsman, 1822	Truemaid, 1823.
Toilsome		
Trojan	Layman, 1825	Tasty, 1826.
Tuneful	Topper, 1825	Comedy, 1826.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Villager	D. B. Vanguard	Charmer, 1825.
Whisper	D. B. Rubens	Whimsey, 1826.
Wanton		
Wrathful		
Rufus	Mr. Foljambe's Random ...	His Playful.
Rallywood ...	Sir T. Syke's Driver ...	His Rally.
Topper	Ditto Barrister ...	His Costly.
(20 couple)		
Entered 1830.		
Contest	Challenger, 1826	Witchcraft, 1824.
Cruiser		
Contract	Comus, 1827	Charmer, 1825.
Castor		
Cheerful		
Cautious		
Boundless... ...	Wildman, 1824	Barmaid, 1827.
Fatal	Roman, 1823...	Famous, 1828.
Lively	Layman, 1825	Whimsey, 1826.
Lavish		
Streamer	Mr. Savile's Stroker... ...	Curious, 1824.
Galliard	Ditto General	Lazy, 1825.
Gameboy		
Gladsome... ...		
Gamesome ...		
Trifle	Lord Southampton's Wildboy	Tasty, 1827.
Wakeful	Ditto ditto	Warble, 1827.
Nimrod	Lord Y.'s Fairplay	His Notable.
Rally	Ditto Reveller	His Careful.
(9½ couple)		
Entered 1831.		
Bonnylass... ...	Layman, 1825	Bridesmaid, 1828.
Bellmaid		
Crowner	Ditto ditto	Charmer, 1825.
Conqueror ...		
Crafty		
Conquest		
Collier	Chanter, 1824	Whimsey, 1826.
Comet		
Clara		
Churlish		
Crony		
Coaster	Ditto ditto	Warble, 1827.
Capable		
Countess	Ditto ditto	Careless, 1829.
Concord	Clinker, 1825...	Wanton, 1829.
Hannibal	Hero, 1823	Remedy, 1829.
Harmony... ...		
Harlot		

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Honesty	Lord Southampton's Hesperus	Willing.
Harpy	Ditto Hannibal	Woodbine, 1824.
Piper	Layman, 1825	Pleasant, 1822.
Pleader		
Prosper	Clasper, 1825...	Pliant, 1822.
Playful		
Rocket	Clinker, 1825...	Rival, 1825.
Rasselas		
Ringlet		
Racket	Layman, 1825	Rapid, 1826.
Rhapsody... ...		
Topper	Topper, 1824	Captious, 1827.
Tempest		
Truelass	Layman, 1825	Toilsome, 1828.
Trespass		
Termagant ...		
Wonder	Wildman, 1824	Comfort, 1823.
Warrior		
Wildair		
Witchcraft ...		
Glider	Mr. Foljambe's Random ...	His Gaylass.
Resolute	Ditto ditto ...	His Racket.
Fairplay	Ditto Roderick ...	His Freedom.
(19½ couple)		
Entered 1832.		
Challenger ...	Comus, 1826	Victory, 1827.
Cruiser		
Client		
Watchman ...	Layman, 1825	Willing, 1826.
Whipster		
Whynot		
Worthy		
Ruler	Mr. Foljambe's Random ...	Rapid, 1826.
Remus		
Rival		
Rarity		
Ransom		
Shifter	Ditto Signal ...	Careless, 1829.
Singwell		
Songstress ...		
Syren		
Lifter	Lucifer, 1829	Buxom, 1826.
Lively		
Laundress... ...		
Pilgrim	Chanter, 1827	Pliant, 1828.
Pilot		
Prudence		
Bluecap	Clasper, 1825...	Barmaid, 1827.
Harbinger... ...	Regent, 1827	Harlot, 1831.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Hazard ... ... Hesperus ... ... Hasty	Woodman, 1827	Handmaid.
Tidings	Striver, 1828	Toilsome, 1829.
Coroner ... ... Churlish	Lord Y.'s Chaser	Brilliant, 1828.
Favorite	Ditto Freeman	Pleasant, 1824.
Rosy	Sir T. Sykes' Barrister ...	Rachel, 1829.
Chimer ... ... (16½ couple)	Lord Y.'s Chanticleer ...	Lord Lonsdale's Careful.
Entered 1833.		
Dragon	Lord Y.'s Druid	Trifle, 1830.
Layman ... ... Libertine ... ... Luther ... ... Liberty ... ... Lofty ... ... Lightsome ... Lazy	Lounger, 1825	Comedy, 1827.
Lasher ... ... Lictor ... ... Lenity ... ... Lawless	Limner, 1829...	Captious, 1827.
Factor ... ... Furrier ... ... Frolic ... ... Frantic ... ... Fearless	Mr. Savile's Carver	Famous, 1828.[1]
Fleecer	Lord Y.'s Furrier	Rachel, 1829.
Governess... ...	Lord Lonsdale's Grecian ...	Wanton, 1829.
Noble	Nimrod, 1830	Cheerful, 1830.
Songster ... ... Singer	Sparkler, 1827	Barmaid, 1827.
Rector ... ... Rover ... ... Relish	Rummager, 1828	Crafty, 1831.
Roman	Ditto	Conquest, 1831.
Mender	Lord Y.'s Chaser	Ruby, 1829.
Traitor ... ... Transport... ... Trollop ... ... Truelove	Chanter, 1827	Tempest, 1831.
Trywell ... ... Trespass	Topper, 1829...	Remedy, 1829.
Talisman ... ... Truant ... ... Trueboy ... ... Tuneful ... ... Tragedy	Ditto ditto...	Rhapsody, 1831.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Trimbush	Topper, 1829	Whimsey, 1826.
Senator ... ... (20 couple)	From Mr. Foljambe	
Entered 1834.		
Active	Sir H. Goodricke's Absolute	Charmer, 1825.
Boaster	Mr. Osbaldeston's Boaster ...	His Careful.
Bluster	Benedict, 1826	Lavish, 1830.
Bounty		
Conqueror ...	Lord Lonsdale's Lictor ...	Crony, 1830.
Cruiser		
Chanter	Lounger, 1825	Conquest, 1831.
Chantress		
Capital	Benedict, 1827	Cheerful, 1830.
Contest		
Comely		
Cruel		
Cautious		
Gayman	Benedict	Gamesome, 1830.
Gamester		
Governor		
Guider		
Gulliver		
Grasper		
General		
Glory		
Gravity		
Grappler	Chanter, 1827	Gladsome, 1830.
Gallant		
Graceful		
Hero	Sir H. Goodricke's Hercules	Rarity, 1832.
Lucy	Lucifer, 1829	Laundress, 1832.
Plunder	Rockwood, 1826	Playful, 1831.
Positive		
Royal	Nimrod, 1830	Ruby, 1827.
Rapid		
Racket		
Rampant	Rockwood, 1826	Rosy, 1832.
Tomboy	Rummager, 1828	Tempest, 1831.
Trouncer		
Tracer		
Woodbine ... (18½ couple)	Lucifer, 1829	Whimsey, 1826.
Entered 1835.		
Benedict	Benedict, 1827	Crafty, 1830.
Boaster		
Bauble		
Bashful		
Boxsome		
Blameless		
Bluebell		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Bluster	Furrier, 1833...	Bonnylass, 1830.
Chanticleer ...	Rummager, 1828	Crony, 1831.
Foreman	Furrier, 1833	Gladsome, 1830.
Famous		
Lashwood ...	Lifter, 1832	Relish, 1833.
Leader		
Prompter	Regent, 1827...	Prudence, 1832.
Promise		
Rustic	Rallywood, 1829	Bellmaid, 1830.
Raglan		
Rally	Lucifer, 1829...	Ruby, 1829.
Rachel		
Ruthless		
Solomon	Wonder, 1831	Syren, 1832.
Sprightly		
Siren		
Ripster	Leveller	Rarity, 1832.
Romulus		
Remnant		
Rapture		
Rakish		
Remedy		
Ruin		
Social	Striver, 1828	Rival, 1832.
Stripling		
Trusty	Leveller, 1827	Truelove, 1833.
Tasty		
Timely		
Chaser	Rasselas, 1831	Clara, 1831.
Careful		
Captious		
Curious		
Candid		
Priestess	Leader, 1831	Gamesome, 1830
Twister	Sir T. Sykes' Rallywood, 1829	Tempest, 1831.
Toilet		
Vanquish	Vanguard	Laundress, 1832.
Rakish	Lord Y.'s Chaser	His Careful.
(22½ couple)		
Entered 1836.		
Chorister	Lord Lonsdale's Fencer ...	Capable, 1831.
Charon		
Champion... ...		
Boundless... ...	Nimrod, 1830	Bonnylass, 1831.
Challenger ...	Chimer, 1832...	Conquest, 1831.
Collier		
Comedy		
Costly		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Ferryman		
Fairplay	Fatal, 1830	Rosy, 1832.
Flourish		
Factious		
Grecian		
Gainer	Nimrod, 1830...	Gladsome, 1831.
Governess... ...		
Gamesome ...		
Gaiety	Rasselas, 1831	Gamesome, 1830.
Guilty		
Luby		
Lottery	Lucifer, 1829...	Graceful.
Lavish		
Lady		
Laundress... ...	Sir R. Sutton's Ringwood ...	Lofty, 1833.
Nelly		
Nathan	Nimrod, 1830	Crony, 1831.
Noble		
Nestor		
Nimble	Ditto ditto	Crafty, 1831.
Nightshade ...		
Nora		
Royal		
Riot	Rummager, 1828	Rhapsody, 1831.
Restless		
Runaway	Lucifer, 1829...	Ringlet, 1831.
Rosebud		
Ransom	Rallywood, 1831	Rapid, 1834.
Trimbush		
Tapster	Rummager, 1835	Trollop, 1833.
Tidings		
Tamerlane ...	Watchman, 1834	Tempest, 1831.
Truant		
Whipster	Wonder, 1831	Rarity, 1832.
Welcome		
Toilsome	Sir R. Sutton's Woldsman ...	Trifle, 1830.
Trespass		
Dexter	Ditto Darter ...	Glory, 1831.
Roderick	Rasselas, 1831	Ransom, 1832.
Redrose		
(24 couple)		
Entered 1837.		
Ardent		
Artful	D. B. Abelard	Levity, 1833.
Active		
Bounty	Chimer, 1832...	Bellmaid, 1831.
Commodore ...	Ditto ditto...	Buxom, 1835.
Comfort		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Fatal	Factor, 1833	Bauble, 1833.
Flasher		
Favorite		
Foiler	Ditto ditto	Gladsome, 1830.
Foreman		
Fairmaid		
Famous		
Lissom	Rector, 1833	Lively, 1832.
Rafter	Governor, 1834	Rosy, 1832.
Regicide		
Ringwood		
Regent	Mr. Heron's Romulus ...	Rhapsody, 1831.
Rival		
Ringlet		
Rapture		
Saladin	Nimrod, 1830	Sprightly, 1835.
Symphony ...		
Sempstress ...		
Sparkler	Ditto ditto	Songstress, 1832.
Topper	Factor, 1833	Transport, 1833.
Trimmer	Rector, 1833	Tempest, 1831.
Wildman	Wonder, 1831	Relish, 1833.
Watchman ...		
Warrior		
Watchful		
Welcome		
Willing	Wildair, 1831	Remedy, 1831.
Rosamond ...	Bluecap, 1832	Rapid, 1834.
Pliant	Rector, 1833	Positive, 1834.
(17½ couple)		
Entered 1838.		
Barrister	Bluecap, 1832	Relish, 1833.
Bellman		
Bonnylass		
Clasher	Lasher, 1833	Chantress, 1834.
Cheerful		
Chider	Factor, 1833	Careful, 1835.
Conqueror ...		
Charmer		
Chanter		
Crafty		
Fencer	Furrier, 1833	Rhapsody, 1831.
Ferryman		
Fairplay		
Frisky		
Fearnought ...	Governor, 1834	Flourish, 1836.
Flamer		
Fervent		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
General ... ... Guider ... ... Grasper ... ... Gravity	Rasselas, 1831	Gamesome, 1836.
Lucifer ... ... Lounger	Bluecap, 1832	Lenity, 1833.
Lofty	Factor, 1833	Lively, 1833.
Random ... ... Rambler ... ... Rocket ... ... Rally ... ... Rival ... ... Rarity	Wildair, 1831...	Ringlet, 1831.
Rallywood ... Rakish	Bluecap, 1832	Riot, 1836.
Sampson ... ... Shifter ... ... Signal ... ... Sportly	Songster, 1833	Remedy, 1835.
(18 couple)		
Entered 1839.		
Bloomer ... ... Boaster	Bluecap, 1832	Rapture, 1837.
Craftsman ... Comus ... ... Charmer ... ... Clamorous ...	Rasselas, 1831	Countess, 1831.
Carver ... ... Carnage	Trouncer, 1834	Comely, 1834.
Combat	Chimer, 1832...	Careful, 1835.
Festive ... ... Faithful	Factor, 1833	Rachel, 1835.
Harmony	Mr. Drake's Hector... ...	Ransom, 1836.
Platoff ... ... Prior ... ... Promise	Lord Lonsdale's Platoff ...	Racket, 1834.
Paragon	Lifter	Positive, 1834.
Render ... ... Racer ... ... Rafter ... ... Rosy ... ... Relish	Rasselas, 1831	Pliant, 1835.
Ranter ... ... Ringwood... ... Rover ... ... Ruin	Ditto ditto	Remedy, 1835.
Sampson ... ... Skilful	Mr. Drake's Sultan	Chantress, 1835.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Trueman		
Telltale	Factor, 1833	Toilet, 1835.
Trusty		
Trojan	D.B. Warrior...	Toilsome, 1836.
Trywell		
Victor		
Vanity	Lord Lonsdale's Vampyre ...	Rosamund, 1837.
Vicious		
Barmaid	Bluecap, 1832	Rapture, 1837.
(18 couple)		
Entered 1840.		
Affable	Rector, 1833	Artful, 1837.
Banker	Ditto...	Buxom, 1835.
Clinker	Capital, 1834...	Redrose, 1836.
Captive	Factor, 1833	Costly, 1836.
Cora	Prompter, 1835	Comfort.
Bertram	Ditto...	Bauble, 1835.
Fanciful		
Frantic	Fatal, 1837	Rachel, 1835.
Flighty		
Fencer		
Fabulist	Ditto...	Woodbine, 1834.
Fallacy		
Gamester	Governor, 1834	Comedy, 1836.
Governess ...		
Furrier	Rector, 1833	Factious, 1834.
Lifter	Prompter, 1835	Lissom.
Liberty		
Pilgrim		
Partner		
Pasture	Factor, 1833	Pliant, 1837.
Prudence		
Previous		
Prowler		
Pleader		
Pedlar		
Proctor	Mr. Lambton's Pedlar ...	Gaylass, 1836.
Primer		
Pilot		
Promise		
Policy	Rector, 1833	Positive, 1834.
Remus	Factor, 1833	Remedy, 1835.
Rhapsody... ...		
Sportsman ...	Rector, 1833	Sprightly, 1835.
Splendor		
Tarquin	Ditto ditto...	Toilet, 1835.
Whisper	Sir R. Sutton's Seaman ...	Willing, 1837.
Needful	Prompter, 1835	Nightshade, 1836.
(18½ couple)		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1841.		
Carver	Champion, 1836	Racket, 1834.
Concord		
Clasher	Capital, 1834	Festive, 1839.
Crony	Champion, 1836	Comfort, 1837.
Cottager	Governor, 1834	Crafty, 1839.
Comrade		
Capable		
Falstaff	Ditto	Faithful, 1839.
Favorite		
Flasher	Conqueror	Factious, 1836.
General	Guider, 1838	Runaway, 1836.
Gambol		
Garnish	Fatal, 1839	Gamesome, 1836.
Gaudy		
Guilty		
Galliard	Governor, 1834	Rachel, 1835.
Glory	Guider, 1838	Rakish, 1838.
Royal	Champion, 1836	Rarity, 1838.
Racer	Governor, 1834	Riot, 1836.
Tinman	Trimmer, 1837	Rally, 1838.
Trinket		
Wonder	Roderick, 1836	Woodbine, 1834.
Warbler		
Whipster		
Wildair		
Piper	Lord Lonsdale's Lasher ...	Pliant, 1837.
Pontiff		
Plunder		
Miner	Lord F.'s Marmion	Remedy, 1835.
Marmion		
(15 couple)		
Corrected from Mr. Foljambe's book, 1842.		
Entered 1842.		
Aimwell	Chanticleer, 1835	Active, 1839.
Bluecap	Barrister, 1838	Factious, 1836.
Baronet		
Charity	Collier, 1836	Carnage, 1839.
Coroner	Comus, 1838	Remedy, 1835.
Freeman	Champion, 1836	Flighty, 1840.
Flambeau	Lord F.'s Flambeau	Gamesome, 1836.
Factor		
Fleecer		
Famous		
Frolic		
Festive		
Fugleman	Fatal, 1837	Rosebud, 1836.
Fountain		
Lusty	Ditto ditto	Lottery, 1836.
Speedwell	Lord F.'s Shiner	Sempstress, 1837.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Nathan	Comus, 1839	Nightshade, 1838.
Niobe		
Rallywood ...	Commodore, 1837	Rally, 1838.
Rosalind		
Ringworm ...		
Rampish		
Ransom		
Rufus	Roderick, 1836	Fairmaid, 1837.
Ready	Lord Lonsdale's Marshal ...	Runaway, 1838.
Trusty	Tamerlane, 1836	Skilful, 1839.
Tracer		
Topper		
Talisman		
Trespass		
(15 couple)		
Goodall's first entry. Entered 1843.		
Amulet	Bertram, 1840	Active, 1837.
Audrey		
Bluster	Ditto ditto	Rosebud, 1836.
Blucher		
Barmaid		
Bashful		
Cruiser	Barrister, 1838	Crafty, 1838.
Caroline	Chaser, 1835	Tasty, 1839.
Fervent	Fencer, 1840	Rally, 1838.
Flourisher ...		
Fortune		
Flagrant		
Flasher		
Gleaner	Trueman, 1839	Gaudy, 1841.
German		
Golden		
Glancer	Guider, 1838	Carnage, 1839.
Grappler		
Glider		
Guilesome ...		
Hector	Chanticleer, 1835	Harmony, 1839.
Nimrod	Guider, 1838	Needful, 1840.
Prosper	Comus, 1839	Pastime, 1840.
Plunder		
Prudence		
Parable		
Pillager	Chanticleer, 1835	Promise, 1840.
Songster	Saladin, 1837...	Glory, 1841.
Social		
Senator		
Stormer		

Entering in 1843, 15½ couples. 45 couple came in. 5½ couple lost by distemper. 22 couple going, and 5 couple old drafted.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1844.		
Artist	Roderick, 1836	Active, 1837.
Banker	Lord Y.'s Basilisk	Clamorous, 1837.
Bounty		
Captious	Render, 1839	Cheerful, 1838.
Coaster	Clasper, 1838	Sempstress, 1839.
Faithful	Fairplay, 1838	Festive, 1842.
Forager	Furrier, 1840	Ringworm, 1842.
Graceful	Guider, 1838	Concord, 1841.
Mentor	Minor, 1841	Rosalind, 1842.
Melody		
Nectar	Lord Y.'s Basilisk	Needful, 1840.
President	Ditto Plunder	Flighty, 1840.
Palafox	Trueman, 1839	Promise, 1840.
Platoff		
Petulant		
Plausible		
Pirate	Fearnought, 1838	Policy, 1840.
Ruler	Sportsman, 1840	Rally, 1838.
Rhymer		
Roister		
Rancorous ...		
Ruin	Rover, 1839	Crony, 1841.
Ruthful		
Sultan	Comus, 1839	Symphony, 1837.
Tomboy	Conqueror, 1838	Tasty, 1839.
Tidesman		

1844, 13 couples entered. Only 20½ came in from quarters, 43 couple being lost at quarters by distemper. 7 couple going; 2 old were drafted.

Entered 1845.		
Amorous	Fervent, 1843	Audrey, 1843.
Bloomer	Bertram, 1840	Symphony, 1837.
Bluebell		
Brenda		
Brilliant		
Chorister	General, 1841	Charity, 1842.
Countess		
Craftsman ...		
Cardinal	Comus, 1839	Fanciful, 1840.
Driver	Sir R. Sutton's Driver ...	Capable, 1841.
Factious	Roderick, 1836	Frolic, 1842.
Freedom		
Gamester	Trimmer, 1837	Glory, 1841.
Guider	General, 1841	Favourite, 1841.
Gainer		
Gladsome		
Gamesome ...		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Jealousy	Mr. Drake's Jacobin, 1844 ...	Festive, 1842.
Julia		
Jargon		
Proctor	Pedlar, 1840	Ready, 1842.
Piper		
Painter	General, 1841...	Paragon, 1839.
Rustic	Trueman, 1839	Rally, 1838.
Raglan		
Royal		
Remnant		
Remus	Lord Lonsdale's Lasher ...	Pliant, 1837.
Rufus		
Sailor	Mr. Green's Shiner	Clamorous, 1839.
Sampson	Fencer, 1840	Sempstress, 1837.
Singwell		
Songstress ...		
Trouncer	Trimmer, 1837	Runaway, 1836.
Truelass		
Trimmer	Timon, 1841	Policy, 1840.

18 couple entered. 58 couple to quarters, and 52 couple came in. 33 couple draft sent to Lord Shannon, and 1 couple to Mr. Hodgson.

Entered 1846.		
Rakish	Rambler, 1838	Charity, 1842.
Sanguine	Lord F.'s Shiner	Golden, 1843.
Hermit	Ditto Hermit	Fallacy, 1840.
Messmate... ...	Ditto Monarch	Gaudy, 1841.
Pilot	Victor, 1839	Promise, 1840.
Proctor		
Pleasant		
Rover	Render, 1839...	Niobe, 1842.
Render		
Remedy		
Rockwood ...	Nimrod, 1843...	Ready, 1842.
Regent		
Reckless		
Freeman	Render, 1839...	Festive, 1842.
Fatal	Fencer, 1840	Carnage, 1839.
Folly		
Fleecer	Mr. Foljambe's Fleecer ...	Vanity, 1839.
Primer	Ditto Plunder ...	Favourite, 1841.
Pedlar		
Peeress		
Policy		
Gamester	Fencer, 1840	Glory, 1841.
Guilty		
Boxer	Bertram, 1840	Frolic, 1842.
Bauble		
Prodigal	Comus, 1839	Plausible, 1844.
Pastime		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Bluster ... ... Benedict ... ... Blucher ... ... Bonnylass... ... Barbara	Falstaff, 1841...	Bashful, 1843.
Champion ...	Lord F.'s Shiner	Concord, 1841 (2nd litter).
Stormer ... ... Singer ... ... Solon	Ditto ditto	Fortune, 1843.
Crony	General, 1841	Concord, 1841.
Bounty ... ... Blameless... ...	Baronet, 1842	Barmaid, 1843.

Entered 19½ couple. 27 couple drafted. 46½ couple came in.

Entered 1847.

Actress	Mr. Lumley's Albion ...	Capable, 1841.
Bondsman ... Bajazet ... ... Basilisk	Sampson, 1845	Barmaid, 1843.
Betsy	Mr. A. Smith's Nabob ...	His Termagant.
Charlotte	Ditto Bobadil ...	His Concord.
Captious	Guider, 1845	Concord, 1841.
Ferryman	Bertram, 1840	Fanciful, 1840.
Fearnought ...	Falstaff, 1841...	Ruthful, 1844.
Fairy	Mr. Lumley's Fleecer ...	His Buxom.
Gossip ... ... Gaiety	General, 1841...	Brenda, 1845.
Norman ... ... Needwood ... Needful ... ... Nightshade ...	Nimrod, 1843...	Speedwell, 1842.
Pilot ... ... Prompter ... ... Pleasant	President, 1844	Golden, 1843.
Positive	Comus, 1839	Glory, 1841.
Rocket ... ... Rival	Grapler, 1843...	Rosalind, 1842.
Rallywood ...	Lord F.'s Rallywood ...	Melody, 1844.
Rosebud	Raglan, 1845	Bashful, 1843.
Seaman	Furrier, 1840	Singwell, 1844.
Telltale	Trouncer, 1844	Guilesome, 1843.
Vicious ... ... Vesta	General, 1841	Vanity, 1839.

14 couple entered. Sent out 60 couple, 40 of which came in. None lost at home by distemper.

Entered 1848.

Buxom ... ... Blithesome ... Blissful ... ... Bellmaid	Falstaff, 1841...	Bashful, 1843.

Name	*Got by.*	*Dam*
Conqueror	Craftsman, 1845	Bauble, 1846.
Chorister		
Clinker	Ditto ditto	Promise, 1840.
Careful		
Clamorous ...		
Foiler	Fugleman, 1842	Frolic, 1842.
Furrier	Furrier, 1840	Guilesome, 1843.
Faithful	Platoff, 1844	Freedom, 1845.
Flourish	Falstaff, 1841	Remedy, 1846.
Nathan		
Novelty	Nectar, 1844	Plausible, 1844.
Needless		
Pilgrim	Duke of Beaufort's Potentate	Guilty, 1846.
Plunder	Rockwood, 1846	Policy, 1846.
Playful	Platoff, 1844	Gambol, 1844.
Ranter	Raglan, 1845	Truelass, 1845.
Redrose		
Rambler	General, 1841	Rakish, 1838.
Rally		
Stormer		
Selim		
Symphony ...	Mr. Lumley's Stormer ...	Fortune, 1843.
Skilful		
Scandal		
Sprightly		
Truant	Trouncer, 1845	Capable, 1841.
Trinket		
Tempest	D. B. Potentate	Sir R. Sutton's Trespass.

72 couple sent out. 46 couple came in. Drafted 23 couple. Lost one couple from distemper, and put 16 couple on after cub-hunting.

Entered 1849.		
Archer	Baronet, 1842	Actress, 1847.
Abigail		
Bluecap	Ditto ditto	Vicious, 1847.
Barrister	Ditto ditto	Jargon, 1845.
Chanter	Router, 1844	Charlotte, 1847.
Frantic		
Flighty	Fugleman, 1842	Rosebud, 1847.
Fanciful		
Prodigal		
Pleader	Proctor, 1846...	Remedy, 1846.
Purity		
Prowler	Primer, 1846	Barmaid, 1843.
Reveller		
Roister	Falstaff, 1841...	Remnant, 1845.
Rioter		
Sepoy	Mr. Lumley's Sultan ...	His Frantic.
Shiner		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Syren		
Solitude	Stormer, 1848	Bauble, 1846.
Sempstress ...		
Spinster		
Sultan		
Sprightly	Mr. Lumley's Singer ...	Guilty, 1846.
Sportly		
Speedwell... ...		
Foreman	Ditto Rifler ...	Fortune, 1843.
Trueman	Baronet, 1842	Truelass, 1845.
Nightshade ...	Mr. Lumley's Plunder ...	Niobe, 1843.
Rampish	Ditto Render ...	Blameless, 1845.
Rifler	Ditto Rifler ...	Bluebell, 1845.
Rector		
Brusher	Sir R. Sutton's Trusty ...	His Barmaid.
Factor ... ... (17 couple)	Guider, 1845	Fairy, 1849.

70 couple to quarters. 45 couple came in. Drafted 24 couple. Put forward 21 couple. Lost by distemper, 21 couple. The distemper very bad this season.

Entered 1850.		
Bashful	Mr. Foljambe's Fleecer ...	Bauble, 1845.
Barmaid	Bloomer, 1845	Fortune, 1843.
Comus		
Clasper		
Chanticleer ...	Champion, 1846	Barmaid, 1843.
Candid		
Costly		
Concord		
Ferryman... ...		
Flamer		
Fairplay		
Fugleman... ...	Mr. Williams' Playmate ...	Factious, 1844.
Fallacy		
Fortune		
Fairmaid		
Famous		
Falstaff	Ditto Fairplay ...	Truelass, 1845.
Gainer	Gainer, 1845	Songstress, 1845.
Gaylass		
Partridge	Mr. Foljambe's Fleecer ...	Skilful, 1848.
Rhapsody... ...	Guider, 1845	Remnant, 1845.
Remnant		
Playmate		
Prior	Mr. Williams' Playmate ...	Fairy, 1848.
Pillager		
Potentate		
Ringlet	Render, 1846...	Gamesome, 1845.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Random ... ... Ransom	Bloomer, 1845	Rosalind, 1842.
Caroline ... ... Comfort	Grappler, 1843	Caroline, 1843.
Trusty ... ... Tamerlane ... Telltale ... ... Tuneful ... ... Tragedy ... ... Toilet	Prompter, 1847	Telltale, 1849.
Foiler ... ... Sampson	Mr. Foljambe's Fleecer ...	Julia, 1845. Sanguine, 1846.
(19½ couple)		
75 couple sent out. 65 couple came in. Drafted 45 couple. A very good entry.		
Entered 1851.		
Junket ... ... Joyful ... ... Jadish	Stormer, 1848	Julia, 1845.
Destiny ... ... Dauntless ... ... Dainty	Mr. Drake's Duster	Barbara, 1846.
Guider ... ... Gladsome	Ditto ditto	Gamesome, 1845.
Clinker ... ... Contract ... ... Chaser ... ... Capable	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Caroline, 1850.
Rosy	Ditto ditto	Redrose, 1848.
Fretful	Nectar, 1844	Faithful, 1848.
Nabob	Ditto	Solitude, 1849.
Notary ... ... Nimrod ... ... Niobe ... ... Nosegay	Ditto ditto	Blithesome, 1848.
Viceroy ... ... Victory	Prompter, 1849	Vicious, 1849.
Blucher	Nectar, 1844	Blameless.
Rachel	Raglan, 1845	Freedom, 1845.
Roderic	Ditto ditto	Fairy, 1849.
Tuneful ... ... Toilsome	Trouncer, 1845	Skilful, 1848.
Solon	Stormer, 1848	Bauble, 1846.
Promise	Ditto ditto	Pleasant, 1847.
Rufus	Mr. Drake's Duster	Mr. Lowndes' Rival.
Bertram	Stormer, 1848	Betsy, 1847.
Stately	Ditto ditto	Rosebud, 1847.
Nicety	Nectar, 1844	Buxom, 1848.
Capture	Fearnought, 1847	Captious, 1847.
Sent out 70 couple. 45 couple came in. Drafted 28½ couple.		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1852.		
Selim	Mr. Drake's Duster	Sprightly, 1849.
Sylvia		
Syren		
Songstress ...	Ditto ditto	Solitude, 1849.
Singwell		
Freeman	Sepoy, 1849	Faithful, 1848.
General	Rifler, 1849	Gamesome, 1845.
Gamesome ...		
Rector	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Rosebud, 1847.
Random		
Ruby		
Rasselas	Ditto ditto	Factious, 1845.
Royal	Rustic, 1845	Fairy, 1847.
Regent		
Ruler		
Crafty	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Captious, 1847.
Lictor	Ditto ditto ...	Barmaid, 1850.
Limner		
Lucifer		
Layman		
Nigel	Rustic, 1845	Nightshade, 1849.
Banker	Rifler, 1849	Bashful, 1850.
Toiler	Gainer, 1850	Fairmaid, 1850.
Bedlam	Mr. Foljambe's Wildair ...	His Bonnylass.
Boaster	Stormer, 1848	Bauble, 1846.
Blameless... ...		
Bachelor	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Blameless, 1848.
Ferryman... ...	Sultan, 1849	Freedom, 1845.
Painter	Painter, 1845	Gaylass, 1850.
Tomboy	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Trinket, 1848.
Trimbush... ...		
Saladin	Ditto ditto ...	Songstress, 1845.

Sent out 75 couple. 45 couple came in. Kept 16 couple. A fine entry of dogs. Bitches rather too small.

Entered 1853.		
Bloomer	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Ruin, 1844.
Bertram		
Byron		
Bella		
Betsy		
Barbara		
Beauty	Ditto ditto	Barbara, 1846.
Charity	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	Bluebell, 1845.
Charmer		
Cheerful		
Countess	Champion, 1846	Symphony, 1848.
Champion ...	Comus, 1850	Skilful, 1848.
Duster	Champion, 1846	Dainty, 1851.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Frantic	Sultan, 1849	Famous, 1850.
Grappler ... ... Gambler	Rifler, 1849	Gaylass, 1850.
Lady	Layman, 1852	Needful, 1847.
Pliant	Sultan, 1849	Promise, 1851.
Phillis	Comus, 1850	Charlotte, 1847.
Rallywood ... Racket ... ... Ruthless	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Speedwell, 1849.
Roguish	Grove Roister	Lord H. Bentinck's Rantipole.
Rakish ... ... Ringlet	Mr. Fox's Ringwood ...	His Ruby.
Songster	Sultan, 1849	Niobe, 1851.
Tragedy	Clasper, 1850...	Tempest, 1848.
Warfare ... ... (14 couple)	Mr. Willoughby's Clinker ...	His Willing.

83 couple sent to quarters. 31 couple only came in. Drafted 16 couple.

Entered 1854.		
Bluebell	Lord Y.'s Bellman	Mr. Foljambe's Barbara.
Caroline ... ... Charlotte ... ... Capture	Sultan, 1849	Capable, 1851.
Chanter ... ... Comedy ... ... Careful	Lucifer, 1852	Captive, 1851.
Factor ... ... Freeman ... ... Fanciful	Lord H. Bentinck's Charon	Famous, 1850.
Gallant ... ... Governor	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Gamesome, 1852.
Ladyblush ... Lenity	Lucifer, 1852	Captious, 1847.
Nathan ... ... Nigel ... ... Needless ... ... Nightshade ...	Nigel, 1852	Blameless, 1852.
Rover ... ... Rosebud ... ... Redwing ... ... Redrose ... ... Rival	Gainer, 1850	Rosy, 1851.
Fairplay	Grove Forester	Syren
Stormer ... ... Scornful ... ... Scandal	Comus, 1850	Sylvia, 1852.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Sailor ... ... Seaman ... ... Senator ... ... Sempstress ...	Lord Y.'s Rallywood ...	Songstress, 1852.
Saladin	Lucifer, 1852	Speedwell, 1849.
Sparkler	Nigel, 1852	Spinster, 1849.
Trimbush	Lord H. Bentinck's Champion	Tuneful, 1851.
Trusty	Mr. Foljambe's Forester ...	Trinket, 1848.
(17 couple)		
Entered 1855.		
Chorister ... ... Chorus	Chaser, 1851	Blameless, 1852.
Cautious	Clinker, 1851	Fairmaid, 1850.
Collier	Nathan, 1848	Cheerful, 1853.
Clasher ... ... Cromwell	Ditto ditto	Charmer, 1853.
Druid S. ... ... Duchess ... ... Dowager ... ... Daphne ... ... Destitute	Sir R. Sutton's Dryden ...	Tuneful, 1851.
Doleful	Ditto ditto ...	Famous, 1850.
Diligent ... ... Dauntless	Mr. Drake's Lucifer	Dainty, 1851.
Driver	Chaser, 1851	Destiny, 1851.
Gamester S. ... Graceful	Guider, 1851	Ruby, 1852.
Lifter ... ... *Lexicon S.* ... Lucy ... ... Lofty	Mr. Drake's Lucifer	Songstress, 1852.
Novelty	Notary, 1851	Stately, 1851.
Remus ... ... Rally	Sir R. Sutton's Trojan ...	Rosy, 1851.
Ransom	Nathan, 1848	Roguish, 1853.
Singer S. ... ... Sportly ... ... Speedwell	Comus, 1850	Syren, 1852.
50 couple came in.	Kept 14 couple.	
Entered 1856.		
Contract	Guider, 1851	Charmer, 1853.
Challenger ... Careless	Chaser, 1851	Destiny, 1851.
Denmark	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus ...	Dainty, 1851.
Dulcet	Sir R. Sutton's Dexter ...	Tuneful, 1851.
Fleecer	Falstaff, 1850	Lord Portsmouth's Sportive.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Gainer		
Gertrude	Gambler	Sempstress, 1854.
Gracious		
Hotspur	Sir R. Sutton's Hercules ...	Roguish, 1853.
Harmony	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus ...	Sprightly, 1849.
Lictor		
Lively	Guider, 1851	Ladyblush, 1854.
Nectar		
Norman		
Needwood ...	Ditto ditto	Needless, 1854.
Needful		
Pleasant	Ditto ditto	Pliant, 1853.
Rosalind	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus ...	Rakish, 1853.
Rockwood ...		
Rampish	Ditto ditto ...	Betsy, 1853.
Remnant		
Rhapsody	Ditto ditto ...	Roguish, 1853 (2nd litter).
Rarity	Ditto ditto ...	Gladsome, 1851.
Rufus	Guider, 1851	Ruby, 1852.
Sanguine	Ditto ditto	Stately, 1851.
Starlight	Sir R. Sutton's Dexter ...	Songstress, 1852.
48 couple came in.	13½ couple put forward.	Distemper very bad.
Entered 1857.		
Chanticleer ...		
Comely	Chacer, 1851	Needless, 1854.
Countess		
Clara	Comus, 1850	Destiny, 1851.
Conqueror ...	Ditto ditto	Gladsome, 1851.
Cardinal		
Comrade	Ditto ditto	Rosy, 1851.
Herald		
Harpy	Lord F.'s Harbinger ...	Dainty, 1851.
Hector		
Hostess	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus ...	Niobe, 1851.
Lavish	Lucifer, 1852	Stately, 1851.
Nimrod		
Nosegay	Guider, 1851	Novelty, 1855.
Oscar	Lord F.'s Ottoman	Redwing, 1854.
Proctor		
Primer	Mr. Foljambe's Finder ...	Phillis, 1853.
Plunder		
Rector		
Remus	Rallywood, 1855	Gamesome, 1852.
Ruin		
Raglan		
Rachel	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus ...	Destitute, 1855.
Rapture		
Statesman	Lord F.'s Singer	Ladyblush, 1854.
Sportsman ...	Ditto ditto	Rakish, 1853.
(13 couple)		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1858.		
Alfred	Trusty, 1854	Nightshade, 1854.
Agent		
Bertram	Lord Y.'s Sportsman ...	Blameless, 1852.
Bonnylass... ...		
Bondsman ...	Banker, 1852	Rally, 1855.
Craftsman ...	Mr. Foljambe's Duster ...	Charmer, 1853.
Cruiser		
Flighty		
Furious	Ditto Finder ...	Duchess, 1855.
Famous		
Hermit	Gamester, 1855	Harmony, 1856.
Limner	Comus, 1850	Ladyblush, 1854.
Nabob	Lord Y.'s Noble	Dulcet, 1856.
Norah		
Partner	Gamester, 1855	Lord H. Bentinck's Patience.
Ready	Rallywood, 1853	Needless, 1854.
Rakish		
Redcap	Comus, 1850	Ruby, 1852.
Stormer	Guider, 1851	Stately, 1851.
Stripling		
Striver	Trusty, 1854	Sanguine, 1856.
Stentor		
Trimmer	Ditto ditto	Ruthless, 1853.
Waspish		
Willing		
Wanton	Rallywood, 1853	Destiny, 1851.
Wishful		
Woful		
Wisdom	Mr. Foljambe's Wildboy ...	Dowager, 1855.
Wary		
(15½ couple)		

Hounds entered by Cooper.

Entered 1859.		
Candid		
Capable		
Chorister	Comus, 1850	Ruby, 1852.
Comrade		
Comus		
Clinker	Ditto ditto	Ransom, 1855.
Gaylass	Gamester, 1855	Rosebud, 1854.
Factor	Sailor, 1854	Frantic, 1853.
Guider	Guider, 1851	Roguish, 1853.
Glory		
Hasty	Ditto ditto	Harmony, 1856.
Pilot	Selim, 1852	Phillis, 1853.
Pastime		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Regent	*Selim*, 1852	Rachel, 1857.
Rosy	Rallywood, 1853	Dowager, 1855.
Ringlet		
Rocket	Ditto ditto	Needful, 1856.
Restless		
Render	Ditto ditto	Destitute, 1855.
Roman		
Royalty		
Rasselas	Ditto ditto	Nightshade, 1855
Raglan		
Riot		
Reckless		
Rapture		
Ruthful		
Ransom		
Rosamond ...		
Saladin	Singer, 1855	Ruthless, 1853.
Sparkler	Comus, 1850	Songstress, 1852.
Scandal	Warwickshire Saffron ...	Rosalind, 1856.
(17 couple)		
52 couple came in.	Drafted 33 couple.	
Entered 1860.		
Bertram	Lord F.'s Rasselas	Betsy, 1853.
Barmaid		
Cheerful	Rallywood, 1853	Clara, 1857.
Clasper		
Dainty	Ditto	Daphne, 1855.
Destiny		
Duster		
Finder	Ditto	Flighty.
Fearless	Mr. Foljambe's Rocket ...	His Frantic.
Foreman	Lexicon, 1835	Frantic, 1853.
Gamesome ...	Fairplay, 1854	Graceful, 1855.
Grappler	Gambler, 1853	Speedwell, 1855.
Layman	Lexicon, 1855	Syren, 1852.
Lictor	Ditto	Lenity, 1854.
Nectar	Rallywood, 1853	Needful, 1856.
Nancy		
Nimble		
Niobe	Fairplay, 1854	Nosegay, 1857.
Nathan		
Nelson		
Paragon	Lifter, 1855	Phillis, 1853.
Resolute	Lexicon, 1855	Rosalind, 1856.
Rarity		
Racket	Fairplay, 1854	Ready, 1858.
Ruby		
Reveller		
Rover	Rallywood	Duchess, 1855.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Syren ... ... Sprightly	Lord F.'s Fugleman... ...	Sportly, 1855.
Telltale	Trusty, 1854	Singwell, 1852.
Wrangler	Lifter, 1855	Wisdom, 1858.
(15½ couple)		
Sent to quarters, 70 couple. 50 couple came in.		
Entered 1861.		
Bella ... ... Barbara	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Rasselas ...	Bella, 1853.
Castor ... ... Caroline ... ... Countess	Stormer, 1858	Caroline, 1854.
Chaser ... ... Chanter ... ... Champion... ...	Singer, 1855	Comedy, 1854.
Comfort	Fairplay, 1854	Countess, 1857.
Falstaff ... ... Foiler ... ... Ferryman... ... Flamer ... ... Fairmaid ... ... Fortune ... ... Fervent ... ... Festive	Ditto ditto	Lenity, 1854.
Furrier	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Foreman...	Racket, 1853.
Heedless ... ... Hercules ... ... Heroine	Gamester, 1855	Harmony, 1856.
Dimity ... ... Delicate ... ... Drayman	Rallywood, 1853	Destitute, 1855.
Lady ... ... Lucy ... ... Layman	Limner, 1858...	Syren, 1852.
Statesman ... Songstress ... Sylvia	Singer, 1855	Ladyblush, 1854.
Scandal	Sailor, 1854	Dowager, 1855.
Sportsman ...	Gamester, 1855	Bonnylass, 1858.
Traitor ... ... Tomboy	Trusty, 1854	Willing, 1858.
Trueman ... ... Truelass ... ... Transit	Ditto	Rapture, 1859.
(18½ couple)		
75 couple sent out. 55 couple came in.		
Entered 1862.		
Byron	Rallywood	Bonnylass.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Barrister		
Betsy	Mr. Foljambe's Bellman ...	Rampish.
Blissful		
Carver		
Crony	Comrade	Lucy.
Dexter		
Dentist	Druid	Redcap.
Driver		
Dabster	Trusty...	Diligent.
Dorcas		
Dairymaid ...		
Dewdrop	Rufus	Duchess.
Daffodil		
Dryden		
Fugleman... ...		
Frenzy	Fairplay	Remnant.
Flimsy		
Flighty		
Freedom		
Fallacy	Ditto	Rapture.
Fatal		
Fencer		
Gracious		
Governess... ...		
Gaylad	Mr. Fox's General	Pleasant.
Gambler		
General		
Gainer		
Gallant	Gamester	Dulcet.
Governor		
Graceful		
Needless	Fairplay	Norah.
Lively	Trimmer	Lively.
Lofty	Lexicon	Racket.
Rambler		
Ringwood... ...		
Rector	*Lexicon*	*Ruby.*
Redwing		
Redrose		
Rocket		
Remedy	Rallywood	Pastime.
Needful		
Norman	Ditto	Nightshade.
Nelson		
Skilful	Stormer	Destiny.
Solon		
Senator		
Singwell	Singer...	Destitute.
Susan		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Wildboy ... ... Woful ... ... Woodman... ... (27½ couple)	Trusty... ... ... Duke of Beaufort's Wonder	Willing. Speedwell.
Entered 1863.		
Gamester ... ... *Guilty* * ... ... Gracious ... ... Gertrude	*Render* (Rallywood—Destitute)	*Graceful*, 1855 (Guider, 1851—Ruby, 1852)
Dryden * ... ... Darter ... ... Dowager ... ... Dulcet	*Druid*, 1855 (Sir R.'s Dryden—Tuneful)	*Willing*, 1858 (Rallywood, 1853—Destiny)
Solon ... ... Spinster	Singer, 1855 (Comus—Syren)	*Ready*, 1858 (Rallywood—Needless) Nigel, 1852
Noble	Nimrod, 1859 (Guider, 1851—Novelty, 1855)	*Norah*, 1858 (Lord Y.'s Noble—Dulcet 1856)
Rosebud ... ... Redrose ... ... Royal ... ... Remus	Render (Rallywood—Destitute) (Dryden—Tuneful)	*Redcap*, 1858 (Comus, 1850—Ruby, 1852)
Captious ... ... Constant	*Chanticleer* (Chaser—Needless)	*Dulcet*, 1856 (Sir R. S.'s Dexter—Tuneful, 1851 Trouncer)
Harpy ... ... Heroine	Lord Middleton's Corporal...	*Heedless*, 1861 (Gamester—Harmony 1855 1856)
Fencer ... ... *Flasher* ... ... Furious	*Challenger* (Chaser—Needless)	*Fortune*, 1861 (Fairplay, by Grove Forester Syren)
Seaman ... ... Singwell	North Warwick Nimrod ...	*Sylvia*, 1861 (Singer—Ladyblush 1855 1854)
Random ... ... Rachel	Singer...	*Rapture*, 1857 (Rallywood—Nightshade)
Glory	Lady Forester's *Raglan* (Rallywood—Nightshade)	*Gracious*, 1856 (Gambler—Sempstress)
Layman ... ... Liberty	*Lictor*, 1860 (Lexicon—Lenity, 1854)	*Capable*, 1859 (Comus 1850—Ruby, 1852)

Those marked * are promising.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Graceful	Grappler, 1860 (Gambler, 1853—Speedwell)	*Rakish*, 1858 (Rallywood—Needless)
Nestor	Lord Yarboro's Nathan ...	*Nimble*, 1860 (Rallywood—Needful)
Norah		
Nosegay		
Nightshade ...		
Furrier	Ditto ditto ...	*Fairmaid*, 1861 (Fairplay, 1854—Lenity (Lucifer (52)—Captious (47
Friendly		
Fallacy		
Harper	Hermit, 1858 (Gamester—Harmony)	*Daphne*, 1855 (Dryden—Tuneful, 1851
Harmony		
Rattler	*Rufus*, 1856 (Guider—Ruby)	*Ruby*, 1860 (Fairplay—Ready, 1858
Satellite	*Singer*, 1855 (Comus—Syren)	*Rosamond*, 1859 (Rallywood—Nightshade 1853
Sailor		
Stranger		
(21½ couple)		
Entered 1864.		
Skilful	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Sportsman	Rapture.
Olive	Mr. F.'s Orpheus	Ruthful.
Pliant	Ditto Bloomer	Pleasant.
Promise		
Fleecer	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Forester ...	Rosamond.
Fairplay		
Fingal		
Fencer		
Carver	Comrade	Comely.
Costly		
Amazon	Alfred	*Candid.*
Abbess		
Active		
Amorous		
Gladsome	Mr. L. Fox's Guider... ...	Gamesome
Graceful	Champion	Governess.
Genius		
Gainer		
Aimwell	Alfred	Sylvia.
Actress		
Abigail		
Craftsman... ...	Chanticleer	Nosegay.
Sempstress ...	Stripling	Rarity.
Symphony ...		
Contest, No. 3 ...	Challenger	Fairmaid.
Crafty		
Factor, No. 2 ...	Lord Yarboro's Norman, by Noble, by Ranter	Fortune.
Frolic		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Duchess	Lord Yarboro's Nimrod, by Nettler	Dulcet.
Destitute		
Notable	Lord Y.'s Norman	Novelty.
Stately	Singer	Ringlet.
Lively	Limner	Ruby.
Lifter		
Lucifer		
Caroline	Rallywood	Caroline.
Comedy		
Cheerful		
Cromwell		
Cardinal		
Wonder	Chanticleer	Willing.
Wishful		
Shiner	Singer	Rakish.
Songstress ...		
Ranter	Stormer	Redcap.
Rambler		
Tarquin	Ditto	Truelass.
Telltale		
Transit		
Tuneful		
(25 couple)		
Entered 1865.		
Pirate *	Pilot, by Selim	Blissful, by Mr. Foljambe's Bellman.
Proctor *		
Precious		
Promise		
Prattle		
Pleasant		
Rubicon	Singer, by Comus	Royalty, by Rallywood.
Reveller		
Rockwood ...		
Rattler		
Rallywood ...		
Remnant		
Warrior	Alfred, by Trusty	Willing, by Rallywood.
Woodman ...		
Welcome		
Wisdom		
Waspish		
Wanton		
Stormer *	Sir W. Wynn's Royal ...	Sylvia, by Singer.
Sportsman * ...		
Sportly *		
Syren		
Rival	Ditto ditto ...	Redrose, by Render.

* A good lot.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Diligent	Sir W. Wynn's Royal ...	Destiny, by Rallywood.
Sportive	Stormer, by Guider	Candid, by Comus
Rufus	Champion, by Singer ...	Rakish, by Rallywood.
Rachel		
Tomboy	Stormer, by Guider	Truelass, by Trusty.
Trueman		
Trywell		
Tuneful		
Trinket		
Needwood ...	Lord H. Bentinck's Dominant	Niobe, by Fairplay.
Nelly		
Royster	Nathan, by Fairplay ...	Ready, by Rallywood.
Reckless		
Singer	Raglan, by Rallywood ...	Susan, by Singer.
Selwin		
Saffron		
Skilful		
Damper *	Stormer, by Guider	Dainty, by Rallywood.
Fairplay	Nimrod, by Guider	Fairmaid, by Fairplay.
Finder		
Famous		
Fallacy		
Needful	Wrangler, by Lifter	Nancy, by Rallywood.
Fairy	Nimrod, by Guider	Freedom, by Fairplay.
Factious		
Folly		
Feudal		
Hermit	Harper, by Hermit	Furious, by Challenger.
Harmony		
Dexter	Singer, by Comus	Divinity, by Rallywood.
Duster		
Dorothy		
Daphne		
Dexterous... ...		
Destitute		
Daffodil	Ditto	Dimity.
Dahlia		
Sailor	Lord H. Bentinck's Stormer	Singwell, by Nimrod.
Sinbad		
Hopeful	Render, by Rallywood ...	Heroine, by Lord Middleton's Cupid.
Harriet		
Harbinger ...		
Gallant	Wrangler, by Lifter	Guilty, by Render.

33 couple: 17½ bitches, 15½ dogs.

* A good lot.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1866.		
Spinster	Saladin, 1864, by Singer ...	Duchess, 1855, by Dryden.
Starlight		
Forester*	Mr. G. Fitzwilliam's Forester, by Foreman	Redwing, 1862, by Lexicon.
Flasher		
Flourish		
Folly		
Marplot	G. Fitzwilliam's Marmaduke, by Monarch	Nancy, 1860, by Rallywood.
Monarch		
Merlin		
Marmion		
Limner	Larkspur	Remedy, 1862, by Rallywood.
Novelty	Senator, 1862, by Singer ...	Nimble.
Wizard	G. Fitzwilliam's Harbinger, by Hardwick	Woful, 1862, by Trusty.
Wishful		
Wanton		
Pirate	Raglan, 1859, by Rallywood	Pliant, 1864, by Bloomer.
Parody		
Posy		
Bluecap	Mr. Foljambe's Barrister ...	Fairmaid, 1861, by Fairplay.
Bellmaid		
Bluebell		
Hector	Raglan, 1859	Heroine, 1861, by Gamester.
Ingleman	Falstaff, 1861	Nightshade, 1863, by Nathan.
Bloomer, No. 2 ...	Singer, 1855, by Comus ...	Blissful, 1862, by Foljambe's Bellman
Beauty		
Harper	G. Fitzwilliam's Harbinger ...	Comfort, 1861, by Fairplay.
Hardwick		
Hotspur		
Ruby	Stormer, 1858, by Guider ...	Pilot, 1857, by Rallywood.
Comus	Nelson, 1862, by Rallywood	Candid, 1859, by Comus.
Conqueror ...		
Lavish, No. 1 ...	Wrangler, 1860, by Lifter ...	Lucy, 1861, by Limner.
Lucifer		
Scornful	Saladin, 1859, by Singer ...	Countess, 1861, by Stormer.
Vocal	Lord Yarboro's Vaulter ...	Sylvia, 1861, by Singer.
Volatile		
Prudence, No. 2 ...	Chanticleer, 1857, by Chaser	Patience, 1859, by Selim.
Constant	Ditto	Singwell, 1862, by Singer.

* A good lot.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1867.		
Argus	Alfred	Duchess.
Agent		
Audible		
Abbess		
Caroline	Falstaff	Candid.
Dewdrop	Stripling	Dimity.
Fireman	Ferryman	Betsy.
General	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Gambler ...	Fairmaid.
Grappler		
Guider	Ditto ditto ...	Rosamond.
Nelly	Noble	Susan.
Nosegay	Stripling	Norah.
Phillis	Pilot	Blissful.
Prosody		
Ruler	Nelson	Rosebud.
Rosemary		
Rival		
Rapture		
Speedwell	Senator	Gaylass.
Solitude		
Seamstress ...	Stormer	Sylvia.
Susan		
Sportly		
Streamer	Ditto	Singwell.
Sultan		
Stentor	Stripling	Comfort.
Seaman		
Sailor		
Spangle		
Trinket	Senator	Truelass.
Tragedy		
Transit		
Entered 1868.		
Barmaid	Rubicon	Betsy.
Bella	Contest	Blissful.
Blooming		
Byron		
Clasper	Senator	Comedy.
Druid	Nathan	Dimity.
Driver		
Delicate		
Furrier	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Sampson ...	Fairmaid.
Fleecer	Falstaff	Sprightly.
Flighty		
Gertrude	Contest	Glory.
Governess ...		
Gulliver		
Gallant	Ditto	Ditto.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Nectar		
Nestor	Senator	Norah.
Nimrod		
Niobe		
Needless	Ditto	Nimble.
Pilgrim	Lord Galway's Nimrod ...	Prudence.
Prodigy	Stormer	Precious.
Rally	Raglan	Beauty.
Ruthful		
Ransom	Reveller	Abigail.
Rhapsody		
Rallywood ...		
Ranter		
Remus	Senator	Remedy.
Rambler		
Rosy		
Ringlet		
Regulus	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Forester ...	Rosebud.
Singer	Stripling	Songstress.
Willing	Wrangler	Furious.
Warrior	Senator	Woful.
Winifred		
Entered 1869.		
Actress	Dryden	Abigail.
Blissful	Stormer	Bella.
Benefit		
Charon		
Craftsman	Contest	Speedwell.
Candour		
Comely		
Candid	Nectar	Countess.
Concord		
Destiny	Dryden	Sylvia.
Dorcas	Ringwood	Dainty.
Dainty	Ditto	Ditto.
Drayman		
Flasher	Rubicon	Frolic.
Freeman	Stranger	Friendly.
Heroine	Wrangler	Hopeful.
Nimble	Ringwood	Norah.
Primate	Nectar	Pliant.
Rufus		
Romulus	Rubicon	Redwing.
Raglan		
Restless		
Trojan	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Fencer ...	Trinket.
Vicious	Falstaff	Vocal.
Whynot	Senator	Woful.
Warfare		
Woodbine	Wrangler	Comedy.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Entered 1870.		
Artful	Senator	Abbess.
Alice		
Blameless	Falstaff	Beauty.
Bertram	Contest	Bella.
Beatrice		
Chantress	Falstaff	Comedy.
Darter	Drayman	Fairy.
Dairymaid ...		
Fortune	Ditto	Friendly
Fencer	Fairplay	Niobe.
Fleecer	Falstaff	Notable.
Foreman	Stormer	Folly.
Finder		
Ferryman		
Gambler	Gamester	Glory.
Nightshade ...	Contest	Novelty.
Needless		
Playmate	Senator	Prudence.
Proctor		
Paragon		
Prudence		
Purity		
Render	Rambler	Prodigy.
Royal	Rallywood	Redwing.
Rosebud		
Resolute	Stormer	Rival.
Rosamond ...		
Skilful	Stranger	Frolic.
Saffron	Senator	Parody.
Striver	Drayman	Syren.
Statesman ...		
Selina		
Truelass	Contest	Trinket.
Woodman ...	Wonder	Susan.
Warrior		
Woful	Wonder	Ditto.
Welcome		
Whimsey		
Entered 1871.		
Roman	Rambler, by Senator ...	Bella, by Mr. Fitzwilliam's Rasselas.
Royal		
Rocket		
Royalty		
Rarity		
Ruby		
Bertha	Rallywood, by Senator ...	Bella, by Rasselas.
Bracelet		
Raffler	Ringwood, by Lexicon ...	Rosemary, by Nelson.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Remus ... ... Redcap	Ringwood	Rival, by Nelson.
Racer	Ruler, 1866, by Nelson ...	Ruthful, by Reveller.
Relish ... ... Rosamond ... Ransom	Ditto ditto ...	Rhapsody, by Reveller.
Falcon ... ... Fenian ... ... Frisky	Stormer, by Sir W. Wynn's Royal	Fury.
Firebrand ... ... Fearless	Senator, by Singer—Destitute	Frolic.
Solon ... ... Sally ... ... Safety	Ditto ditto	Wishful, by F.'s Harbinger.
Wanderer ... Woldsman ... Wedlock ... ... Wisdom	Wonder, by Chanticleer—Willing	Sportly, by Stormer.
Wellington ... Waterloo ... ... Warbler ... ... Waterman ...	Wonder	Susan, by Stormer.
Wizard ... ... Weathergage ... Wildman ... ... Warwick	Wildboy, by Trusty—Willing	Syren, by Royal.
Doremont ... ... Duster ... ... Dealer ... ... Dandy ... ... Danger	Ditto	Delicate.
Dorothy	Mr. Lowndes' Druid ...	Flighty.
Denmark ... ... Dutiful	Dexter, by Singer—Dimity ...	Bella, 1868.
Chanter	Ditto	Captious.
Senator	Contest, by Challenger—Fairmaid	Solitude.
Sandal	Selim	Redwing.
Ritualist ... ... Regulate	Nectar, by Senator	Remedy.
Niggard ... ... Nero ... ... Narrative ... ... Notable ... ... Nosegay	Lord Kesteven's Seaman ...	Niobe.
Plunder ... ... Porter ... ... Pastime ... ... Primrose	Ditto Primate ...	Transit.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Fallacy ... ... Faithful ... ... Fairy ... ... (30½ couple)	Fairplay	Stately.
Entered 1872.		
Albion ... ... Admiral ... ... Anodyne	Rallywood, by Senator—Remedy	Audible.
Bashful	Contest, 1864, by Challenger—Fairmaid	Blossom.
Careful	Contest	Warfare.
Chanter ... ... Careless	Ditto	Susan.
Cardinal ... ... Cruiser	Stormer ... ... By Sir W. Wynn's Royal—Sylvia, by Singer, by Comus—Ladyblush, 1863.	Concord, 1865.
Damsel	Dexter...	Rosemary.
Dashwood ... Discord	Pirate	Dainty.
Dexter ... ... Dimple	Mr. Muster's Romulus ...	Dorcas.
Frantic ... ... Finder	Forester, by Fitzwilliam Forester—Redwing	Destiny.
Furrier	Forester	Rosy.
Grecian ... ... Garnish ... ... Graceful	General	Dexterous.
Hermit ... ... Hector	Stormer	Heroine.
Noble	Selim	Needless.
Prompter	Mr. Chaplin's Prompter ...	Delicate.
Prior ... ... Prodigal ... ... Prophetess ...	Rallywood	Prodigy.
Regulus	Ditto	Rapture.
Roguish ... ... Rachel	Stormer	Rival.
Samson	Ditto	Ransom.
Wildrose	Ditto	Wishful.
Wary ... ... (16½ couple)	Rallywood	Wanton.
Entered 1873.		
Abbot ... ... Adamant	Forester	Artful.
Absolute	Rallywood	Abbess.
Barlow ... ... Barrister	Ditto	Blooming.
Countess ... ... Columbine ...	Craftsman, by Contest ...	Chantress.

APPENDIX

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Dutchman ...	Stormer	Delicate.
Diligent		
Drummer	Ditto	Dairymaid.
Dashaway... ...		
Fatal	Forester	Needless.
Frenzy		
Gambler	General, by Fitzwilliam Gambler	Trinket.
Gaiety		
Hotspur	Rallywood	Hopeful.
Nero	Whynot	Nightshade.
Nosegay		
Parody	Contest, by Challenger—Fairmaid	Phillis.
Partner		
Patience	Warrior, by Wonder—Susan	Prodigy, by Senator.
Primrose		
Rainbow	Ruler	Prudence.
Rocket	Rambler	Rhapsody.
Redrose		
Rapid	Ditto, by Senator—Remedy	Selina.
Ringdove		
Rhoda	Ditto	Ransom.
Ruthless		
Termagant ...	Cardinal	Transit.
Watchful	Rallywood	Willing.
Waspish		
(16 couple)		
Entered 1874.		
Ambrosia	Rallywood	Actress.
Baronet	Saffron, by Senator	Blooming.
Brusher		
Dorimont	Warrior	Delicate.
Dealer		
Decorate		
Drastic	Ditto	Ditto.
Dauntless... ...		
Dagmar		
Desperate ...	Ruler	Dexterous.
Flourisher ...		
Flyer		
Factor	Firebrand, by Senator—Frolic	Dorcas.
Foreman		
Fervent		
Fallible		
Federal	Milton Furrier	Prophetess.
Fashion		
Fancy		
Gallant	General, by Fitzwilliam Gambler	Nimble.
Garland		

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Grateful ... ... Gravity	Whynot, by Senator—Woful	Gertrude.
Harlequin... ...	Driver...	Heroine.
Needwood ... Norma	General	Novelty.
Ritualist ... ... Ringworm ...	Romulus, by Rubicon ...	Ransom.
Rhymer ... ... Rarity	Rambler, by Senator—Remedy	Dewdrop.
Rarely	Pirate, by Raglan	Ruby.
Richmond ... Romeo ... ... Remnant ... ... Rosaline	Rallywood	Dainty.
Templar ... ... Twilight ... ... Toilsome	Regulate	Trinket.
Woldsman ... Wakeful	Pirate, by Raglan	Warfare.
Wellington ...	Warrior—Wonder—Susan ...	Prodigy, by Stormer.
Watchman ... Woodbine ... (21½ couple)	Whynot, by Senator... ...	Nightshade.
Entered 1875.		
Caliph	Cardinal, by Stormer ...	Rhoda.
Dorothy ... ... Duchess	Rallywood	Delicate.
Glider ... ... Gaudy	Regulate	Gertrude.
Guiltless ... ... Goldfinch	Warrior	Graceful.
Garnish ... ... Gladsome... ... Gadfly ... ... Guilesome ... Gossamer	General, by Fitzwilliam Gambler	Diligent.
Novelist	Driver, by Nathan	Needless.
Pilgrim	Warrior	Prodigy.
Rifleman ... ... Random	Rallywood, by Senator ...	Redcap.
Rockwood ... Regent ... ... Rosy ... ... Rosewood... ... Ringlet	Ditto	Ditto.
Ruin	Warrior	Royalty.
Runaway	Lord Galway's Reginald ...	Rhapsody.
Reginald	Ditto ditto ...	Dewdrop.

Name	*Got by*	*Dam*
Saladin ... ... Struggler ... ... Snowdrop	Ruler, by Nelson	Stella.
Waspish	Woodman, by Wonder ...	Nightshade.
Wilful	Warrior, by Wonder ...	Rival.
Wrangler ... ... Wildboy	Ditto ditto	Relish.
(16 couple)		
Entered 1876.		
Cheerly ... ... Constance ... Comely	Cardinal, by Stormer ...	Wary.
Crusty	Ditto ditto ...	Whimsey.
Charmer	Saffron, by Senator	Careless.
Dolphin ... ... Durable	Whynot	Dauntless.
Dandy ... ... Dahlia	Driver, by Nathan	Primrose.
Furious	Fallible	Diligent.
Glory	Gambler	Rosamond.
Napier ... ... Nemo ... ... Necklace ... ... Namesake ... Narrative	Saffron	Nimble.
Prefect	Ditto	Prodigy, by Stormer.
Painter	Fleecer, by Falstaff	Purity.
Precious	Warrior, by Wonder ...	Portia.
Rebel	Brocklesby Rocket ...	Stella.
Roman	Rallywood, by Senator ...	Discord.
Spinster	Saffron, by Senator	Relish.
Tomboy ... ... Tuneful ... ... Tutoress	Fallible, by Mr. Fitzwilliam's Furrier	Termagant.
Weaver	Woodman, by Wonder ...	Ringworm.
Wenlock ... ... Wedlock	Warrior	Graceful.
Wildfire ... ... Weathergage ... Welladay	Ditto	Royalty.
(15½ couple)		

APPENDIX

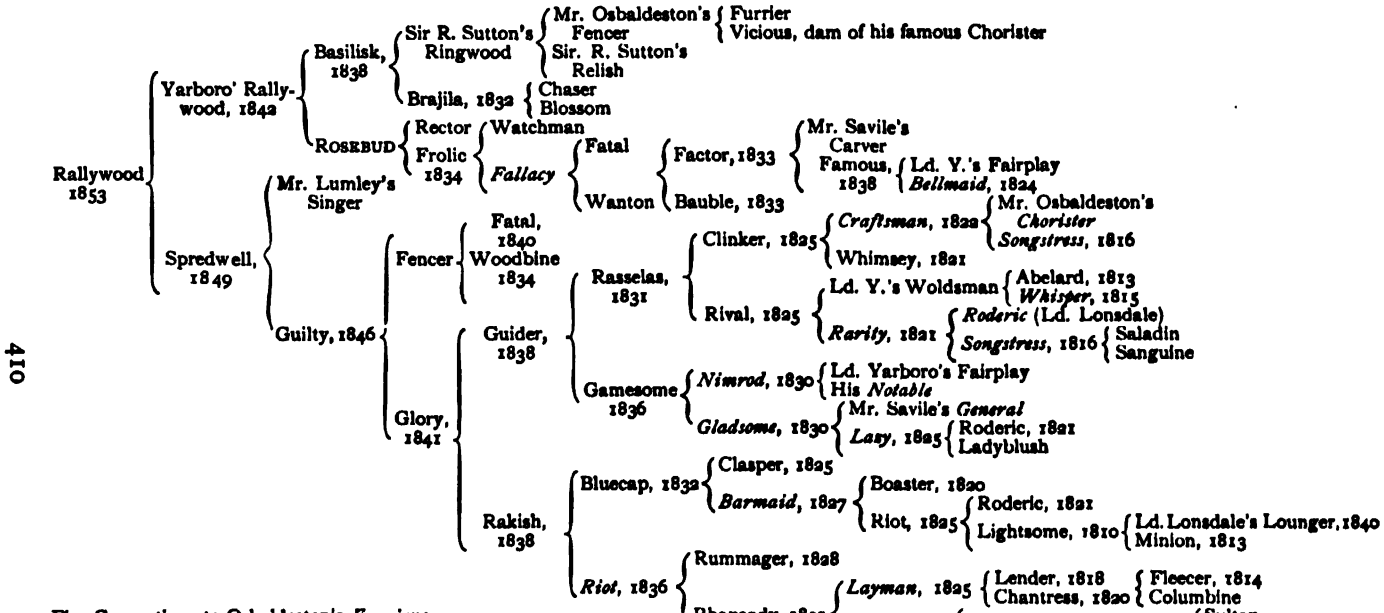
HOUNDS, OTHER THAN BELVOIR TAN, FROM THE YEAR 1859

Name	*Sire*	*Dam*
b Bella ... ... *b* Barmaid ...	Lord Yarboro's Rallywood ...	Ruin.
l Lenity ...	Lucifer	Captious.
g Trusty ...	Mr. Foljambe's Forester ...	Trinket.
g Lifter	Guider	Ruby.
l Contract ...	Ditto	Charmer.
g Challenger ...	Chaser	Destiny.
g Fleecer ...	Falstaff	Lord Scarboro's Sportive.
l Harmony ...	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus ...	Sprightly.
l Needful ...	Guider	Needless.
w Clara	Comus	Destiny.
blk Oscar	Lord Fitzwilliam's Ottoman	Redwing.
g Alfred... ... *g* Agent... ...	Trusty...	Nightshade.
l Redcap ...	Comus...	Ruby.
g Stormer ... *g* Stripling ...	Guider...	Stately.
g Wishful ...	Rallywood	Destiny.
	1870.	
l Contest ...	Challenger	Fairmaid.
g Tarquin ...	Stormer	Truelass.
l Sportsman ...	Sir W. W. Wynn's Royal ...	Sylvia.
w Audible ...	Alfred	Duchess.
g Caroline ...	Falstaff	Candid.
b Bella	Contest	Blissful.
l Needless ...	Ditto	Novelty.
	1879 TO 1897.	
l Bachelor ...	Brusher	Guilesome.

b denotes blue ; *blk*=black ; *g*=grey ; *l*=lemon ; *w*=white.

PEDIGREE OF BELVOIR RALLYWOOD, 1853.

FIFTEEN GENERATIONS TO 1793.



Five Generations to Osbaldeston's *Furrier*:—
Guilty was dam of Pilgrim, by Beaufort Potentate, 1848
of Sultan,
Sprightly,
Sportly,
Speedwell,
} Mr. Lumley's *Singer*, 1849

Rallywood, through Speedwell, his dam, goes through ten generations to Costly (1804), who was by Beaufort Champion out of Transport (1800), by Beaufort Topper. She was out of Duchess, who was out of Fanny, by Mr. Master's Trueman, 1790.

In 1816 {Saladin / *Sanguine*, by Mr. A. Smith's Saladin} produced *Songstress*.

From her Rallywood is descended in three lines on his dam's side.

In 1822 she bred *Craftsman*, by Mr. O.'s *Chorister*. He was sire of *Clinker* (1825), *Rasselas* (1831), *Guider* (1838), *Glory* (1841), *Guilty* (1846), *Speedwell* (1849), *Rallywood* (1853).

In 1821 she bred, by Lord Lonsdale's *Roderic*, *Rival*, who was dam of *Rasselas* (1831), sire of *Guider*, sire of *Glory*, *Guilty*, *Speedwell*, *Rallywood*.

Again, in 1826 (10 years old), she bred *Rapid*, dam of *Rhapsody* (1831), *Riot* (1836), *Rakish* (1838), *Glory*, *Guilty*, *Speedwell*, and *Rallywood*.

Rallywood's pedigree goes back back in ten generations to two Beaufort hounds, Champion and Topper, and in fifteen generations to Fanny, by Mr. Musters' *Trueman* (1790).[2]

To Osbaldeston's *Furrier* in five generations, through Fencer, who was out of Vicious, the dam of the famous Chorister.

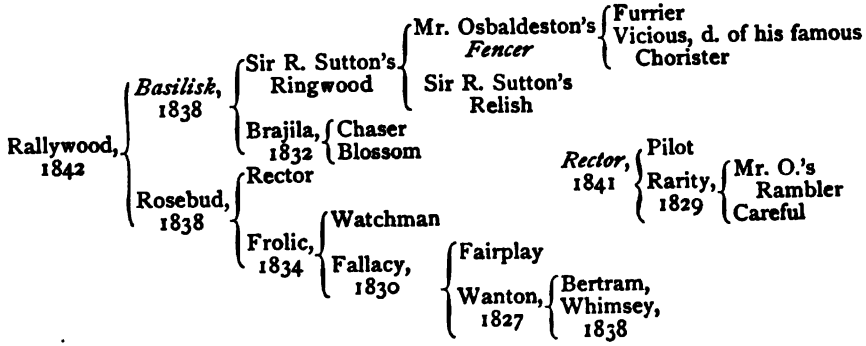
Through *Rosebud* (Earl of Yarboro's Rallywood) back to Mr. Savile's *Carver*, and Lord Y.'s Fairplay

Through *Songstress*, son of *Craftsman*, in eight generations to O.'s *Chorister*.

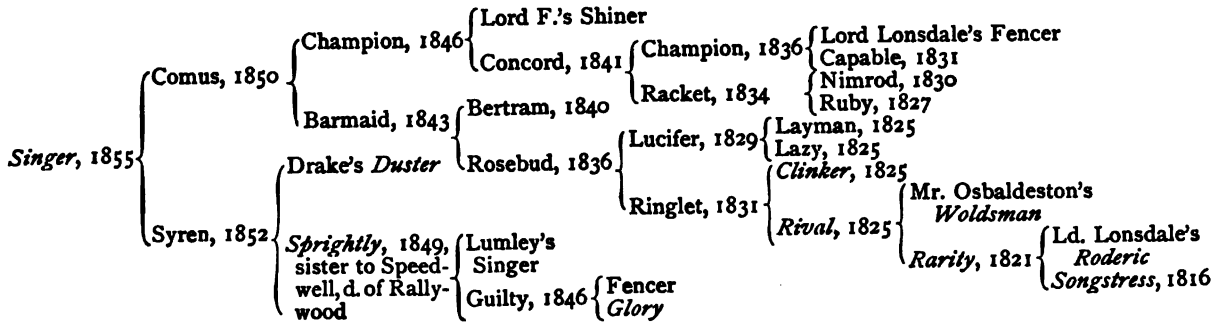
[1] This appears to me to be a mistake, for, as I work out the pedigree, Costly was by Champion—Cautious, she by Beaufort Comus—Trespass, the latter by Bumper—Tempest.

[2] This is also stated in Rallywood's pedigree as given to me; but if I am not mistaken, the descent of Costly is through Cautious and *not* Transport, and this would make Rallywood (through Trespass, dam of Cautious) to be descended from Twinker—Rosy, old Belvoir hounds, dating about 1789. I have not been able to carry the pedigree farther than this.—T. F. D.

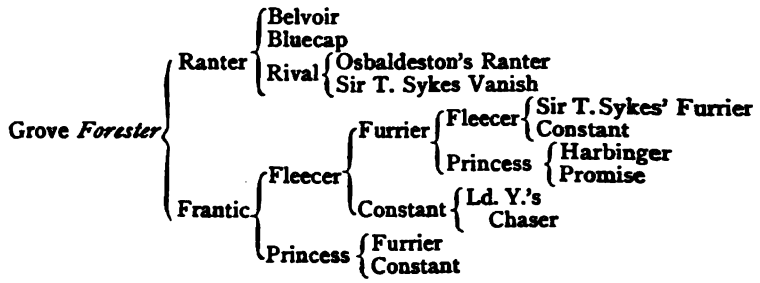
PEDIGREE OF RALLYWOOD (YARBOROUGH).



PEDIGREE OF BELVOIR *SINGER*.



PEDIGREE OF FAIRPLAY BY GROVE *FORESTER*.



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Sheffield Grounds
Ashby Hall
Bloxholm Hall
Bloxholm
Bloxholm Moors
Gorse
Roxholm
Hall
Leasingham
Edenham
Pillow
Edenham Lodge
Louth
Toft
Manthorpe
Bowthorpe Park
BRACEBORO STA.
Braceboro Wood
Essendine

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